

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CXVIII



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1916

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Printed at The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1916

SAİFNA AHMAR, YA SULTAN!¹

(OUR SWORDS ARE RED, O SULTAN)

BY ALEXANDER AARONSOHN

I

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the impulse which has since been organized as the Zionist Movement led my parents to leave their homes in Roumania and emigrate to Palestine, where they joined a number of other Jewish pioneers in founding Zicron-Jacob — a little village lying just south of Mount Carmel, in that fertile coastal region close to the ancient Plains of Armageddon.

Here I was born; my childhood was passed here in the peace and harmony of this little agricultural community, with its whitewashed stone houses huddled close together for protection against the native Arabs who, at first, menaced the life of the new colony. The village was far more suggestive of Switzerland than of the conventional, slovenly villages of the East, mud-built and filthy; for while it was the purpose of our people, in returning to the Holy Land, to foster the Jewish language and the social conditions of the Old Testament as far as possible, there was

nothing retrograde in this movement. No time was lost in introducing progressive methods of agriculture, and the climatological experiments of other countries were observed and made use of in developing the ample natural resources of the land.

Eucalyptus, imported from Australia, soon gave the shade of its cool, healthful foliage where previously no trees had grown. In the course of time dry farming (which some people consider a recent discovery, but which in reality is as old as the Old Testament) was introduced and extended with American agricultural implements; blooded cattle were imported, and poultry-raising on a large scale was undertaken with the aid of incubators — to the disgust of the Arabs, who look on such usurpation of the hen's functions as against nature and sinful. Our people replaced the wretched native trails with good roads, bordered by hedges of thorny acacia which, in season, were covered with downy little yellow blossoms that smelled sweeter than honey when the sun was on them.

More important than all these, a communistic village government was established, in which both sexes enjoyed equal rights, including that of suffrage — strange as this may seem to persons

¹ The title of this personal narrative, meaning, 'Our swords are red, O Sultan,' is a war-cry of the Turks. The author is a Jew from Palestine, who has lived some years in America, and has been a close observer of American life, character, and language. — THE EDITORS.

who (when they think of the matter at all) form vague conceptions of all the women-folk of Palestine as shut up in harems.

A short experience with Turkish courts and Turkish justice taught our people that they would have to establish a legal system of their own. Two collaborating judges were therefore appointed — one to interpret the Mosaic law, another to temper it with modern jurisprudence. All Jewish disputes were settled by this court. Its effectiveness may be judged by the fact that the Arabs, weary of Turkish venality, — as open and shameless as anywhere in the world, — began in increasing numbers to bring their difficulties to our tribunal. Jews are law-abiding people, and life in those Palestine colonies tended to bring out the fraternal qualities of our race; but it is interesting to note that in over thirty years not one Jewish criminal case was reported from forty-five villages.

Zicron-Jacob was a little town of 130 'fires' — so we call it — when, in 1910, on the advice of my elder brother, who was chief of the Jewish Experiment Station at Athlit, an ancient town of the Crusaders, I left for America to enter the service of the United States Department of Agriculture. A few days after reaching this country I took out my first naturalization papers and then proceeded to Washington, where I became a part of that great government service whose beneficent activity is too little known by Americans. Here I remained until June, 1913, when I returned to Palestine with the object of taking motion-pictures and stereopticon views. These I intended to use in a lecturing tour for spreading the Zionist propaganda in the United States.

During the years of my residence in America I was able to appreciate and judge at their right value the beauty and inspiration of the life which my

people led in the Holy Land. From a distance, too, I saw better the need of organization among our communities, and I determined to build up a fraternal union of the young Jewish men all over the country.

Two months after my return from America, an event occurred which gave impetus to these projects. The physician of our village, an old man who had devoted his entire life to serving and healing the people of Palestine, without distinction of race or religion, was driving home one evening in his carriage from a neighboring settlement. With him was a young girl of sixteen. In a deserted place they were set upon by four armed Arabs, who beat the old man to unconsciousness as he tried, in vain, to defend the girl from the terrible fate which awaited her.

Night came on. Alarmed by the absence of the physician, we young men rode out in search of him. We finally discovered what had happened; and then and there, in the serene moonlight of that Eastern night, I made my comrades take oath on the honor of their sisters to organize themselves into a strong society for the defense of the life and honor of our villagers and our people at large.

II

These details are, perhaps, useful for the better understanding of the disturbances that came thick and fast when in August, 1914, the war-madness broke out among the nations of Europe. The repercussion was at once felt even in our remote corner of the earth. Soon after the German invasion of Belgium the Turkish army was mobilized and all citizens of the Empire between 19 and 45 years were called to the colors. As the Young Turk Constitution of 1909 provided that all Christians and Jews were equally liable to military service, our young men knew that they,

too, would be called on to make the common sacrifice. For the most part, they were not unwilling to sustain the Turkish government. While the Constitution imposed on them the burden of militarism, it had brought with it the compensation of freedom of religion and equal rights; and we could not forget that for six hundred years Turkey has held her gates wide open to the Jews who fled from the Spanish Inquisition and similar ministrations of other civilized countries.

Of course, we never dreamed that Turkey would do anything but remain neutral. If we had had any idea of the turn things were ultimately to take, we should have given a different greeting to the *mouchtar*, or sheriff, who came to our village with the list of mobilizable men to be called on for service. My own position was a curious one. I had every intention of completing the process of becoming an American citizen, which I had begun by taking out 'first papers.' In the eyes of the law, however, I was still a Turkish subject, with no claim to American protection. This was sneeringly pointed out to me by the American consul at Haifa, who happens to be a German; so there was no other course but to surrender myself to the Turkish government.

There was no question as to my eligibility for service. I was young and strong and healthy — and even if I had not been, the physical examination of Turkish recruits is a farce. The enlisting officers have a theory of their own that no man is really unfit for the army — a theory which has been fostered by the ingenious devices of the Arabs to avoid conscription. To these wild people the protracted discipline of military training is simply a purgatory, and for weeks before the recruiting officers are due, they dose themselves with powerful herbs and physics, and fast, and nurse sores into being, until they are in

a really deplorable condition. Some of them go so far as to cut off a finger or two. The officers, however, have learned to see beyond these little tricks, and few Arabs succeed in wriggling through their drag-net. I have seen dozens of them brought in to the recruiting office on camels or horses, so weak were they, and welcomed into the service with a severe beating — sick and shamblers sharing the same fate. Thus it often happens that some of the new recruits die after their first day of garrison life.

Together with twenty of my comrades, I presented myself at the recruiting station at Acco (the St. Jean d'Acre of history). We had been given to understand that, once our names were registered, we should be allowed to return home to provide ourselves with money, suitable clothing, and food, as well as to bid our families good-bye. To our astonishment, however, we were marched off to the Hân, or caravanse-*rai*, and locked into the great courtyard with hundreds of dirty Arabs. Hour after hour passed; darkness came, and finally we had to stretch ourselves on the ground and make the best of a bad situation. It was a night of horrors. Few of us had closed an eye when, at dawn, an officer appeared and ordered us out of the Hân. From our total number, about three hundred (including four young men from our village and myself) were picked out and told to make ready to start at once for Saffêd — a town in the hills of northern Galilee near the Sea of Tiberias, where our garrison was to be located. No attention was paid to our requests that we be allowed to return to our homes for a final visit. That same morning we were on our way to Saffêd — a motley, disgruntled crew.

It was a four days' march — four days of heat and dust and physical suffering. The September sun smote us mercilessly as we straggled along the

miserable native trail, full of gullies and loose stones. It would not have been so bad if we had been adequately shod or clothed; but soon we found ourselves envying the ragged Arabs as they trudged along barefoot, paying no heed to the jagged flints. (Shoes, to the Arab, are articles for ceremonious indoor use; when any serious walking is to be done, he takes them off, slings them over his shoulder, and trusts to the horny soles of his feet.)

To add to our troubles, the Turkish officers, with characteristic fatalism, had made no commissary provision for us whatever. Any food we ate had to be purchased by the roadside from our own funds, which were scant enough to start with. The Arabs were in a terrible plight. Most of them were penniless, and, as the pangs of hunger set in, they began pillaging right and left from the little farms by the wayside. From modest beginnings (poultry and vegetables) they progressed to larger game, unhindered by the officers. Houses were entered, women insulted; again and again I saw a stray horse, grazing by the roadside, seized by a crowd of grinning Arabs, who piled on the poor beast's back until he was almost crushed to earth, and rode off triumphantly, while their comrades held back the weeping owner. As the result of this sort of 'requisitioning,' our band of recruits was followed by an increasing throng of farmers — imploring, threatening, trying by hook or by crook to win back the stolen goods. Little satisfaction did they get, although some of them went with us as far as Saffêd.

Our garrison town is not an inviting place, nor has it an inviting reputation. Lord Kitchener himself has good reason to remember it. As a young lieutenant of twenty-three, in the Royal Engineering Corps, he was nearly killed there by a band of fanatical Arabs while

surveying for the Palestine Exploration Fund. Kitchener had a narrow escape of it (one of his fellow officers was shot dead close by him), but he went calmly ahead and completed his maps — splendid large-scale affairs which have never since been equaled — and which are now in use by the Turkish and German armies!

However, although Saffêd combines most of the unpleasant characteristics of Palestine native towns, we welcomed the sight of it, for we were used up by the march. An old deserted mosque was given us for barracks; there, on the bare stone floor, in close-packed promiscuity, too tired to react to filth and vermin, we spent our first night as soldiers of the Sultan, while the milky moonlight streamed in through every chink and aperture, and bats flitted round the vaulting above the snoring carcasses of the recruits.

Next morning we were routed out at five. The black depths of the well in the centre of the mosque courtyard provided doubtful water for washing, bathing and drinking; then came breakfast, — our first government meal, — consisting, simply enough, of boiled rice, which was ladled out into tin wash-basins holding rations for ten men. In true Eastern fashion we squatted down round the basin and dug into the rice with our fingers. At first I was rather upset by this sort of table manners, and for some time I ate with my eyes fixed on my own portion, to avoid seeing the Arabs, who fill the palms of their hands with rice, pat it into a ball, and cram it into their mouths just so, the bolus making a great lump in their lean throats as it reluctantly descends.

In the course of that same morning we were allotted our uniforms. The Turkish uniform, under indirect German influence, has been greatly modified during the past five years. It is of khaki — a greener khaki than that of

the British Army, and of conventional European cut. Spiral puttees and good boots are provided; the only peculiar feature is the headgear—a curious, uncouth-looking combination of the turban and German helmet, devised by Enver Pasha to combine religion and practicality, and called in his honor '*enverieh*.' (With commendable thrift, Enver patented his invention, and it is rumored that he has drawn a comfortable fortune from its sale.) An excellent uniform it is, on the whole; but, to our disgust, we found that in the great olive-drab pile to which we were led, there was not a single new one. All were old, discarded, and dirty, and the mere thought of putting on the clothes of some unknown Arab legionary, who, perhaps, had died of cholera at Mecca or Yemen, made me shudder. After some indecision, my friends and I finally went up to one of the officers and offered to *buy* new uniforms with the money we expected daily from our families. The officer, scenting the chance for a little private profit, gave his consent.

The days and weeks following were busy ones. From morning till night, it was drill, drill, and again drill. We were divided into groups of fifty, each of which was put in charge of a young non-commissioned officer from the Military School of Constantinople or Damascus, or of some Arab who had seen several years' service. These instructors had a hard time of it; the German military system, which had only recently been introduced, was too much for them. They kept mixing up the old and the new methods of training, with the result that it was often hopeless to try and make out their orders. Whole weeks were spent in grinding into the Arabs the names of the different parts of the rifle; weeks more went to teaching them to clean it—although it must be said that, once they had mastered

these technicalities, they were excellent shots. Their efficiency would have been considerably greater if there had been more target-shooting. From the very first, however, we felt that there was a scarcity of ammunition. This shortage the drill-masters, in a spirit of compensation, attempted to make up by abundant severity. The whip of soft, flexible, stinging leather, which seldom leaves the Turkish officer's hand, was never idle. This was not surprising, for the Arab is a cunning fellow, whose only respect is for brute force. He exercises it himself over every possible victim, and expects the same treatment from his superiors.

So far as my comrades and I were concerned, I must admit that we were generally treated kindly. We knew most of the drill-exercises from the gymnastic training we had practiced since childhood, and the officers realized that we were educated and came from respectable families. The same was also true with regard to the native Christians, most of whom can read and write and are of a better class than the Mohammedans of the country. When Turkey threw in her lot with the Germanic powers, the attitude toward Jews and Christians changed radically; but of this I shall speak later.

III

It was a hard life we led while in training at Saffêd; evening would find us dead tired, and little disposed for anything but rest. As the tremendous light-play of the Eastern sunsets faded away, we would gather in little groups in the courtyard of our mosque—its minaret towering black against a turquoise sky—and talk fitfully of the little happenings of the day, while the Arabs murmured gutturally around us. Occasionally, one of them would burst into a quavering, hot-blooded tribal

love-song. It happened that I was fairly well-known among these natives through my horse Kochba — of pure Maneghi-Sbeli blood — which I had purchased from some Anazzi Bedouins who were encamped near Aleppo: a swift and intelligent animal he was, winner of many races, and in a land where a horse is considerably more valuable than a wife, his ownership cast quite a glamour over me.

In the evenings, then, the Arabs would come up to chat. As they speak seldom of their children, of their women-folk never, the conversation was limited to generalities about the crops, or the weather, or to the recitation of never-ending tales of Abou-Zeid, the famous hero of the Beni-Hilal, or of Antar the glorious. Politics, of which they have amazing ideas, also came in for discussion. Napoleon Bonaparte and Queen Victoria are still living figures to them; but (significantly enough) they considered the Kaiser king of all the kings of this world, with the exception of the Sultan, whom they admitted to equality.

Seldom did an evening pass without a dance. As darkness fell, the Arabs would gather in a great circle round one of their comrades, who squatted on the ground with a bamboo flute; to a weird minor music they would begin swaying and moving round while some self-chosen poet among them sang impromptu verses to the flute *obbligato*.

As a rule the themes were homely.

'To-morrow we shall eat rice and meat,' the singer would wail.

'*Yaha lili-amali*' (my endeavor be granted), would come the full-throated response of all the others. The chorus was tremendously effective. Sometimes the singer would indulge in pointed personalities, with answering roars of laughter.

These dances lasted for hours, and as they progressed the men gradually

worked themselves into a frenzy. I never failed to wonder at these people, who, without the aid of alcohol, could reproduce the various stages of intoxication. As I lay by and watched the moon riding serenely above the frantic men and their twisting black shadows, I reflected that they were just in the condition when one word from a holy man would suffice to send them off to wholesale murder and rapine.

It was my good fortune soon to be released from the noise and dirt of the mosque. I had had experience with corruptible Turkish officers; and one day, when barrack conditions became unendurable, I went to the officer commanding our division — an old Arab from Latakiah who had been called from retirement at the time of the mobilization. He lived in a little tent near the mosque, where I found him squatting on the floor, nodding drowsily over his comfortable paunch.

As he was an officer of the old régime, I entered boldly, squatted beside him, and told him my troubles. The answer came with an enormous shrug of the shoulders.

'You are serving the Sultan. Hardship should be sweet!'

'I should be more fit to serve him if I got more sleep and rest.'

He waved a fat hand about the tent.

'Look at me! Here I am, an officer of rank and' — shooting a knowing look at me — 'I have not even a nice blanket.'

'A crime! A crime!' I interrupted. 'To think of it, when I, a humble soldier, have dozens of them at home! I should be honored if you would allow me —' My voice trailed off suggestively.

'How could you get one?' he asked.

'Oh, I have friends here in Saffêd; but I *must* be able to sleep in a nice place.'

'Of course; certainly. What would you suggest?'

'That hotel kept by the Jewish widow might do,' I replied.

More amenities were exchanged, the upshot of which was that my four friends and I were given permission to sleep at the inn — a humble place, but infinitely better than the mosque. It was all perfectly simple.

IV

So passed the days of our training, — swiftly, monotonously, — until the fateful December morning when news came like a thunderbolt that Turkey was about to join hands with Germany. We had had reports of the war — of a kind. Copies of telegrams from Constantinople, printed in Arabic, were circulated among us, giving accounts of endless German victories. These, however, we had laughed at as fabrications of a Prussophile press agency, and in our skepticism we had failed to give the Teutons credit for the successes they had actually won. To us, born and bred in the East as we were, the success of the German propaganda in the Turkish Empire could not come as an overwhelming surprise; but its fullness amazed us.

It may be of timely interest to say a few words here regarding this propaganda as I had seen it in Palestine, spreading under strong and efficient organization for twenty years.

In order to realize her imperialistic dreams, Germany absolutely needed Palestine. It was the key to the whole Oriental situation. No mere coincidence brought the Kaiser to Damascus in November, 1898, — the same month that Kitchener, in London, was hailed as Gordon's avenger, — when he uttered his famous phrase at the tomb of Saladin: 'Tell the three hundred million Moslems of the world that I am their friend!' We have all seen photographs of the imperial figure, draped in

an amazing burnous of his own designing (above which the Prussian *pickelhaube* rises supreme), as he moved from point to point in this portentous visit. We may also have seen Caran d'Ache's celebrated cartoon (a subject of diplomatic correspondence) representing this same imperial figure, in its Oriental toggery, riding into Jerusalem on an ass.

The nations of Europe laughed at this visit and its transparent purpose, but it was all part of the scheme which won for the Germans the concessions for the Konia-Bagdad Railway, and made them owners of the double valley of the Euphrates and Tigris. Through branch lines projected through the Firman, they are practically in control of both the Syrian routes toward the Cypriot Mediterranean and the Lebanon valleys. They also control the three Armenian routes of Cappadocia, the Black Sea, and the trans-Caucasian branch of Urfa, Marach, and Mar-dine. (The fall of Erzerum has altered conditions respecting this last.) They dominate the Persian routes toward Tauris and Teheran as well; and last, but not least, the Gulf branch of Zobeir. These railways delivered into German hands the control of Persia, whence the road to India may be made easy: through Syria lies the route to the Suez Canal and Egypt, which was used in February, 1915, and will probably be used again this year.

To make this Oriental dream a reality, the Germans have not relied on their railway concessions alone. Their government has done everything in its power to encourage German colonization in Palestine. Scattered all over the country are German mills that half of the time have nothing to grind. German hotels have been opened in places seldom frequented by tourists. German engineers appeared in force, surveying, sounding, noting. All these colonists

held gatherings in the Arab villages, when the ignorant natives were told of the greatness of Germany, of her good intentions, and of the evil machinations of other powers. What I state here can be corroborated by any one who knows Palestine and has lived in it.

About the time when we first knew that Turkey would join the Germanic powers came the news that the 'capitulations' had been revoked. As is generally known, foreigners formerly enjoyed the protection of their respective consuls. The Turkish government had no jurisdiction over an American, for instance, or a Frenchman, who could not be arrested without the consent of his consul. In the Ottoman Empire — where law and justice are not at a premium — such protection, known as 'capitulation,' was a wholesome and necessary policy.

The abolition of the 'capitulations' was a terrible blow to all the Europeans, meaning, as it did, the practical surrender of all rights. Upon the Arabs it acted like an intoxicant. Every bootblack or boatman felt that he was the equal of the accursed 'Frank,' who now had no consul to protect him; and abuses began immediately. Moreover, as if by magic, the whole country became Germanized. In all the mosques Friday prayers were ended with an invocation for the welfare of the Sultan and 'Hadji Geelioun.' The significance of this lies in the fact that the title 'Hadji' can be properly applied only to a Moslem who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca and kissed the sacred stone of the Kaaba. Instant death is the penalty paid by any Christian who is found within that enclosure; yet Wilhelm II, head of the Lutheran faith, steps forward as 'Hadji Geelioun.' His pictures were sold everywhere; German officers appeared; and it seemed as if a wind of brutal mastery were blowing.

The dominant figure of this move-

ment in Palestine was, without doubt, the German consul at Haifa. He traveled about the country, making speeches, and distributing pamphlets in Arabic, in which it was elaborately proved that Germans are not Christians, like the French or English, but that they are descendants of the prophet Mohammed. Passages from the Koran were quoted, prophesying the coming of the Kaiser as the savior of Islam.

V

The news of the actual declaration of war by Turkey caused a tremendous stir in our regiment. The prevailing feeling was one of great restlessness and discontent. The Arabs made many bitter remarks against Germany. 'Why did n't she help us against the Italians during the War for Tripoli?' they said. 'Now that she is in trouble she is drawing us into the fight.' Their opinions, however, soon underwent a change. In the first place, they came to realize that Turkey had taken up arms against Russia; and Russia is considered first and foremost the arch-enemy. German reports of German successes also had a powerful effect on them. They began to grow boastful and arrogant; and the sight of the plundering of Europeans, Jews, and Christians convinced them that a very desirable régime was setting in. Saffêd has a large Jewish colony, and it was torment for me to have to witness the outrages that my people suffered in the name of 'requisitioning.'

The final blow came one morning when all the Jewish and Christian soldiers of our regiment were called out and told that henceforth they were to serve in the *taboor amlieh*, or working corps. The object of this action, plainly enough, was to conciliate and flatter the Mohammedan population, and at the same time to put the Jews and Christians, who for the most part fav-

ored the cause of the Allies, in a position where they would be least dangerous. We were disarmed; our uniforms were taken away, and we became hard-driven 'gangsters.' I shall never forget the humiliation of that day when we, who, after all, were the best-disciplined troops of the lot, were first herded to our work of pushing wheelbarrows and handling spades, by grinning Arabs, rifle on shoulder. We were set to building the road between Saffêd and Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee — a link in the military highway from Damascus to the coast, which would be used for the movement of troops in case the railroad should be cut off. It had no immediate strategic bearing on the attack on Suez, however.

From six in the morning till seven at night we were hard at it, except for one hour's rest at noon. While we had money, it was possible to get some slight relief by bribing our task-masters; but this soon came to an end, and we had to endure their brutality as best we could. The wheelbarrows we used were the property of a French company which, before the war, was undertaking a highway to Beirut. No grease was provided for the wheels, so that there was a maddening squeaking and squealing in addition to the difficulty of pushing the barrows. One day I explained to an inspection officer that if the wheels were not greased the axles would be burned out. He agreed with me, and issued an order that the men were to provide their own oil to lubricate the wheels!

I shall not dwell on the physical sufferings we underwent while working on this road, for the reason that the conditions I have described were prevalent over the whole country; and later, when I had the opportunity to visit some construction camps in Samaria and Judæa, I found that in comparison our lot had been a happy one. While we were

breaking stones and trundling squeaking wheelbarrows, however, the most disquieting rumors began to drift in to us from our home villages. Plundering had been going on in the name of 'requisitioning'; the country was full of soldiery whose capacity for mischief-making was well known to us, and it was torture to think of what might be happening in our peaceful homes where so few men had been left for protection. All the barbed-wire fences, we heard, had been torn up and sent north for the construction of barricades. In a wild land like Palestine, where the native has no respect for property, where fields and crops are always at the mercy of marauders, the barbed-wire fence has been a tremendous factor for civilization, and with these gone the Arabs were once more free to sweep across country unhindered, stealing and destroying.

The situation grew more and more unbearable. One day a little Christian soldier — a Nazarene — disappeared from the ranks. We never saw him again, but we learned that his sister, a very young girl, had been forcibly taken by a Turkish officer of the Nazareth garrison. In Palestine, the dishonor of a girl can be redeemed by blood alone. The young soldier had hunted for his sister, found her in the barracks, and shot her; he then surrendered himself to the military authorities, who undoubtedly put him to death. He had not dared to kill the real criminal, — the officer, — for he knew that this would not only bring death to his family, but would call down terrible suffering on all the Christians of Nazareth.

When I learned of this tragedy, I determined to get out of the army and return to my village at all costs. Nine Turkish officers out of ten can be bought, and I had reason to know that the officer in command at Saffêd was not that tenth man. Now, according to

the law of the country, a man has the right to purchase exemption from military service for a sum equivalent to two hundred dollars. My case was different, for I was already enrolled; but everything is possible in Turkey. I set to work, and in less than two weeks I had bought half a dozen officers, ranging from corporal to captain, and had obtained consent of the higher authorities to my departure, provided I could get a physician's certificate declaring me unfit for service.

This was arranged in short order, although I am healthy-looking and the doctor found some difficulty in hitting on an appropriate ailment. Finally he decided that I had 'too much blood' — whatever that might mean. With his certificate in hand, I paid the regular price of two hundred dollars from the funds which had been sent me by my family, and walked out of the barracks a free man. My happiness was mingled with sadness at the thought of leaving the comrades with whom I had suffered and hoped. The four boys from my village were splendid. They felt that I was right in going home to do what I could for the people; but when they kissed me good-bye, in Eastern fashion, the tears were running down their cheeks; and they were all strong, brave fellows.

On my way back to Zicron-Jacob, I passed through the town of Sheff'amr, where I got a foretaste of the conditions I was to find at home. A Turkish soldier, sauntering along the street, helped himself to fruit from the basket of an old vender, and went on without offering to pay a farthing. When the old man ventured to protest, the soldier turned like a flash and began beating him mercilessly, knocking him down and battering him until he was bruised, bleeding, and covered with the mud of the streets. There was a hubbub; a crowd formed, through which a

Turkish officer forced his way, demanding explanations. The soldier sketched the situation in a few words, whereupon the officer, turning to the old man, said impressively, —

'If a soldier of the Sultan should choose to heap filth on your head, it is for you to kiss his hand in gratitude.'

VI

When I finally reached Zicron-Jacob, I found rather a sad state of affairs. Military law had been declared. No one was supposed to be seen in the streets after sundown. The village was full of soldiers, and civilians had to put up with all kinds of ill-treatment. Moreover, our people were in a state of great excitement because an order had recently come from the Turkish authorities bidding them surrender whatever firearms or weapons they had in their possession. A sinister command, this: we knew that similar measures had been taken before the terrible Armenian massacres, and we felt that some such fate might be in preparation for our people. With the arms gone, the head men of the village knew that our last hold over the Arabs, our last recourse for defense against sudden violence would be gone, and they had refused to give them up. A house-to-house search had been made — fruitlessly, for our little arsenal was safely cached in a field, beneath growing grain.

It was a tense, unpleasant situation. At any time the Turks might decide to back up their demand by some of the violent methods of which they are past masters. A family council was held in my home, and it was decided to send my sister, a girl of twenty-three, to some friends at the American Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, so that we might be able to move freely without the responsibility of having a girl at home, in a country where, as a matter

of course, the women-folk are seized and carried off before a massacre. At Beirut we knew that there was an American consul-general, who kept in continual touch with the battleship anchored in the harbor for the protection of American interests.

My sister got away none too soon. One evening just after her departure, as I was standing in the doorway of our house watching the ever-fresh miracle of the Eastern sunset, a Turkish officer rode down the street with about thirty cavalymen. He called me out and ordered me to follow him to the little village inn, where he dismounted and led me to one of the inner rooms, his spurs jingling loudly as we passed along the stone corridor.

I never knew whether I had been selected for this attention because of my prominence as a leader of the Jewish young men or simply because I had been standing conveniently in the doorway. The officer closed the door and came straight to the point by asking me where our store of arms was hidden. He was a big fellow, with the handsome, cruel features usual enough in his class. There was no open menace in his first question. When I refused to tell him, he began wheedling and offering all sorts of favors if I would betray my people. Then, all of a sudden, he whipped out a revolver and stuck the muzzle right in my face. I felt the blood leave my heart, but I was able to control myself and refuse his demand. The officer was not easily discouraged; the hours I passed in that little room, with its smoky kerosene lamp, were terrible ones. I realized, however, how tremendously important the question of the arms was, and strength was given me to hold out until the officer gave up in disgust and let me go home.

My father knew nothing of what had happened, but the rest of my family were tremendously excited. I made

light of the whole affair, but I felt sure that this was only the beginning.

Sure enough, next morning — the Sabbath — the same officer returned and put three of the leading elders of the village, together with myself, under arrest. After another fruitless inquisition at the hotel, we were handcuffed and started on foot toward the prison, a day's journey away. As our little procession passed my home, my father, who was aged and feeble, came tottering forward to say good-bye to me. A soldier pushed him roughly back; he reeled, then fell full-length in the street before my eyes.

It was a dismal departure. We were driven through the streets shackled like criminals, and the women and children came out of the houses and watched us in silence — their heads bowed, tears running down their cheeks. They realized that for thirty-five years these old men, my comrades, had been struggling and suffering for their ideal — a regenerated Palestine; now, in the dusk of their life, it seemed as if all their hopes and dreams were coming to ruin. The oppressive tragedy of the situation settled down on me more and more heavily as the day wore on and heat and fatigue told on my companions. My feelings must have been written large on my face, for one of them, a fine-looking patriarch, tried to give me comfort by reminding me that we must not rely upon strength of arms, and that our spirit could never be broken, no matter how defenseless we were. Thus he, an old man, was encouraging me instead of receiving help from my youth and enthusiasm.

At last we arrived at the prison and were locked into separate cells. That same night we were tortured with the *falagy*, or bastinado. The victim of this horrible punishment is trussed up, arms and legs, and thrown on his knees; then, on his bare soles, a pliant green

rod is brought down with all the force of a soldier's arm. The pain is exquisite; blood spurts at the first cut, and strong men usually faint after thirty or forty strokes. Strange to say, the worst part of it is not the blow itself, but the whistling of the rod through the air as it rushes to its mark. The groans of my older comrades, whose gasps and prayers I could hear through the walls of the cell, helped me bear the agony until unconsciousness mercifully came to the rescue.

For several days more we were kept in the prison, sick and broken with suffering. The second night, as I lay sleepless and desperate on the strip of dirty matting that served as bed, I heard a scratch-scratching at the grated slit of a window, and presently a slender stick was inserted into the cell. I went over and shook it; some one at the other end was holding it firm. And then a curious whispering sound began to come from the end of the stick. I put my ear down, and caught the voice of one of the men from our village. He had taken a long bamboo pole, pierced the joints, and crept up behind a broken old wall close beneath my window. By means of this primitive telephone we talked as long as we dared. I assured him that we were still enduring, and urged him on no account to give up the arms to the Turkish authorities—not even if we had to make the ultimate sacrifice.

Finally, when it was found that torture and imprisonment would not make us yield our secret, the Turks resorted to the final test—the ordeal which we could not withstand. They announced

that on a certain date a number of our young girls would be carried off and handed over to the officers, to be kept until the arms were disclosed. We knew that they were capable of carrying out this threat; we knew exactly what it meant. There was no alternative. The people of our village had nothing to do but dig up the treasured arms and, with broken hearts, hand them over to the authorities.

And so the terrible news was brought to us one morning that we were free. Personally, I felt much happier on the day I was put in prison than when I was released. I had often wondered how our people had been able to bear the rack and thumbscrew of the Spanish Inquisition; but when my turn and my comrades' came for torture, I realized that the same spirit that helped our ancestors was working in us also.

Now I knew that our suffering had been useless. Whenever the Turkish authorities wished, the horrors of the Armenian massacres would live again in Zicron-Jacob, and we would be powerless to raise a hand to protect ourselves. As we came limping home through the streets of our village, I caught sight of my own Smith and Wesson revolver in the hands of a mere boy of fifteen—the son of a well-known Arab outlaw. I realized then that the Turks had not only taken our weapons, but had distributed them among the natives in order to complete our humiliation. The blood rushed to my face. I started forward to take the revolver away from the boy, but one of the old men caught hold of my sleeve and held me back.

(To be continued.)

THE FAILURE OF GERMAN-AMERICANISM

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

AMONG the influences which the war in Europe has exerted on our own national life, none is more important than its effect on the immigrant groups which comprise so large a part of our population. Their sympathies for the respective countries of their birth or races of their blood have given new vigor to their racial consciousness. Their partisanship in the European conflict has made compact racial groups out of hitherto partially assimilated racial elements of our citizenry. Having believed ourselves to be one people, cemented by a common love of our nation and bound by the power of new ideals and liberties, we suddenly find ourselves broken into racial groups whose old-world loyalties seem more powerful than their new allegiance. We have found, to our sorrow, that our melting-pot has not been able to undo in decades what the processes of centuries had wrought on the hard metal of racial consciousness. The result is that America is facing the problem of the 'hyphen.' The problem of properly assimilating our large foreign population has always been a great one in this country, but through this war it has assumed a gravity we had hitherto believed impossible.

With this problem on our hands, it is natural that the larger alien groups should engage our particular attention, and that their doubtful loyalty, or divided allegiance, should especially arouse our indignation. No group is larger than that of the German-Americans, and those which are as large have the

advantage of a closer relationship with us in language and customs. The result is that the problem of the 'hyphen' has centred in German-Americanism. This condition has been aggravated by the fact that America's frank sympathy for Germany's enemies has transformed the natural sympathy of the German-Americans for their blood-relatives into a bitterness against this country and its people. Their criticisms of an administration which they believed to be unneutral too easily culminated in criticisms of our whole scheme of government, and their resentment against the hostile sympathies of the American people betrayed them too easily into abuse of American character. Much of this has been done, in the name rather than in the spirit of the average German-American, by professional propagandists. But whether these spokesmen had the sanction of the average German-American or not, the very fact that they pleaded and threatened in his name has made a compact social and political group out of the German-American element, both in its own eyes and in the eyes of the nation.

Whether the resentment that has been aroused against German-Americanism has been justified or not, the attention which it has gained has been inevitable. Having become a more or less tangible entity among the elements of our national life, it invites examination of its characteristics, if it does not justify criticism.

Such an examination must cover, not

only the present activities and tendencies of German-Americanism, but its attitude toward American affairs and problems in the past. History ought to have a voice in determining whether present accusations of disloyalty are justified or not.

I

In one respect, at least, history offers no justification for these accusations. When the nation demanded definite services in the crucial periods of its history, no criticism of the conduct of German-Americans seems possible. Their loyalty to the nation was sincere and their service unstinting. They fought bravely in all of our great wars. Their deeds of heroism are conspicuous in our history. Such men as Von Steuben and Carl Schurz have a prominent and honorable place in the annals of our country. Germans have pointed with pride to these achievements in order to disprove the charges of disloyalty now made against them.

However, a nation needs and demands the loyalty of its citizens, not only when its existence is at stake or when its claims upon their allegiance are put with particular force by the crises of physical combat. In times of peace also it requires their loyalty — their loyalty to its ideals, and their allegiance to the principles upon which it has been founded. Of the immigrant it is entitled to expect that he will place the virtues and powers with which his particular race has endowed him in the service of the ideals that animate the people with whom he has allied himself.

The German-American appears to have failed to meet either side of this obligation. He has been too often, not only indifferent to our ideals, but untrue to the virtues of his race. This is a charge that can easily be made against

any immigrant; but since no immigrant came to our shores more richly endowed with the characteristics of a unique civilization than the German immigrant, the charge seems to be particularly applicable to him.

The German-American has made contributions to our national life, but they have been economic rather than spiritual. He has served the body of our nation well, but his contribution to its soul-life seems to have been inadequate. In developing our national resources, particularly the agricultural resources of the Middle West, the German-American has had no inconspicuous part. His thrift and industry are proverbial, and these virtues were employed to good advantage upon our countrysides and prairies. The industry of the German immigrant converted our prairies into fruitful fields; his thrift contributed to the prosperity of the nation while it established his own. By virtue of his prosperity and affluence, and by virtue also of his well-known qualities of dependability and prudence, he has become a potent influence in the communities in which he has been placed. Where the interests of the nation and his own interests were identical, the German-American has served the interests of the nation well.

But, unhappily, the interests of the nation are not always identical with those of the individual. They often require sacrifices on the part of the individual, and they always demand large social sympathies. In these qualities the German-American seems to be deficient. His virtues seem to be individualistic rather than social. He has unwittingly served the nation through his qualities of prudence and thrift, but he has been rather indifferent to the problems of the nation that did not directly affect him. He has manifested no great interest in a single one of the great

moral, political, or religious questions that have agitated the minds of the American people in late years. His failure to do so is all the more striking because he comes from a country where interest in community welfare on the part of the individual has reached its highest development. This indifference toward our national ideals and problems was vaguely felt by the American people even before the outbreak of this war. Perhaps it is the reason why German-Americanism had only to manifest itself as a definite element, to arouse the resentment of the American people. They had not known it to be hostile to our ideals, but they had felt it to be indifferent to our problems. The German-American had poorly fortified himself by solid achievement against the day when his loyalty would be, justly or unjustly, questioned.

II

In the first place, German-Americanism has manifested a lack of interest in our political problems. German-Americans have played no prominent rôle in our political struggles. The Irish-American element, for instance, has been a far more potent factor in our political history. This does not mean that German-Americans ought to have acted as a racial group in our political struggles. Their purpose to do so now is one of the causes of hostility toward them. America wanted no political activity from them of a factional and selfish character, but it might have expected them to dedicate their knowledge of European affairs to the service of this nation. The most enthusiastic champion of our democracy is willing to admit that we have not yet achieved an ideal democracy. We have, to mention one weakness, paid a very high price in efficiency for the liberties which we possess. This weakness, among others,

we have been ambitious to overcome. Might we not well have expected that the German-American, coming as he does from a country that has achieved so extraordinary a degree of efficiency in domestic administrative measures, would be helpful to us in our attempts to develop such efficiency, particularly in our municipal governments? But the German-American seems to have taken no interest in these problems. He has not been conspicuous, at any rate, in any political tendencies, connected with this or any other problem. He has manifested an ordinary interest in political questions in common with the average American citizen, but he has gained no distinction in the espousal of any particular cause, or in devotion to any special ideal.

In the social development of the nation and in the agitation of social questions the German-American has been equally inconspicuous. We have, for the past years, been in the throes of a social revolution, or social reformation, which has given a new meaning to many of the old ethical conceptions. The obligations of the individual toward the welfare of his fellow man and society as a whole have been considerably widened, and the moral conscience of the whole nation has been made more sensitive. We have attempted to establish more equitable relations between capital and labor; we have tried to introduce a more just distribution of our prosperity. These problems are all connected with issues that have had, and will have, the attention of men throughout history. But it does seem that we have been particularly eager in late years to find some solution for them.

In this tendency of our national life, however, the German-American has had no part. Like most men whose affluence was gained by industry and thrift, he is prone to attribute all poverty

to indolence and to hold the individual completely responsible for his own welfare. Perhaps the fact that he has been engaged in agricultural rather than in industrial pursuits is an additional cause for his indifference to our social problems, which have so largely centred in our industrial and commercial life. At any rate, he has shown this indifference — and that in spite of the fact that he comes from a country that has been a clinic for the world in the methods of humanizing industry. While America has freely borrowed from Germany in workmen's compensation and insurance legislation and other kindred measures, the German-American did not turn a hand to facilitate this importation. The Jew has been a far more potent factor in modern social tendencies than the German-American.

This failure of German-Americanism is doubly censurable because it has been, not only an indifference to our own national problems, but an indifference to, and an ignorance of, the very tendencies which have received their completest development in the country of the German-American's birth.

III

In the development of the religious life of this nation the German-American has manifested an even more regrettable aloofness. Christianity has, without doubt, received a unique development in this country. Conditions have been particularly favorable for the solution of some of the old, vexing problems of Christendom. The problem of denominationalism is one of these. Nowhere in the world have different denominations and sects had such large opportunities to come in close contact with each other as in this country. Here they are all represented, and the spirit of fraternity, so de-

pendent upon the consciousness of equality, is not jeopardized by special government privileges to some. This condition encourages them to emphasize those points of doctrine and polity on which they can agree, and to minimize the points which still separate them. The result is that a spirit of fraternity has developed here which bids fair to culminate, at some time, into an organic and vital interdenominationalism.

In this development the German-American church has had no part. Among strongly denominational churches it takes first rank. It has maintained a studied, and sometimes a hostile, aloofness toward all interdenominational movements. Not even the more liberal of the German-American churches have entered very heartily into Christian fellowship with other churches. This unfraternal spirit is not a racial characteristic of the German but seems to be a surviving relic of the eighteenth-century orthodoxy of the German church.

In this old, cocksure orthodoxy, that is forced to be intolerant because it is so sure that it alone is right, the German-American church is as different from the German church as day is from night. The German church, particularly the German theological school, is known to the world as the foremost protagonist of liberal Christianity. Nowhere have Christian theologians worked with greater freedom in reinterpreting the old truths of the Christian faith in the light of modern scientific discovery than in Germany. But the old dogmatic orthodoxy, which the German church was first to overcome, has been nowhere more obstinately maintained than in the German-American church. It has adhered to tradition with a pertinacity that presents a strange contrast to the readiness of the German church to abandon it. This strange

anomaly has been confusing to American thinkers who are acquainted with German thought, and has been perplexing to German thinkers as well. It has certainly not contributed to an understanding of the real Germany on the part of the American people.

The contrast between German liberalism and German-American conservatism, while strikingly illustrated in their respective theological positions, is by no means confined to these. The German-American gives the impression of conservatism in all his mental processes. His mental attitude sometimes has an appearance of stolidity and sluggishness that is in inexplicable contrast to the brilliancy, the ingenuity and the sometimes licentious freedom from tradition of the German mind.

Because of the German-American's unrepresentative character, America never understood these characteristics of the German race until they were revealed in a rather unfavorable light by Germany's present militaristic task. Perhaps this failure of German-Americanism contributed to the unfavorable verdict pronounced on Germany by American public opinion.

IV

One other characteristic of organized German-Americanism deserves special mention. It is its opposition to all temperance reforms. If there is any activity which German-Americanism has undertaken as a unit, and which has brought it as a body to the attention of the American people, it is this opposition to the temperance movement, particularly the prohibition movement, in America. If German-Americanism was discredited in any way even before this war, it was because of its attitude upon this question. Next to the interests directly affected, German-Americanism

has been the strongest opponent of prohibition in this country. The German press is practically unanimously opposed to any and every kind of prohibition, and the German pulpit has given the opposition a less unanimous but even more effective support. Resentment against this attitude has grown with the phenomenal increase in prohibition sentiment among the American people.

The prohibition movement has come to express the most enlightened conscience of the American people. It has the practically unanimous support of the churches and is being championed with increasing vigor by the press. It is natural that opposition to a movement that has the support of the intelligent public opinion of our country should cause resentment, especially when it comes from a group of otherwise respected and respectable citizens. In this attitude, as well as in his attitude upon other issues, the indifference and hostility of the German-American to our ideals is a betrayal of the ideals of his own people. Perhaps this contention will seem less convincing in this connection than it was in the others which we have tried to establish, for Germany is known as a drinking nation. The position of German-Americanism upon the drinking question as such is, in fact, not inconsistent with German customs, though it must be mentioned that the temperance movement has made much more progress in Germany of late years than among German-Americans.

The real inconsistency of German-Americanism, however, is established by the principle it invokes to justify its opposition to the prohibition movement. It claims to be fighting for 'personal liberty,' a principle that has, in the history of civilization, covered a multitude of sins with the mantle of respectability. The espousal of that principle

by Germans is, however, peculiarly unfortunate. They have sprung from an intensely communistic race, a race in which personal privileges have been more successfully subordinated to the common weal than in any other. Individualism, with its emphasis on personal liberty, is on the other hand, an Anglo-Saxon heritage. Tradition and training have made the German a champion of community interests, and his attempt to espouse the cause of the individual therefore justifies the suspicion that he is either ignorant of history or insincere. At any rate it is a curious anomaly, that a Teuton descendant should fight for an Anglo-Saxon heritage against the Anglo-Saxon heir.

We see upon every hand that, where the German-American is hostile or indifferent to our ideals, he is, in some sense, false to his own. It is difficult to find an adequate reason for this peculiar situation in which German-Americanism is found. Perhaps it is due to the fact that German immigration was largely drawn from the peasant class of Germany, which is ignorant of, and unaffected by, the influences of the modern German university, which has had such a large part in moulding contem-

porary German civilization. Perhaps it is caused by the fact that the German exodus to this country had virtually stopped before the modern Germany was born. Thus, the attempt of German-Americans to remain true to the customs and conceptions of the fatherland, causes them to perpetuate customs and ideals long since discarded in Germany itself.

Whatever may be the cause of the failure of German-Americanism, its failure is obvious. And this failure may be a contributory cause, not only of the lack of esteem in which German-Americanism is now held in this country, but also of the lack of understanding between Germany and this nation. This want of understanding may be only very indirectly responsible for the present ill feeling between the two countries. This seems rather to be due to more specific historical incidents. But the position of German-Americanism in this country would have been fortified against suspicions of disloyalty, and its defense of the German cause would have been more convincing and effective had it been less indifferent to the ideals and principles of this nation, and more true to its own.

THE SYNDICALIST

'DEAR, can't you sleep?'

'O John, I woke you?'

'No.'

'I think about the trenches, these cold nights.
Do you, John?'

'Sometimes.'

'When I hear the trolley

Whirr past the corner; when its stealthy light —

There! did you see it flit across the ceiling?

— I think of Zeppelins, and English wives

Trembling in English beds. I think of London

And Paris; all those women dressed in black.

I walk the wards of that grim hospital

In England where those Belgian nuns are keeping

Their nine months' vigil. Do they ever sleep,

I wonder? Are they making baby clothes,

Like me? Like mine? Thornstitching little frocks?

Nuns sew so sweetly. No; I must n't cry.

I must n't let their faces follow me

About the dark — their Belgian faces, coiffed

And wimpled. No; I must n't count their faces.'

'Count sheep, dear heart.'

'But John, they don't stay sheep.

They turn Turk, and the British Tommies toss them

On bayonets, by twos, by tens, by hundreds,

Into the Dardanelles. They bleed. They scream.

And I lose count.'

'My little tender heart!

I know that horror; I had nights of it

After the massacre in Colorado.'

'A massacre in — oh, you mean those miners.

I did n't know we used that word except —'

'Except for what?'

'Well, yes; perhaps it was.'

'Perhaps?'

'But John, the war makes all that seem

So long ago and far away and almost

Trivial.'

'No, Dolly; find another word.'

'You dear old darling dyed-in-the-wool fanatic,

Don't you be trivial. John, sometimes I think

THE SYNDICALIST

You would grow narrow if it were n't for me.
 I'd quite forgot there were such things as strikes.'
 'Well, England has n't lost her memory yet.'
 'Welsh miners; and munitions? Oh, of course,
 In an argument you'll have me, every time;
 But I was thinking of America.'
 'And in America men still are striking,
 Though you've forgotten.'

'Powder mills; yes, yes;
 And factories for shells, and chemicals
 The hyphens meddle with. I'll eat my words
 To make you happy.'

'Just the one word, darling;
 Just trivial.'

'John! why, John! I did n't mean —
 I've hurt his blessèd feelings!'

'No, sweetheart;
 Not you. I'm only sore on the world in general.
 And let's be fair: the hyphenated strikes
 Are not the only ones. The garment-workers
 Are striking in Chicago. The police
 Are beating up the pickets, *à la Boche*.
 It may be worse in Belgium; so our papers
 Here in the East don't feature it. The war
 And Wilson's programme for preparedness
 Capture the headlines. Yesterday, I tried
 To sneak a paragraph in under news
 Of the cotton trade, but the Old Man cut it out.
 He's on to me.'

'You won't be reckless, John?
 You won't forget the doctor's bill that's due —
 Some time?'

'A lot you trust me, don't you, Dolly?
 The Old Man's mighty patient nowadays
 With my vagaries. It's a darned sight simpler
 To kill my syndicalist rot, — blue pencil;
 "The rest is silence," — than to find another
 Linguistical, cosmopolite young fellow
 With all the belligerent languages under his hat.
 I shan't be fired. We've no need to add
 Real worry to our anxiety *de luxe*
 Over the Allies.'

'Our anxiety
De luxe? It is n't fair; it's cynical
 And cheap to say such things. Why will you, John?'
 'The journalistic impulse, the temptation
 To turn a smart phrase, sting — no matter who.'
 'Even me?'

'Myself even. It's my blood that bleeds

When you are wounded.'

'Always you make peace

Like a poet.'

'And I'll eat my edgy French

Like a sword-swallower. Forget it, sweet.'

'You think I am a spiritual glutton,

Savoring sorrow, piling pity up

For thrills. You think I am an epicure,

Preferring my emotions high, like game;

Lying awake to indulge a haunted fancy

With morbid images that swell and breed

The black and bloody pageant of death. You think' —

'I think I'm a durned infernal ass, a brute,

To make you cry; an egotistical,

Self-centred pig, a —'

'Now, you've made me laugh.

You silly John, if only you were selfish

Like other men, I might sleep quiet, nights.

It's not the big guns booming at Verdun

That wake me, it's my coward conscience squealing.

It's thinking how you might be over yonder

In the thick of it, as special correspondent,

If you were free — of me — No, let me talk;

Don't stop me with your dear, transparent fibs.

If you were free, you might be cabling copy

From France to-night; you might have been in Serbia

With Lady Paget; or at Erzeroum

Writing the story of the siege; or London

With Zeppelins overhead. And I have spoilt

All that. No, listen, John; be still; I'm talking.

The thought of you at that dull office desk

Translating censored newspapers all day,

Is on my nerves. And if I fall asleep

I dream the baby's come — with eyes like yours,

And they reproach me. All the bestial horrors

In Belgium, all the cold brutality

Of submarine disasters, all the pathos

Of young heroic death — I heap them up;

But always over the top the baby's eyes,

More unendurable than all the grief

Of Europe. John, you'll go? My patient boy,

Tell me you'll go!

'My precious Dollykins,

My little adorable goose, to think I'd pine

And "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on my damask cheek!" — No, I'll not laugh;

No, no; it's too near heart-break. All her pangs,

Her wakeful, tearful hours of anguish wasted

On pain that never was.'

THE SYNDICALIST

'That never was?

You mean you would n't go? I have n't kept you?
It does n't call you? John, are you pretending?'
'Oh, silly hearts of ours that still must play
At hide and seek! — It never, never called me.
I do not want to go.'

'Not want, — oh, John!

It comforts me! It comforts me, no end! —
And yet — there's something — why are you awake?
And you're depressed, John.'

'Am I?'

'So depressed,

I'm lost and frightened in the cloud of you.'
'Dearest, I'm sorry. It's a judgment on me.
I always did despise a moody cuss.
But hark, the weather prophet: Fair to-morrow!
Now sleep.'

'You have n't told me.'

'Listen here

Against my heart, dear other heart of mine;
Ears do not help; it's nothing words can tell,
If hearts have lost the pitch.'

'I'm listening.'

'There was a Belgian in our place, to-day;
One of those Lawrence strikers, — you remember? —
A weaver.'

'Lawrence! We were just engaged,

Do I remember! We were there one Sunday.'
'And big Bill Haywood led the strikers' meeting' —
'And a baby waved the red flag' —

'And the paper

Cut my three-column write-up to a scant
Two inches. "What's this philanthropic gush
About free lunches furnished by the strikers?
Maison du peuple, on the Belgian model,
Run by the Franco-Belges — This your idea
Of covering a strike?" the Old Man yelped.
I said it was.'

'How good their free lunch tasted!

And now we're feeding them.'

'And they can have

The front page any day, and red head-lines
Three inches high. The whole blamed office force
Stood on one leg and goggled when that weaver
Said he was Belgian. All the cubs came running
To shake his paw and languish in his eyes.
We print his brother's letter, double column,
With fancy type. And Russia's great campaign
In Asiatic Turkey has a map

And special photos, to instruct our readers.
 But Russian Jews campaigning in Chicago
 For living wage and economic freedom —
 Oh, that's not news! And yet they shed their blood.'
 'But not so much.'

'No; measured by the quart.'

'Finish the story of the weaver, John.'

'That's all. A fingerpost to my black mood.'

'Always the workingman?'

'Poor Dolly! always.

And yet, I'm not unmitigated crank.
 I know the casualties are n't as great
 In the steel mills, killed and wounded, burned and scalded,
 These eighteen murderous months, as in the trenches.
 I know the Belgians face an imminent,
 Abrupt starvation, more spectacular
 Than all the long, slow, steady underfeeding
 That saps the victims in the British slum,
 And ours. — But we'll not let the Belgians starve.
 God knows, I'd be the last one to belittle
 This war; I'm only saying war's a symptom.
 I'm groping for the cursed roots of death,
 Not on the battlefield, the blossoming place,
 But deeper. From the seed we reap the harvest;
 And from our ancient, hardy, tough perennial,
 Our national system, our competitive order,
 How many crops of wars! I say this weed
 Cumbers the ground, pollutes the innocent air.
 It's these outlived ideals that do the mischief.
 They're rank; they're only fit to be ploughed under
 For fertilizer for the tree of life.
 Democracy's new goal! Oh, let me rant!
 The economic dream of the workingman:
 Labor's naïve, fantastic fellowship
 Transmuting Adam's curse to linkèd love, —
 A golden net of brotherhood to hold
 The wealth of the world. — And we've betrayed the dreamers.
 Corrupted them with nationalist fears,
 Confused them with our patriotic glamour,
 Poisoned their loving-cup and let them drink
 Distrust of one another to the dregs,
 The bitter, sleepy dregs, distrust of self.
 Here's where I touch the unforgivable.
 Here's where I touch despair. — This brutish war
 Has more to answer for than bodies of men.
 To think of all those simple-hearted boys
 Helpless in that red slaughter is bad enough;
 But when a young dream's caught in the strangle-hold
 Of a dead ideal — that's desperate. That's death.

THE SYNDICALIST

Unless — life can't be conquered. There are signs.
 Jaurès is dead, but Germany still suffers
 Her Liebknecht's muted protest; still endures
 The intermittent pianissimo
 Of *Vorwaerts* in the national symphony.
 Signs! In the wailing of astonished voices
 Uplifted in reproachful invocation
 To the proletarians and socialists
 They'd laughed at and berated and despised:
 "Save us! — In spite of ourselves! — You said you would!
 Where is your general strike, you comrade cowards?"
 Signs! An infinitude of quaint devices
 Sprung from the heads of pacifists and statesmen;
 Subtle and simple, and the magic label
 On every one — the word we conjure with
 To-day, the exalted, visionary word
 The workers chose to be their countersign
 For the Revolution: International! —
 Our armaments; our courts of arbitration;
 Our parliaments; our straits and seven seas;
 Our factories for munitions; our police.
 Finance? — It's hinted. — Commerce? — Tentative
 Suggestion of world-markets. — Industry? —
 Ah, there you get below the slippery surface,
 Behind the institution to the men.
 What will the workers answer when they hear
 Their countersign? The resurrection trumpet
 Sounds in that reconciling battle-cry:
 The International! Unite! Unite! —
 Where is their general strike? Oh, trust their answer!
 Venture our faith! They'll save us yet, beloved.
 The golden net — Asleep?'

PARENTS AND SCHOOLS

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

AN attempt to discuss seriously the relations of parents and schools encounters at once a certain skepticism about both. While, of course, everybody would prefer that a child should have worthy parents and attend a good school, experience appears to show that one need not despair just because a child has been more or less unfortunate in the choice of its parents or its school. Some of the most foolish parents who ever lived and some of the worst schools ever conducted have failed to wreck the children committed to them by Divine Providence. I happened lately to be reading the *Life of Richard Cobden*. Cobden had unusually bad luck in his parents, and, if possible, even worse luck in his schools. Yet he developed a sweet disposition, noble purpose, and acute intellect. Sometimes — so unaccountable is human nature — it would appear that schools and parents work by contraries — in other words that a combination of poor schools and incompetent parents may provoke a child to show how easily and completely he can transcend both.

These are, however, probably only exceptions. For, though some capable and gifted individuals fortunately defy both origin and environment, the sound development of most children depends on both. Thus neither parents nor schools can be lightly regarded; and there is a marked tendency to take both more and more seriously. Being a parent used to be one of the most simple, natural and inevitable developments in the world. People used to grow up,

marry, and raise families, — they still do back in the country, — and society was content if parents could clothe, feed, and exercise a general supervision over their offspring. But nowadays one has no business to be married and have children unless, sleeping and waking, one is conscious of the responsibility. Competent modern parents must supervise the feeding, housing, and playing of their children on terms which, if applied a generation ago, would have brought the reproduction of the human race to a dead standstill. And now, responsive to the same forces, competent modern parents must supervise schooling. The schoolmaster is no longer to pursue his own sweet way. Parents are going to inspect him, as they inspect every other factor in the child's life. Modern parenthood has thus become an exacting full-time vocation — that is, persons who enter the profession have no time for other occupations, except the suffrage, and they cut themselves off from all other forms of remunerative and enjoyable activity.

A young and modern parent — one of the most charming of the new species — wrote to me not long since in reference to a newly contrived lecture course in the following terms: 'The object of these four lectures is to interest parents in modern educational methods, so that they will feel the need of going into the subject for themselves.' That sentence is an ominous one for us schoolmasters. Parents are going into the thing for themselves. Precisely as they do not permit their children to eat as they

please, or to play as they please, so they are not going to let teachers teach as they please.

Intimate contact between parents and schools is likely to have important consequences; but, in the first instance, a certain amount of discomfort is apt to result from the lack of an agreed formula regulating their relations. It is understood that parents and schools should coöperate in solving their common problem; but how far they are to defer unquestioningly to each other, or just where they should exercise a separate authority, is not obvious. If parents are indifferent, the schools suffer from loss of contact; if parents are meddling, the schools lose in authority and continuity. Is there no way out of these apparent inconsistencies? To tell parents that they must participate and in the next breath to depict the dangers of participation is not very illuminating or helpful. What then may a well-meaning, conscientious parent safely do, so as to meet the demands of her conscience, and her obligation to the profession, without upsetting the apple-cart?

I

Before proceeding to wrestle with this question, I wish to emphasize two points. In the first place, I shall take for granted that in all that concerns school habits it is the duty of parents to comply conscientiously and vigorously with whatever the school demands. Of course, children must be on hand promptly in the morning, having had long and refreshing sleep; of course, they must not ask to be excused to go to Florida or the horse show. Obedience and regularity are just as important as they are obvious — important to the school, because otherwise there can be no continuity of effort; important to the child, because in this way the child gets into the way of being or-

derly and conscientious. If I make no further allusion to this subject, it is not because I think it unimportant, but rather because I think it so important that our discussion cannot proceed at all unless it is taken for granted.

The second point bears very closely on my entire argument. I am going to try to tell parents how they may legitimately influence technical school procedure. It may fairly be inferred from this that I am not very happy about education, and, in order to be quite frank, I shall confess in advance that I have grave doubts — very, very grave doubts — as to the soundness or value of a very large part of our school procedure. These doubts have not risen lightly; they represent the outcome of some twenty-five years spent in teaching, in observation of teaching, and in efforts to find out what teaching accomplishes. Now, at the same time that I avow in advance my conviction of the futility, wastefulness, and unwisdom of much of our education, I wish with all possible emphasis to declare that teachers and only teachers can effect the necessary improvements. Running a school or a class is a technical or expert job. It cannot as a rule be done by an untrained person; and untrained people, seeking to break in, are likely to do more harm than good. The school situation, indeed, resembles the situation in medicine fifty years ago. The practice of medicine at that time was atrocious; but it had to be improved, and it was improved by doctors, not by laymen. I shall not spare the schools; but schools must be improved by schoolmen — and they will be.

We have then reached this point. Intelligent parents wish to have a say in the education of their children. But schools must be conducted by trained persons. The training of these persons is, however, largely antiquated. Are we not deadlocked?

I think not. Parents cannot tell teachers what to do or how to do it. But what they can do is to ask questions. They can, like the man from Missouri, require 'to be shown.' At first blush, this may not look like very much. But if my readers will bear with me for a moment, perhaps they will see that the right and the duty of asking 'to be shown,' of asking persistently and continuously 'Why?' 'Why?' gives parents all the leverage they need or can use in making over the education of their children.

Our schools could not be perfect. I won't even stop to argue that they can all at a bound make themselves much better than they are. Parents cannot possibly make many practicable suggestions by way of improving them. But just because we all know so little, just because schoolmasters are so hampered by tradition and organization, just because parents are so helpless in making practicable suggestions, for these very reasons the complacent following of traditions is the most inexcusable of attitudes. The schools which are now too conventional, too complacent, too free from deep-seated and unhappy doubts, should be tentative, inquiring, investigating, skeptical in their point of view. They will be assisted in becoming tentative, inquiring, skeptical, and experimental if parents will, year after year, make them tell *why*, make them show *why*. For when people are called on to show *why*, they begin to look into what they are doing, and out of this critical scrutiny will come doubt, invention, and finally something living in place of something long since dead.

Most teachers do not really know *why* they teach this or that subject; nor, given the subject, do they really know *why* they teach it in this or that way, at this or that time. In this respect, they are like most other people, who

do not think things through. But as teachers have a large creative opportunity, it is fair to expect them to deal thoughtfully and resourcefully with their problem; just as, for example, it is fair to expect the same of a physician.

The Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, is suggestive in this connection. To the Mayo Clinic, in that remote little village, scores of patients, accompanied by friends or relatives, resort daily from all parts of this country and from other countries, for medical and surgical advice. The medical and surgical examinations are made with all possible thoroughness, after which the physician or surgeon takes the time to explain to the relative or friend in attendance just what the doctors think is wrong, and why they think so, and what they propose to do about it. Suppose an operation is performed. The relatives, if willing, are taken into the pathologists' laboratory, where the tissues are examined, and no pains are spared to make them understand the significance of what they see. In case of death, a post mortem is almost invariably conducted and the same procedure is followed, if possible. These excellent physicians and surgeons thus regard it as part of their duty to show not only 'what' but 'why.' They do it in part to satisfy the patient's family; but partly too because it is good discipline for the doctors and surgeons themselves. For when a surgeon knows that he must explain *why*, he is bound to observe and to think more clearly. So, in the long run, the Mayos and their staff have been made more observant, more resourceful, more thorough, because they knew they would have to explain whatever they do.

If laymen can thus after a fashion be led to understand pathology and surgery, should not parents be able to understand *why* their children must do this or that in school?

Take, for example, the study of Latin. I do not think it would be well for a mother to say, 'I believe in Latin' or 'I do not believe in Latin,' for, if she did, she would perhaps be assuming just as unintelligent an attitude as is assumed by some teachers of the subject. But nevertheless she must question the study of Latin; she must insist on being shown. She should say to the school principal and the Latin teacher, 'Of course, I am quite eager to have John or Sally study Latin, if it is best. But won't you please tell me why?' Only one or two answers are likely to be given. Let us assume that the principal or the Latin teacher avers that children study Latin because of the mental discipline that it affords. Now 'mental discipline' is a very impressive phrase. We have all been silenced by less ponderous artillery. Still, if a mother is resolved to be shown, she must stand her ground. I figure her therefore as saying quite imperturbably, 'Mental discipline? What evidence is there that the study of Latin gives mental discipline?' And she might go on to say, perhaps, 'My brothers studied Latin as boys; my husband did, too. Are they mentally disciplined? Is John or Sally going to get the same kind of mental discipline that my brothers and my husband display? And if my brothers and my husband are not mentally disciplined, why aren't they — for they studied Latin?' And then she might call to mind some of her friends' children, — one always has opinions about the mental and moral discipline of the children of one's friends, — and she might ask to what extent Latin is contributing to the peculiar brand of mental and moral discipline which they exemplify.

The subject is not yet exhausted. We all know people who have not studied Latin. Are they or are they not mentally disciplined? Is Mr. James J. Hill mentally disciplined? If so, he received

his mental discipline through something else than Latin. It would be worth asking the Latin teacher therefore whether he has ever considered the possibility or feasibility of an alternative to Latin as a mental discipline — whether there are any ways of getting mental discipline except through Latin; and if so, what they are? Are there conceivable or imaginable or, as in Mr. Hill's case, actual ways of disciplining the mind that are — shall we say — less slow, less uncertain, to some persons at least less repugnant, than Latin? Is it possible to get any mental discipline through subjects that have also other uses or advantages? How does the teacher know whether there is or not? Did he ever try?

Intelligent mothers might also ask this question: who gets the most discipline from Latin — the child who works hard and never really succeeds, or the child to whom it comes easy, so that he never has to work hard at all? And, by the way, how do bright children get any mental discipline anyhow? for if things come easy, is n't the disciplinary exercise slight?

The other conceivable answer to the question 'Why?' in reference to the study of Latin is culture. Let us see. Boys and girls read six books of Virgil as a cultural exercise. How many are at the close of the process cultivated enough to read the remaining six for themselves? What other Latin authors do they read when relieved of compulsion — or deprived of 'ponies'? Or has the study of Latin refined and improved their English taste? What books do they read? What musical shows do they frequent? Would the literary quality of undergraduate journalism be worse if the editors had not studied Latin? The cultural argument had better not be pressed; 'mental discipline' is safer!

All parents can ask questions. They

can ask them about Latin, about algebra, about plane geometry, about grammar, about home work. And if parents demanded, not that the schools modify their practices or their programmes in any particular way, but merely that every principal and teacher should be able to tell *why*, the curriculum would get an amount of critical scrutiny from teachers such as it is not now getting and never has got. For the truth is that our more or less monastic course of study has survived, in part at least, because it has become a fetic, because successive generations have gone on teaching it, without looking for specific results.

II

This procedure will in time have this effect; it will put an end in education to the age of faith; it will usher in an age of inquiry, reason, or demonstration. Changes like this have already taken place in other domains. It is not only in education that men have been chained to a routine, never critically examined or only superficially examined. Doctors once practiced blood-letting for precisely the same reasons that teachers still teach cube root in arithmetic—namely, that others had done it before. In the South—perhaps too in the East—mothers used to give successive generations of children every spring a nauseous dose of molasses and sulphur. They said it ‘purified the blood.’ The words—‘purified the blood’—were regarded by these mothers as an argument not open to question. Would any one have the effrontery to deny the importance of pure blood? Could any one prove that this mixture did n’t purify the blood? But ultimately science insisted on going behind the words. It soon showed that people who spoke of ‘purifying the blood’ had no clear conception of what they meant; also that a mixture of sul-

phur and molasses might upset the stomach, distort the child’s countenance, and agitate his oesophagus, but that it did nothing to his blood. ‘Mental discipline’ has, as a phrase, had the same effect as ‘purifying the blood,’ and has now to be brought to book.

All proposed reforms have the same experience. They are in the first instance halted by hoary phrases. Legal reforms, political reforms, theological reforms, and educational reforms, all alike make no headway until they challenge certain words and phrases, and succeed in showing that these words and phrases do not embody ideas, but are mere make-believe. The phrase ‘mental discipline’ belongs in this ill-omened category. The facts are probably as follows. Anything one studies represents a positive acquisition in a special kind of knowledge, habit, and skill; and the child who has learned a particular thing can learn other things of the same kind somewhat more readily in consequence. For reasons that need not be discussed here, it seems not improbable that the learning process has to a slight extent general as well as special consequences, so that any kind of education may be better than none at all. Therefore if a child learns some Chinese, he can undoubtedly acquire more Chinese with a reduced expenditure of energy. To some extent also the learning of Chinese may help him to learn other things. If, however, the doctrine of mental discipline as formerly held be sound, the mind can be so trained by the study of Latin and geometry that power acquired through the study of Latin and geometry will be effective in any other study or emergency that the child may subsequently encounter. Now, it is perfectly fair to say that at this time psychologists no longer hold the doctrine of mental discipline in this form. And, indeed, it is extremely fortunate for most children

that mental discipline does not 'carry over' in the way that teachers of Latin and algebra are prone to believe. For, if it did, most children would carry over from Latin and algebra, not good habits, but bad habits. For most students of Latin and algebra as a rule fail to learn those subjects; they fail even to make systematic efforts to acquire them. On the contrary, they fumble and stagger and guess all the way through. If, then, pupils should transfer from the study of Latin and geometry to their other activities the methods pursued in studying Latin and geometry, only in very few instances indeed would this prove to be a matter for congratulation.

If one does not study things because they 'train the mind,' why, then, should one study them? The answer is extraordinarily simple: one studies things because they *serve a purpose*. I do not say, mark you, a *useful* purpose, but a purpose — a valid purpose, a genuine purpose, not a make-believe purpose. Mental discipline is not a valid or genuine purpose — it is a make-believe. Meanwhile the number of purposes, of genuine, valid purposes, is simply infinite. Learning to read Virgil is, of course, just as valid a purpose as learning to play a symphony, or to bake a pumpkin pie. The test is, however, not, did the student get mental discipline? but, can he read and enjoy Virgil? can he play the symphony? will some one eat the pie? And because people rarely care to read Virgil, because almost none of the thousands who study Latin ever can or do read Virgil, therefore, in so far as they are concerned, studying Latin has no purpose. So again, schools must teach arithmetic in so far as it serves a purpose, and just so much as that purpose requires, and not a jot or tittle more.

There are indications that, when the process of asking why is completed, it

will go hard with some of the time-honored elements of our monastic curriculum. Some years ago, Professor Judd of Chicago summarily lopped a whole year off the elementary school of which he was the head. Nothing happened — except that a year was saved. The children now learn just as much and they learn it just as well as when they had the extra year. Boys and girls who go to college from that school now do on the whole as well as those who had a year more of training. So far as results go — and the results have been studied with scientific care — it is like slicing off the end of an earthworm: the earthworm never finds it out.

One wonders what will happen to formal grammar study in the age of reason the coming of which will be accelerated by asking why. Sometimes it is urged that formal grammar teaches children to write and speak correctly; but as all Americans have studied formal grammar, including newspaper reporters and saleswomen, there would appear to be no guaranty that formal grammar study leads to correct habits of speech. On the other hand, I once knew a school where for fourteen years not a minute was spent on formal grammar, and, like the worm who does not miss a slice or two, no one ever knew the difference. I suspect that formal grammar is in for trouble when parents begin to insist on knowing why.

Arithmetic is another subject sorely needing to be questioned. There is, of course, no doubt that people need to know how to manipulate a few figures and how to calculate simple interest. But how much more do they need to know? Do they need to know how to calculate the cost of plastering and carpentering, for example? And if they do not need to know these things, why are they taught? Does this sort of thing also constitute mental discipline?

Euclid is a gentleman from whom

credentials ought also to be required. He has long held a prominent place in education as a matter of tradition. 'Just why should John or Sally study plane geometry, and indeed how does it come about that they are studying it?' That is a question which cannot be put too plainly to teachers of mathematics. I shall consider for a moment two possible answers: Geometry is useful, you may be told, or geometry affords excellent mental discipline. Geometry is useful. Well, how useful and in what ways? Professor David E. Smith, Professor of the Teaching of Mathematics in Teachers College, tells us, 'Not more than twenty-five per cent of the propositions [in geometry] have any genuine applications outside of geometry.' And a distinguished physicist has assured me that the seventy-five per cent of propositions that are of no use are not even needed to prove the twenty-five per cent that are of some use. The teachers of plane geometry have therefore a very considerable task if they are going to justify the time spent on geometry on the ground that geometry is useful. Nor is their task easier if they take the other horn of the dilemma. Suppose one did get 'mental discipline' from geometry. Is it the sort of mental discipline that life calls for and gives? Geometry as taught is a deductive science; that is, from certain assumptions called axioms and postulates a long series of propositions is developed. If the study of geometry really developed that kind of thinking, whom would it help but lawyers? For practical life calls for a very different type of thinking. In actual life, people observe — or they should observe — and on this basis make a limited inference, which leads to action; if the action taken fails, they observe further, construct other hypotheses, and act again. It is the method of trial and error.

If there is to be any mental discipline, ought it not to be of the type represented by science rather than the type represented by the conventional treatment of geometry? At the very least, therefore, asking why will bring about marked changes in the treatment of elementary and secondary-school mathematics.

Parents may also find it worth while 'to be shown' in the matter of home work. A good many experiments have been made as to the comparative merits of having or omitting home work, with a general consensus of opinion unfavorable to home work for less mature children. Supervised study in school appears to save time and energy and also to improve results. I do not urge parents to forbid home work, for I am, as I have said, opposed to direct interference by parents. But I think they should require teachers to explain why the fumbling efforts of little boys and girls at home are supposed to be good for them. I think, too, they may fairly expect teachers to know what has been accomplished without home work, and to explain why, notwithstanding, they adhere to the routine way, if adhere they do.

It is not necessary to labor the point further. I have tried to show that education, whether sound or unsound, is based on assumptions that ought nowadays to be questioned, and that the chief use of a parent in the matter of education is to ask questions that compel teachers to take up a critical attitude toward the tasks they impose. As soon as that attitude prevails, a school will resemble a clinic, and the teacher, like the physician, will look for the specific results of her work in the bearing and development of the individual child. What do parents care whether, generally speaking, Latin does or does not give mental discipline? The one question for them is this: What is Latin

doing for my boy or girl? If a favorable effect cannot be demonstrated, how are they helped by the complacent assurance that, generally speaking, Latin is a grand thing for mental discipline, and has been ever since the fall of Rome — if Rome really ever fell!

Perhaps I can make this point even clearer by an illustration. Modern mothers all know something from experience about the feeding of children. All normal children nowadays present special problems in the matter of diet. And many parents in these emergencies have consulted, let us say, Dr. Holt. We can imagine Dr. Holt, after examining a child, asking, 'Do you give him milk?' 'Alas,' says the mother, 'he does n't assimilate milk.' 'Well,' asks Dr. Holt, 'do you give him eggs?' 'Alas,' says the mother, 'eggs are poison to him.' Does Dr. Holt then say: 'Milk and eggs are the staple food of childhood; if your child can't digest milk and eggs, then a world created on the theory that they are good for children is no place for your darling?'

This answer would be precisely in line with the contention of the schools that Latin is good mental discipline. Whether it is or not, is a question to be settled afresh in every individual case, and it is a question to be settled by objective proofs. Milk and eggs are good for children if children grow fat on them; Latin is good if children thrive mentally on it. If a child does not thrive on milk and eggs, it is the doctor's problem to discover something that he will thrive on — bananas, for example. If boys and girls do not develop in love of learning and keenness of intellect on Latin, then the school, instead of folding its arms and calling them failures, must find out what will develop them. When schools take this attitude, they will be clinics — clinics where children are observed, and where indications of failure will be regarded in the first instance as

impeaching the school rather than the child or his parents; clinics where all the resources of modern knowledge and all varieties of modern activity and experience will be utilized in the effort to save children whom educational blood-letting, or educational molasses and sulphur, will kill.

To the properly conducted school, then, every child is a problem, an individual problem, just as he is to the physician. And just as there are children whom the family physician cannot treat, so there are children whom the ordinary school cannot teach — defective and abnormal children who require such special treatment that special measures must be instituted for their benefit. But the common run of school failures represents, not the defect of the children, but the resourcelessness of the schools. Children fail in Latin: this may mean that, instead of studying Latin at home, they should have had supervised study at school; or it may mean that it is a waste of time for them to study Latin. Perhaps they ought to have been promoted in order to be able to study something else. This is what Mr. Spaulding did when superintendent of the Newton schools, and with marked success. Or, finally, a child may fail in Latin — I am assuming, you see, that it may be well for some children to study Latin — because the monotony of the school course depresses all his energies below the level at which he can succeed at anything.

The monotony of the school course! One could discourse almost endlessly on that theme. President Eliot has characterized the conventional school course as essentially monastic, as mainly a thing of words and symbols. Meanwhile, the world is full of objects, interests, problems, and our children abound in energy, spirit and desire! In *such* a world with *such* children, does it not stand to reason that an education in

words and symbols ought to be made to justify itself? Our children are granted annually a four months' vacation: how often does it happen that the spontaneous activities of the long vacation reflect and continue activities set up or developed at school? Typical is the case of a very capable boy who worked out for himself the mechanism of wireless telegraphy and had constructed a working wireless apparatus. Though he had taken high rank at school, there was no place in the school curriculum for his main interest. At school, he was getting *mental discipline* through the commonly accepted studies — and nothing else. Meanwhile other children, less surely and effectively led by their own bent and capacity, spend a four months' vacation idly and aimlessly, because the schools, instead of organizing their normal interests, belabor them excessively with mere words and mere symbols.

Teachers may concede some force to what I am saying and still refuse to be held responsible. They may say, 'This is all very well. But what can I do about it? The school has a curriculum — I don't know whether the monks made it or not; all I know is that I didn't. I was taken in to do this or that. If I don't do it — some other person in my place will.' And the principal may say, 'What you are saying is, to be sure, an exaggeration, but it is not altogether without an element of truth. Still what can we do about it? The children must go to college. And

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the colleges insist on Latin and all the rest of it.'

This explanation is somewhat beside the mark. I should not primarily blame schools for teaching any particular subject if, while doing what they are forced to do, teachers and principals were actively engaged in studying the results of their efforts and exhibiting them to the world. How many teachers of Latin and mathematics ever raise the question: What evidence is there that John or Sally gets any mental discipline from Cæsar or algebra? 'The colleges have no business to run the secondary schools.' How many headmasters plainly tell them so?

Fortunately, teachers who desire to view their problems and activities in a scientific light need no longer suffer from loneliness. There is no dearth of men and women who are subjecting to analysis first this aspect and then that aspect of school work. And experiments are in progress, devised to ascertain and to test results. As this attitude of mind has come to prevail in medicine, so it must come to prevail in education. Mothers and fathers can hasten it if they will refuse to take anything for granted; if they will refuse to be overawed by tradition or large question-begging phrases; if they will refuse to allow their questions to be side-stepped. They have a right 'to be shown,' and there is something the matter if a school principal or a school-teacher cannot convince them that there is a good reason 'why.'

ELLEN FORTH AND THE PAINTER BOY

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

I

I WAS running for harbor under close-reefed mainsail and the remnant of my jib, before a roaring southerly gale. I had known that something was coming, of course, before I started on my night run, but I had not expected that it would come so soon or that there would be so much of it. That was one of the times when I was fooled. I have been fooled many times, and shall be many more, but I am not often fooled by the weather. And I was behind time, and thought I would make up a little. I did.

It came on to blow hard about eleven o'clock, when the hospitable harbor which I had left was well astern, and a most inhospitable shore stretched for miles and miles; and I reefed down under difficulties, for I was alone, and it was so dark that I could scarcely make out the reef-points, and my jib split from top to bottom. I managed to tie down the jib somehow. I have no clear recollection of the further events of that night. It is all a nightmare of wind, and more wind, and lashing rain, and great seas which came at me out of the darkness fiercely, as if they would devour me. But I knew they would not. I knew my boat. There is every comfort in knowing your boat.

Morning dawned at last. I shall never forget that morning. I seemed to be alone in the middle of the Atlantic, which was but a mass of spume and spray and roaring seas. The wind came in fierce gusts, and each fresh gust, fiercer than the last, came howling and

whistling and singing over the water, driving before it the spray from the tops of the waves. There was a mist of spray for six feet or so above the surface of the water, and it stung where it struck, and obscured my vision. I could not tell whether it was raining or not; but the dark clouds overhead were rolling and twisting and writhing just out of reach, and the driving scud seemed as low as my masthead. My mast is not very tall. Hours passed, and I caught a glimpse, through the spray, of a heavily-laden coaster under very short sail, and then of land, and I knew where I was. There was a little haven which I would run for. Haven! It seemed like Heaven, the very sound of it.

So I was roaring in for harbor under a close-reefed mainsail and the remnant of my jib, before a southerly gale. I was wet through and cold and sleepy and hungry and almost worn out. Everything aboard the boat was wet. I had breakfasted on a few soggy pilot biscuits, for I could not leave the wheel to cook anything, even if I had wanted to cook. I had few desires left, and the desire to cook was probably the least of them. I had had my fill of cooking. I would not cook another meal if I had to live on ready-cooked canned things for the rest of my life. I had rather starve. As I stood dripping at the wheel and listened and waited for each fresh gust to come roaring and whistling and singing over the water, it seemed to me that it would be easy to starve. One would have nothing to do but to do nothing. And then that roar-

ing and howling gust would strike the boat, and she would careen until the sea was racing almost level with my cockpit rail, and I would have my hands full, and my thoughts too, and cooking had no place in them.

These were unfamiliar waters, but I had no time to look at the chart. I was coming to a lighthouse perched up on a rock at some distance from shore, and there must have been a tide-rip there, for there was a tremendously high, short sea. I passed the lighthouse, and got into water which was not so rough; and I raced along a shore which I did not know, and I saw before me a break-water with uneasy masts behind it. That must be my haven. And I raced into it, and found several large boats near the mouth, a couple of schooners and a sloop or two, and a ketch; and I saw, farther on, where the harbor narrowed, a forest of rocking masts of smaller schooners and knockabouts and catboats. There were wharves there too, and I kept on.

I had to cut the lashings of my anchor, for they were as hard as iron with their drenching, and my fingers were too cold and stiff to loose them; and I dropped the anchor overboard, and lowered my sails, and tied stops about them roughly, and got into some better clothes, — not dry ones; there was nothing dry on the boat, — and rowed ashore. There I found nobody, but I poked about until I came to a blacksmith's shop, and the blacksmith at his forge.

He looked up and nodded as I entered and sat on a wooden chair by the door, a chair from which the back was gone. I was glad of the quiet and the warmth.

In a few minutes he looked at me again, and spoke.

'Blowing pretty hard,' he observed.

'More than that,' I answered. 'I've just got in. I was out in it all night.'

He stopped his measured working of the bellows. 'Boat?' he asked.

I nodded. 'She's right off the wharf in the mess.'

He started toward the door.

'The little one,' I added.

He looked out, and came back and stood before me, and whistled slowly, and smiled.

'Well! I'm glad I was n't out in her — not last night. I guess you're tired and cold and wet.'

'And hungry. Is there a hotel here?'

He shook his head. 'We don't run to hotels. Perhaps Ellen Forth will take care of you. I can't promise.'

I would try Ellen Forth presently, but I wanted to dry myself a little first, and I went and stood by the forge. When I had steamed enough, and had some heart in me again, the blacksmith went to the door with me, wiping his hands on his leather apron.

'That's her house,' he said, 'that square one, half-way up the hill. I wish you luck.'

I thanked him and set out. The house was a well-to-do, square old house, set high, with huge old elms before it, and a well-kept barn behind; and on either side well-kept fields in which a few cows were grazing. It did not look promising. It was too good.

But I kept on, and I saw, suspended from great painters' hooks in the edge of the roof, a ladder laid flat, and on the ladder a board to serve as floor; and on the board was a pot of paint, and a boy in painter's overalls and blouse and white hat and sneakers. The whole thing, ladder and boy and pot of paint, was swaying wildly in the wind. There was nothing to be seen of the boy himself, for he had his white hat pulled down to his neck, and he was facing the side of the house and painting merrily, and humming while he worked. Occasionally he stopped painting for a moment, and put his head on one side to

contemplate his work, and then he broke forth into song in a beautiful high tenor, and began to paint again vigorously.

I stood for some time in the wide gateway, watching him, and listening. At last I interrupted him.

'Ahoy!' I said. 'Aloft there!'

The boy turned a startled, handsome face toward me. Then he smiled.

'Ahoy, the deck!' he answered. 'You almost made me drop the brush. Think what a pretty streak it would have made all down the clapboards. And I should have had to come all the way down after it, or make you tie it on the end of a line, and heave the line up here. Can you heave a line?'

'I don't believe I have strength enough left — now. Is Miss Forth within?'

'How should I know? I am painting the house. But, as it happens, I do know. She is out just at present.'

'Is it Miss Forth or Mrs. Forth? I could n't be sure whether the blacksmith —'

'The blacksmith! What has he to do with it?'

'He said that Ellen Forth might take care of me, but he could n't promise.'

'Oh! Well, it was Miss Forth when I came up here. I don't know what has happened down there since.'

'I thought that — perhaps — you might be her husband.'

'Her husband! *Mel*!' And the boy laughed as if it was an excellent joke. 'But I wish I were. A man might do a great deal worse. Many do.'

'I should like to see Miss Forth,' I murmured.

'Why not try ringing the bell?'

Truly, why not? I had forgotten that. I began to move.

'It would n't do any good,' said the boy. 'It would n't be answered.'

'Well,' I said, 'do you know where she is?'

The boy hesitated. 'Yes,' he said, 'I suppose I do. She's not available just now. Suppose you tell me your errand.'

Thereupon I stated it. 'I don't know where else to go,' I added, 'and I'm very hungry, and not quite dry yet.'

'Dry!' the boy exclaimed quickly. 'What wet you? Was it you that I saw driving in there, an hour ago?' He waved his hand toward the harbor.

I nodded. I seemed to have succeeded in capturing his interest at last.

'Well,' he said, laying down his brush, 'I'll tell 'em — if they're in yet. I think Miss Forth 'll be in in a minute now. You might wait around by the front door and see what happens.'

He drew up his sneakers carefully, and disappeared within a little half-size window of the third story. I waited around by the front door to see what happened. Nothing happened for a long time, but the wind whipped the elms, and there was a fine view of the harbor filled with whitecaps and with tossing boats, and of some windmills on the other shore, and of misty hills.

A maid came at last, and ushered me into a half-darkened room, in which I was left alone with two ebony cabinets containing all kinds of deep-sea shells. The shells were well polished, and ran to luminous pinks and purples on their inner surfaces.

I was looking at a large shell which seemed to have imprisoned a sunset, when I was aware that I was not alone. I turned and saw a girl just within the doorway. She was of a slender figure, and just above medium height. She had wavy, dark-brown hair, and pleasant, dark eyes. They were very expressive eyes. They were smiling at me now, and there was compassion in their depths, as she stood, her hands clasped in front of her.

'I am Miss Forth,' she said. 'My painter boy has been telling me about

you. I shall be happy to give you your dinner if you will take what I have.'

Her voice was low and full and sweet and rich. I think I was in love with her voice — and her eyes — from that moment. I hastened to apologize, and said that I should not have come if I had fully understood, but the blacksmith had given no explanation, and my boat was wet — everything in it — and the idea of cooking anything was repugnant to me — and I thought —

She smiled. 'I know,' she interrupted. 'I know exactly how you felt. Dinner will be ready in a few minutes.'

That dinner was nectar and ambrosia to me, but Miss Forth was not present. I waited around for some time, hoping that she would appear; but she did not, so I strolled down to the wharf. The wind was falling, and it was not too warm in the sun, and I leaned against a pile and looked out. The sun, the sound of the blowing wind, the faint noises from the harbor, all together, were too much for me, and I fell asleep standing; and I barely recovered myself from falling, and I had just sense enough to go to a bench which was set against a building on the wharf.

I must have slept there for hours; for, when I opened my eyes again, the wind had fallen to the gentlest breeze, and the sounds from the harbor were inexpressibly soothing. On the string-piece before me sat some men, fishing idly. For a little I sat there, looking out at the pleasant sights, and hearing the pleasant sounds, while the sun got lower, illuminating the sides of the boats and the quiet masts with a reddish light, and making the slowly moving windmills on the opposite shore no more than silhouettes against a reddish sky. I got up slowly, and saw the boats lying on a sea of crimson and blue. The silent fishermen reeled in their lines and went silently away; and I followed, not knowing where I was going.

I went up to Ellen Forth's, of course, and I saw her coming from the barn. She smiled when she saw me.

'A bad penny,' I said.

'Yes, I see,' she replied. 'What brings you back?'

She was almost laughing as she asked the question, and that took the sting out of it.

'My feet,' I answered. 'They turned this way of their own accord.'

'And did your feet,' she asked, 'know that it is almost supper-time? Was that it?'

'I suppose it was, partly, although I was not conscious of it.'

'And what was the other part?'

'To thank you for giving me a good dinner, and — and because this was the natural road for my feet to take.'

She laughed then. 'You are invited to supper, — you poor man! I could n't do less, could I?'

So I had supper with Ellen Forth. And I was nervous and excited, but she was amused and smiling. Rarely she laughed, a low sweet laugh. I found myself waiting and listening for it.

I prolonged that meal as much as I dared, but at last she rose.

'Your breakfast will be ready at eight,' she remarked.

'What!' I cried. 'Am I to be asked—'

'It is to save trouble,' she said. 'You know you would be hanging around, hoping for it. It will be more convenient for me. And you need not begin your cooking yet.'

Then she seemed to be waiting for me to go, so I thanked her, and went. The boat was still wet, but I always sleep in my boat. I make a point of it. And I ate my breakfast alone at eight, and I did not hang around more than half an hour, but I caught no glimpse of Ellen Forth. The staging was there, lower than on the day before, but no painter boy. I wandered down to the wharf, got my tender, and rowed out.

II

I had put the boat to rights, and was sitting in the cockpit, smoking and wondering what I should do, when I heard a hail.

'Ahoy, the deck!'

I looked up quickly, and there stood the painter boy on the edge of the wharf. He was smiling broadly and merrily.

'Ahoy yourself!' I cried. 'Were you hailing me?'

'No other,' he said. 'Don't you want a crew?'

He looked more like a sailor boy than a painter, with his white blouse, and his white trousers, and his white hat, but his hat was tall and ended in a sort of peak. He would have made a good Pierrot, just as he stood. I got into my tender and rowed back.

'Why should I want a crew?' I demanded.

'So that you can get your sails furled before midnight,' he answered quickly.

'And I am an able seaman.'

'Come on.'

He scrambled over the string-piece and dropped into the boat, as light as thistle-down.

He took the oars. 'I have to be back by twelve,' he remarked. 'But it can be managed, and you will want to get back yourself.'

'How do you know I will?' I growled. 'Confound your impudence!'

'Dinner!' he replied with a triumphant smile. 'You would n't miss it, would you?'

It was true, I would not miss it willingly. But I said nothing, and the boy pulled me to the side of my boat in a seamanlike manner, and jumped out, and made the painter fast astern, and proceeded to loose my sails, and to get up the mainsail. It was all done before I knew it, and we were off. Then he dived below, and got an old broom, and

cleaned the anchor, and got it in on deck, and coiled up all the ropes in sight, cast an eye up at the sails, and seeing that all was snug, came and sat crosslegged on the overhang. We were but just out of the harbor.

'There!' he said. 'That's done, and here we are. Now what do you want to do?'

I did not want to do anything but just sail — anywhere. So we went on aimlessly, and the boy showed me the points of interest as we came to them. There was a fish-trap in which I had come very near to getting tangled the day before, although I had not seen it at all in the smother. A fish-hawk was sitting hunched up but alert on one of its stakes, while its mate sailed over the water ahead of us, until he was attacked by a flock of screaming terns, and driven off his fishing grounds. And there was a rock showing its bare back above the water. I had not seen that either, and I must have passed very near it, and still nearer to another outcropping of the ledge which was waving its fringe of weed on the surface. The boy pointed it out to me.

'Providence takes care of fools,' I remarked. 'I might have piled up on that yesterday. I wonder what would have happened. But I can't be expected to learn my *Coast Pilot* in one lesson. I shall have to take you with me often.'

'I shall be glad to go,' he said, 'when Miss Forth can spare me.'

'Why are you painting the house?' I asked abruptly.

'Why,' he said, looking at me in some surprise, 'it needed painting.'

'And Miss Forth hired you?'

'Yes,' he replied, hesitating; 'that is, I saw that it needed paint, and she got it, and I am putting it on. She is n't paying me — in money. Ellen Forth's interests and mine,' he added, laughing, 'are indissolubly connected. Indeed,

you might call them identical. She is very good to me.'

'You seem to be very generous,' I observed. 'I wish I could —'

'Not so generous,' the boy interrupted, chuckling. 'Not so very generous.'

With that we fell silent; and presently he called my attention to the position of the sun, and to a low-lying bank of fog out at sea. I had seen the fog, and had been watching it. It would be in toward the end of the afternoon. We came about. He rose to trim the sheets, and again seated himself on the overhang.

'Ellen Forth,' he said, 'has not had an easy time these last few years, since her father died. Her father was more intent upon giving her an education than upon saving, and sent her to one of the best schools in the country. She was not trained for a farmer's life.'

He seemed about to say more, but he did not.

It was a little after twelve when we dropped anchor. The boy rowed me ashore furiously, leaped out and ran up the wharf, and disappeared under Miss Forth's elms, while I watched him, wondering.

That was only the first of many times when the painter boy sailed with me. I did not know when he did his painting, unless it was very early in the morning, before my breakfast; but the painting was getting done. He was a very efficient sailor. So I took him when I could, and as the summer went on, that was nearly every day.

He was a great comfort to me. Ellen Forth was not. I rarely saw her except occasionally at supper and when I loafed in at the barn about four o'clock with my purpose very obvious. She was too busy, I suppose, with her cows and her little farm. She had but one man to help her, and he was not gifted with overmuch sense. There was the boy, of course, but I never saw him now, ex-

cept on my boat. One day I aired my grievance against her, and asked her why I saw so little of her.

She smiled at me indulgently, as if I had been a small boy who must be humored when that was possible. It seemed as if I afforded her some amusement. Indeed, as I thought upon the matter, that had become her attitude toward me — an attitude which I like well enough, but there was something lacking.

'Why,' she said, 'you are looking at me now.'

'A very agreeable occupation,' I replied. 'I should like more of it.'

She laughed, and shook her head slowly.

'What do you want me to do?'

'Sail with me sometimes. You ought to be a good sailor, — and to like it, — with your inheritance.'

'My father was a sea captain, as you must have found out, and I do like it. But I'm very busy, and I'm afraid,' she finished, smiling and shaking her head again, 'that you'll have to be content with what you get.'

'Your painter boy? He is very comforting, but — not enough.'

But I could get nothing more out of her, and she turned away to weigh the milk.

I was morose and glum the next morning. My sailor boy saw it.

'What's the matter?' he asked, when we were well under way, and he had seated himself on the overhang, as usual. 'I will diagnose your trouble if you like.'

'Well?' I said curtly.

'You're in love,' said the boy. 'I know the symptoms.'

'What!' I cried. 'Not that I am aware. And what do you know about love, anyway?'

'I know a lot about it,' the boy replied. 'I'm in love myself. And a man never is aware of it until he is told.'

'In love!' I exclaimed pettishly. 'Pshaw! I'm not. I'm put out because Ellen Forth won't —'

The boy laughed merrily. 'I knew it! You're in love with Ellen Forth. You're not the first man to be in love with her.'

I glowered at him. 'Perhaps you're in love with her yourself,' I growled.

The boy laughed more merrily than before; as if it were an excruciating joke. 'That's the best yet,' he said. 'No, I'm not. It was Ellen Forth who pointed out to me that I was in love. And she told me the very person, too.'

'She seems to be most perspicacious,' I returned. 'Would you advise me to ask her counsel?'

'Yes, yes,' the boy cried, beating his hands upon his knees. 'Go to it! Faint heart, you know. Go right up to her, and say something tender — and do whatever suggests itself. That part will take care of itself.'

I could not forbear smiling. 'But,' I objected, 'suppose she should n't like the something tender — and whatever suggested itself. I should have to look around for a new boarding-place, or up anchor and leave.'

'Oh, well,' said the boy, crestfallen, 'if the board is all you care for!'

'It is not!' I cried indignantly. 'I care very little for the board. But she rarely comes to the table, and she won't go sailing with me. What should a man think? And you would be along,' I added.

'Of course,' said the boy, 'I should be along. I wish that you could get her to go when I was along.'

And he burst into song, in his beautiful high tenor, but he did not sing anything in particular, only tra-la-la-la.

'Oh, dry up!' I said in disgust. 'Sing something you know.'

He laughed. 'How can I dry up and sing at the same time? Which shall it be?'

'Sing!'

He had sung to me often. In fact, he usually sang when circumstances favored that exercise. He sang to me now, and I leaned back and watched the terns and the two fish-hawks and the clouds, and heard the gentle hiss of the water beside me. One of the hawks caught a fish, and went to a rock on the shore, and began to devour it — the fish, not the rock.

The boy broke off his song suddenly.

'Ellen Forth,' he observed, 'is not busy in the evenings. She sits on the piazza until nine o'clock; sits on the piazza and looks out at the harbor. I happen to know it. And what then?'

I laughed. 'I'll try it,' I said, 'if it will please you. But how should I know —'

'Oh, fiddle!' the boy retorted scornfully. 'Please yourself. She won't put you off the piazza. Faint heart!'

'Will you keep still?' I cried angrily.

'I will remove myself.'

And he went up forward, singing something about 'faint heart,' and seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit, and sang that detestable song at the top of his lungs.

'Here!' I called. 'Come back here! Don't you know that it puts her down by the head to have you up forward? Come here where you belong.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' he said cheerfully. 'Better down by the head than down by the heart. You would n't put her down by the heart.' And he came and sat behind me again.

'To-morrow,' he went on, 'I'd like to give you a lesson.'

'In what?'

'Making love. You need it.'

I declined his kind offices. He was an outrageous boy. But I followed his suggestion that evening, and sat with Ellen Forth on her piazza.

Next morning, the boy greeted me with an insinuating smile, but he said

nothing until his work was done and we were out of the harbor. Then he came and sat crosslegged on the deck behind me.

'Did you have a pleasant evening?' he asked.

I kept my gaze straight ahead. 'Very pleasant,' I replied.

'Is that all? At least, you managed a tender whisper in her ear?'

I shook my head.

'Oh, dear!' the boy sighed. 'You're very backward. You'll never get anywhere, at this rate. Why, the summer is almost gone.'

'What would Miss Forth have thought?'

'Of the whisper in her ear? I know very well what she would have thought. I don't know what she might have said. But you can't tell by what they say.'

I laughed. 'A lot you know about it!'

'I do, though. It's queer, is n't it, that they should like such a monotony, but they seem to.'

I said nothing. I would hold no further conversation with the boy upon that subject.

He waited for some time. 'Oh, well,' he said at last, 'if you want to get huffy about it, you may.'

He went forward and sat with his back against the mast, and looked out ahead, humming to himself all the while. I let him sit there for nearly fifteen minutes, and then I called him back. I was not happy. I liked to have him near me.

That evening, I dawdled on the wharf for half an hour, and then went back to Ellen Forth's, having decided that I would not do so. I got into the habit of spending my evenings there. She was always pleasant, and seemed glad enough to see me; but not too glad, not as glad as I was to be there. Her manner toward me was that of an indulgent aunt. I would have given

something to know wherein I afforded her amusement. I was making no headway, and I knew it, and the knowledge did not tend to make me more pleasing.

Every morning I went sailing with my sailor boy, and almost every afternoon I went alone, for I could not persuade Miss Forth to go, although I tried many times. And each time that I failed, my sailor boy would discover it somehow. He seemed to know it by intuition. It was uncanny.

'What's the matter with you?' he cried one day. 'Must you go mooning around like a sick calf whenever Ellen refuses to go sailing?'

'I don't like being made a fool of,' I said gruffly.

'Nobody's making a fool of you except yourself. You'll find out one of these days, when you manage to get up your courage. I don't believe you've got any courage.'

I had mighty little where she was concerned. I sighed; and the boy laughed in delight.

'Cheer up!' he cried, giving me a gentle pat on the shoulder. 'We can go for a long sail to-morrow. The lovely Ellen will put us up a lunch. I spoke to her about it.'

III

Accordingly, the next morning, the boy appeared with a huge hamper, which he deposited carefully in the cabin. There was not much wind, and the boat almost steered herself. We said little. I was thinking that here it was September, and in the natural course of events I should go for good — or for ill — within a few weeks, and it looked as if I should go alone. I think that I have as much courage as the next man, but Ellen Forth had given me absolutely no reason to believe that her attitude was other than that of an indulgent aunt.

I do not know of what the boy was thinking, but he did not seem inclined to talk, which was contrary to his habit, which was distinctly cheerful and merry. I closed my eyes for a bit, — I can steer very well with my eyes shut, for a little while, if there is not too much wind, — and presently the boy began to sing.

His voice was extraordinarily rich and sweet and high, and I listened, and did not move or speak, and I opened my eyes only occasionally and for the briefest instant. He was flat on his back on the deck, with the brim of his hat turned down, and he looked up at the clouds, I suppose, for I glanced at him once or twice, but I could not see his eyes. He sang for more than an hour, I should think.

Suddenly he stopped, and leaped to his feet.

'Fog's coming,' he cried, 'and wind with it.'

He had seen the little ragged wisps of fog driving overhead.

I had been very nearly asleep for a long time, lulled by his voice, but I was wide-awake in an instant. There was the fog nearly upon us, a great gray cloud which blotted out everything. The boy trimmed in the sheets, and then the fog came, and the wind with it, as he had said.

'Let me have her,' he said. 'I'll take her into a little cove I know, and we'll have our lunch.'

How he managed it was a mystery to me, for the shore had been but a smudge of indigo on the horizon before the fog came, and now the fog was as thick as cheese. But he did it cleanly, and we anchored, with the white sand of the beaches just visible on either side of us through the fog. We had our lunch at our leisure, and emptied Ellen Forth's hamper in that enveloping silence. Then we stretched ourselves at our ease.

Presently he got up slowly. The fog was not as thick as it had been.

'Shall we up anchor?' he asked. 'This will clear away soon.'

He hoisted the mainsail, and by the time the halyards were coiled down the sun was beginning to struggle through. We were getting up the anchor, the boy and I, and had it hanging over the bows, when she began to pay off. The sheet caught, and she came up again, and the boy muttered something impatiently, and started to run aft. She paid off again, on the other tack, and the boy was nearly there, but on the lee side, when the sheet came loose suddenly, and the boom swung off. It carried the boy with it, and dropped him neatly into the water.

I let the anchor run, and I ran aft, and I threw over one of my cushions. They are life-preservers. The boy had disappeared, and I was afraid he might be under the boat. I stripped off my coat and shoes, and dived in.

I found him down there. He had got caught, for a few seconds, against the side of the boat, and had just got free and was coming up; and I thought I saw him smile, but you cannot see clearly under water, and there was the shadow of the hull. I reached for him, and the boat began to drift astern, and we came up together under her bows. I saw that he had lost his peaked hat, and I thought that I saw something else; but streams of water were running over my eyes. I brushed the water off, and looked again. The loss of the peaked hat had freed masses of dark hair, which streamed over my arm; and the face which looked up from my shoulder, regarding me with eyes filled with amusement, was the face of Ellen Forth.

In my amazement, I almost dropped her.

'Oh, don't let me go!' she cried softly. 'Don't let me go!'

Then her amusement was too much for her, and she laughed. Oh, how she laughed!

'Ellen Forth!' I cried, out of all manner of patience. 'I—I'd like to shake you!'

'Why don't you?' she asked. 'Why don't you do it? You may if you like.'

'I will,' I said; 'and the only reason I don't treat you worse is that I love you too much.'

'And I never guessed it!' she said. 'To think that I could be so blind!' And she laughed again.

I kissed her. 'You're an awful fraud, Ellen.'

'I can swim perfectly well,' she replied, 'if you mean that. But you don't care if I am a fraud, do you? Say you don't.'

'Well, I don't. But, if you're going to keep on being one —'

'I'm not,' she interrupted hastily. 'Never fear, for I'm not. And now don't you think we'd better get aboard?'

Two hours later, we walked slowly under her great elms, and she mounted the steps more slowly yet, and she sat down on the top step while I stood below, and she looked at me and smiled.

She had put on a spare white suit of mine, and I carried my sailor boy's

clothes in a wet bundle. I tossed them on the step beside her.

She put her hand upon them with a loving gesture.

'I suppose my little game is up,' she said, sighing regretfully. 'It was such fun, — *such* fun, — after I had found out something.'

'How did you do it?' I asked. 'The change of costume is not enough.'

'Oh, no. That would be too easy. It is change of expression. I took a course in it.'

'And which is you — really you?'

'Both,' she answered; 'both, but the boy is best, I think. Ellen had to be repressed when you were here. I very nearly exploded. Which did you like best?'

'Both,' I answered.

I suppose my eyes must have expressed my intention.

'No,' she said, shaking her head, 'not now.' Still she sat and looked at me, a soft light shining in her eyes. 'I shall be at home this evening.'

The impatient lowing of cows came to us from the barn.

'Mercy!' Ellen cried in dismay. She got up quickly. 'I have to milk the cows. I had forgotten all about the cows. Will you come?'

She was holding out her hand to me. Would I come!

THE INSTINCTIVE BASES OF PACIFISM¹

FREDERIC LYMAN WELLS

THE pen is mightier than the sword, when the sword has drawn the ink; the dollar is sometimes mightier than either, but might does not make right. Convictions of pacifism are daily torn from our breasts, not by arguments, but by facts, like the skepticism of Jean-Pierre Bacadou. No mistake is fully corrected unless we understand what caused it to be made. The many reasons why pacifism should not be, deserve careful thought of why it is.

Pacifism and militarism exist, not because they are reasonable, but as outgrowths of instincts more or less common to all animals. Reason is not the master of our instincts, but their mistress. We find reason ineffective against militarism or pacifism, because they are not based on reason but on instincts. Just as modern militarism is the outgrowth of instincts like self-protection, self-assertion, and self-display, so is pacifism the outgrowth of other instinctive processes. But the processes underlying pacifism are less fundamental than those underlying militarism; hence the greater tendency of pacifism to take support from rationalizations. (Good examples have been given to *Atlantic* readers by Bertrand Russell, in 'War and Non-resistance'; August, 1915.)

If a wild animal is threatened, it tries, according to its powers, to destroy or escape from its enemy. Whether in combat, flight, or death-sham-

ming, the end of the animal's conduct is the avoidance of injury; passive acceptance of evil is not compatible with survival in nature. But among animals more subjugated by man, we see definite beginnings of non-resistance. The 'cat that walked by himself' shows very little; the dog, who cowers under the blows of his master, and even licks the hand that gives them, shows a good deal. Non-resistance to evil is brought out in animals, either by excessive abuse that 'breaks their spirits,' or by excessive coddling that develops habits contrary to the combative tendencies that usually predominate. I remember a dog reared in the latter way who ran from a chicken. He would cower at a threatening gesture from his master, who did not physically ill-treat him.

Among men these simple beginnings have had larger growth. Not only do we meet with passive endurance of suffering, but this is extolled as virtuous. Instinctive desires are self-denied, and sufferings self-inflicted. Characteristic reasons for self-denial and self-torture are given. Such conduct being clearly unsuited to present life, 'other-worldliness' looms large in the rationalizations of it. The ascetic spurns the normal satisfactions of this world on the ground that to do so brings greater satisfactions in the next.

Now, the conduct of the ascetic is the pacifism of the individual toward the conflict of life. Both asceticism and pacifism are characterized by not wanting normal objects of life enough to undertake struggle with others who

¹ Interesting light is thrown on this article by the fact that Dr. Wells is a psycho-pathologist at McLean Hospital, Waverley. — THE EDITOR.

want them too. When it is said that we get what we truly want, the meaning is that we do not get what we do not want enough. And the 'overwhelming need to think we are acting rationally' is never so overwhelming as when we are acting against the normal wants of human nature. So the ascetic must see in his unnatural conduct a path to heaven. Weakness must rationalize cowardice by taking literally the hyperboles of the Sermon on the Mount.¹

This shirking of responsibility for action in life is well covered by one of the instincts formulated by the British psychologist McDougall, and termed by him the *instinct of self-abasement*. The cowering dog is also McDougall's prototype of it. Self-abasement is the mental trend upon which the rationalizations of extreme pacifism are built. This human instinct, which is now against the most essential strivings of the individual, looks like a distorted vestige of flight, concealment, and death-shamming instincts. The instinctive character of this trend is best shown in a desire for suffering pain and humiliation which the specialist calls *masochism*. In its original sense, this term applies to a great desire for pain and humiliation in love at the hands of the loved one. It is sometimes carried to grotesque extremes. The hen-pecked husband presents it in mild degree. Masochism is the greatest flowering of the self-abasing tendency, and shows it in its most purely instinctive character, uncomplicated with moral or economic rationalizations. Another instinctive reaction tending this way is exemplified in the curious indifference to immediate danger that is proverbially ascribed to men in the clutches of wild beasts. In the face of imminent destruction, the sense of its horror is abolished. So does the remoter aspect of

national peril strike unstable emotions with a terror paralysis. The peril seems indifferent and unreal, and this view of it is defended with appropriate rationalizations.

Especially from this instinct of self-abasement grows the pacifism of the doctrinaire. The man of affairs would respond little to such a trend of thought, were it not powerfully reinforced by a better understood, but still instinctive factor. In order that a man may best enjoy his pleasures, make money, found a family, and rear children, he tends to give all his energies to the following of these personal instincts. He does not do this so well if group interests, of which strength for war is one, make their demands upon his energies. Personal and group instincts thus come into fundamental conflict. Pacifism expresses the outcome of this conflict, when personal instincts get the upper hand of group instincts. The rationalizations of pacifism do not then take on such an other-worldly character as when they spring chiefly from the trend of self-abasement. War is opposed rather because it dulls one's 'finer' sensibilities, because it interferes with property, because it endangers the continuity of the family.

Because war does these things, it arouses, as Professor Cannon points out, hostility against itself. As with increasing civilization there is more personal pleasure to be got out of life, men conform less to conditions that may make them part with it. The anthropologist observes that the death-fear is far greater among the enlightened than among savages. Those living under the freest social conditions can get the most personal satisfaction out of life. The recent experiences of England illustrate that men so situated are less ready to make personal sacrifices for group motives.

The instinctive bases of pacifism are

¹ Compare Mr. Rihbany's article in the April *Atlantic*, p. 511.

therefore two. First, the instinct of self-abasement, which inhibits the supreme combative efforts that war demands. This instinct of self-abasement (here conceived in harmony with the *régession* of Professor Ribot) opposes the instinct of self-preservation with pacifism, as it opposes the sexual instincts with prudery, and economic instincts with glorifications of poverty. Second, the various pleasure-seeking, familial and economic instincts conflict with and block the instincts that involve self-sacrifice for the group. The

continuity of tribe or nation has always demanded this sacrifice of individual motives to group motives, and the nations surviving have been those in which this sacrifice was made. With the security of the group assured, selfish motives have time to grow. Gradually they become stronger than the group motives, and this is the first cause of the decay of nations. Without discipline inside the group, there is no strength against rival groups. Such might may not make right, but it makes history.

THE WOMAN WHO WRITES

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I

I OFTEN wonder how other women write. Workers in art material are chary of revealing processes that might save other workers wasted effort and vain experiment, or, better yet, provoke challenge still more conducive to success. I venture to believe that any woman's literary product is a matter of constant, and often desperate, compromise between writing and living; and some examination into the wherefore of this fact may throw light on the nature of writing processes, if not also on the nature of woman-processes. Since there are scant data for analyzing the methods of other women-writers, I give only my own, the experiment and experience of a woman who has chosen to earn a living as a literary free lance.

Such conclusions must necessarily be personal and practical, pretending to

no theories except those made by immediate need. Driven to earn to-day's bread and butter, I really have no time to study the superiority of prehistoric woman in the struggle for existence. Nor can I give undivided attention to the achievements of my sex as promised by the feminist millennium, when my 9 A.M. problem is to write a story that shall please some editor, presumably male. I do not know whether or not woman's intellect is the equal of man's; I know only that mine is not.

While observation teaches me that every woman worker may gain by adopting to a certain degree the methods of men, the feminist promise of an eventual equal productiveness is to me a promise barren, if true. So far as I can see, individual men and women have, alike, just so much vitality. If women devote this vitality to doing what men do, they will have just so

much less to devote to being what women are. As a writer I aspire to write a book; as a woman I shall forever prefer to be a person rather than a book.

In an examination into the psychology and methods of the woman-writer, two things should be clearly kept in mind. The first is that of all professions open to both sexes, writing should furnish the most reliable conclusions in regard to the relative accomplishment of men and women; for from Sappho's day to ours a woman has been as free to write as a man. Life is the only university in which a writer can be trained, and that university has always been strictly coeducational. Neither have there ever been any restrictions, commercial or social, to bar a woman's way to the literary career. It follows that any restrictions that exist must be imposed, not from without, but from within, must be due to the nature of the creature, physical, mental, and spiritual.

The second fact not to be forgotten is that of all the professions practiced by women writing is the one most intimately affected by a woman's personal life and philosophy. It is far easier to detach yourself from your own daily-ness for the purposes of music, painting, or science, than to separate yourself from the book you are writing, which is necessarily self-expressive. Consequently a woman's literary productiveness is far more precariously dependent upon her peace of mind than any other form of professional activity. There are too many mute Miltons, too easily silenced, among my sex; but on the other hand — a fact equally due to the feminine fusion of living and writing — history has shown, perhaps will always show, that woman's most valid intellectual achievement is in literature.

As a writer-worker, I have found no

way of getting even with my limitations except by frankly shouldering them. The body my soul bears upon its back is a heavier burden to carry than a man's, and I find I cannot accomplish the pilgrimage if I give up my own little jog-trot for a man's stride. All that happens is that I lose my breath, and break my back, and have to lie down by the roadside to be mended. But when I do keep my own small pace, I have time and strength to pick a few fence-row flowers, too fine and frail and joyous for any striding man to notice.

I turn sharply from my own figures of speech to Mr. W. L. George's airier fancies, to the most vital facts of feminine existence brushed so lightly by the masculine intelligence that it can say, '*in passing*, that we do not attach undue importance to woman's physical disabilities. . . . I suspect that this is largely remediable, for I am not convinced that it is woman's peculiar physical conditions that occasionally warp her intellect: it is equally possible that a warped intellect produces unsatisfactory physical conditions. Therefore if, as I firmly believe that we can, we develop this intellect, profound changes may with time appear in these physical conditions.'

My own warped intellect, belonging to a woman who must write stories for a living, points out that, if it has taken æons of differentiation under the guidance of Dame Nature to accomplish my own personal physical disabilities, I can hardly afford to wait for æons of differentiation under the guidance of Mr. George to accomplish my own personal physical freedom.

Looking at things as they are, I find my body constantly pushing upon my work; but it is possible to treat a body with a certain humorous detachment. It is possible to say to yourself, this is a headache that you have, don't do it the

honor of letting it become a heart-ache, your own or — far more fateful peril — your heroine's. It is quite practicable for a woman to live apart from her body even when it hurts, quite practicable to give it sane and necessary attention, while keeping the soul separate from it, exactly as if she were ministering to some tired baby; this course is one of the only two solutions I have ever discovered of the problem of preserving a worker's spirit in a woman's body. The other solution lies in the frank concession to certain physical incapacities as the price one pays for certain psychological capacities.

A woman's talent both for being a woman and for being a writer is measured by the force and the accuracy of her intuitions. My intuitions in regard to the people about me, when duly transformed into story-stuff, have a definite market value. If I did not possess them, I could not conceive, make, or sell a single manuscript. Supersensitive impressions necessitate the supersensitive channels by which a woman's outer world connects with her inner one. If I will have woman's intuitions, I must have my woman's nervous system. So long as I think telepathy the best of sport, I must consent to give house-room to its delicate machinery, even to the extent of keeping cool when that machinery gets out of order and buzzes with neuritis or neuralgia or insomnia. The additional fact is only superficially paradoxical, that when the woman-worker takes the disorder of her nervous machinery thus philosophically, it is much less likely to have any disorder.

The fallibility of a woman's body seems beyond disputing. If a man does dispute it, it is because he never had one; if a woman disputes it, well, personally, if I can't be as strong as a man I should like to be as honest as one! The fallibility of a woman's intellect

is a little more open to argument, but only a little. I keep to my primary assumption that I am not trying to see further than my nose, or to voice any observations but my own. Among the men and women of history and among those of my vicinity, I cannot see that woman's brain is the equal of man's in originality, in concentration, or in power of sustained effort. As a worker, I find that I can write for only a few hours and no more: beyond that limit stands disaster for the woman, and, far more perilous, disaster for the writing. In regard to my brain as in regard to my body, the primary condition of doing my work at all lies in recognizing the truth that I can't do so much work, or do it so well, as a man.

In all matters that can be weighed or measured, a man's endowment is superior to a woman's; but, on the other hand, a woman's endowment consists in the quality and the quantity of an imponderable something that can not be weighed or measured. The chief difficulty about analyzing a woman's brain is that it is so hard to separate her brain from the rest of the woman, whereas men are put together in plainly discernible pieces — body, mind, and soul.

The perfection of a woman's intellect depends upon the perfection of its fusion with her personality. A woman amounts to most intellectually when she amounts to still more personally. She cannot move in pieces like a man, or like an earthworm. It needs the whole woman, acting harmoniously, to write. A man can retire into his brain and make a book, and a good one, leaving all the rest of his personality in confusion; but a woman must put her whole house in order before she can go off upstairs into her intellect and write. It follows that a woman's artistic achievement is for her a harder job than a man's achievement is for him, which

would make the other fact — namely, that the woman's book when written is never so great as the man's — seem additionally cruel, if we could not discern that the best of women-writers have, in attaining that best, reached not one result but two: impelled to clean all her spirit's house before she can feel happy to write in it, a woman-writer achieves both a home that people like to visit and a book that people like to read. Is it not true of all the greatest women-authors that we think of them as women before we think of them as authors?

Of fiction-makers in our own tongue the greatest man is Shakespeare and the greatest woman is Jane Austen. In personal revelation both were signally reserved, the woman the more so, seeing that she did not even burst into the hieroglyphics of a sonnet sequence; but of the two our first thought of the woman is 'dear Jane,' and of the man, 'dear Rosalind' — or Beatrice or Mercutio. A man, possessing a separable intellect and an imagination so original that it can sometimes create what he personally is little capable of experiencing, may sometimes write one thing and be another; but not so a woman. On the other hand, has any woman ever attained such greatness that, at the mention of her name, we think of the books she wrote before we think of the woman she was?

It is true that professional women who direct their toil on the conviction that a woman's brain is of the same quality as a man's sometimes produce work that approximates a man's in quantity. But sober observation of such women does not make me want to be one. I see them too often paying the penalty of being lopped and warped. Again I cannot see that, while such women attain their Ph.D.'s and M.D.'s and LL.D.'s, they ever attain the highest rank in literature. Imaginative

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writing seems to demand inexorably that a woman-writer be inexorably a woman. On the other hand, I have reached as a brain-worker the conclusion that, while my head is different in substance from a man's, I get most work out of it when I copy a man's mental methods. My brain is a vague and volatile mass, shot through with fancies, whimsies, with flashes of intuitive and illuminative wisdom, and it is a task surpassingly difficult to hold all this volatility, this versatility, to the rigors of artistic expression, to the stern architectonics of fiction. To the degree that a woman shall succeed in imposing upon the matter of her intellect the method of a man's intellect, to that degree shall her work show the sanity and serenity of universal, and sexless, art.

To impose upon a woman's intellect a man's discipline and detachment is excellent in theory; it is staggering in practice. Convention and his own will make a man's time his own. A woman's genius is for personality, or achievement within herself; a man's is for work, or achievement outside of himself. Now it takes time to be a person, and it takes other people. A real woman's life is meshed in other people's from dawn to dark. These strands of other lives are to her so vital and precious that for no book's sake will she ever break them, yet for any book's sake she must disentangle them. A woman-writer's life is a constant compromise, due to the fact that if she does not live with her fellows, she will not have anything to write, and that if she does not withdraw from them, she will not have time to write anything. I do not know how other writing-women manage their time. I know that to attain four hours a day at my desk means that I must be revoltingly stern with myself, my family, and my friends. One pays a price for retirement, but one

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need not pay too heavily. A solution lies in retaining those relations that mean real humanity, while cutting off those that mean only society: I do not play bridge, but I do play with children.

Of course, it always seems plausible to solve the problem of time to one's self by running off to some strange place, but this never works very well. The reason is that such isolation is sure to prove evanescent, so that you have to keep packing your trunk and moving on to new exile, because human tendrils are so strong and stealthy that they push their way through the thickest walls you can build, and twine themselves, wherever you hide, about the fingers that want to write. In order to write a love-story of your own invention, you run away from some friend's too insistent love-story at home, and the first thing you know you are deep in the love-affairs of your poor little chambermaid. You escape home worries only to have some stranger's troubles batter down your hotel door. You might as well stay at home and put up with the truth, that if you care enough about people to wish to write of them, you will care enough for people to wish to live with them, abroad no less than at home. Besides, boarding is bleak and blighting. If I were a boarding woman, presently I should feel too chilly to wish to write; my fancies and my fingers would be too numb for expression. I need a home with its big warm peace and its little warm frictions before I can feel cosy enough to want to chat with a pen.

There is a somewhat different alternative to home existence; I have heard of communities duly arranged for the requirements of writers, where they enjoy a kind of club-like privacy and security from interruption. But are not such communities confined to the near-great? Are real writers any more than

real persons attracted by such an abnormal existence? Writers who shun life and people are exactly the sort that life and people shun. Personally, I run away from an author whenever I hear one coming. Of the really great ones, I am desperately afraid, and of the not-so-great ones, far more so.

II

Writer-communities imply too much of the placard. I wish I might never have to dangle my profession on a label. I am always embarrassed when I am forced blatantly to expose it — for example, to the frank questions of the doctor's secretary, or of a customs official. 'Profession?' they ask, and I cringe before the admission, 'I am a writer.' I don't feel ladylike when I say the words. On such occasions I would give my entire remuneration for an *Atlantic* essay to be able to say, 'I am a laundress.'

Personally, I am only too glad to forget that I am a Grub-Streeter, if only other people would forget. No matter how obscurely one has ever appeared in print, one pays the penalty of the pinnacle ever after. Surely one is no more responsible for the tendency of one's talents than for the color of one's hair. I write because I have found it my best way of making a living, — and also because I can't help it; therefore why cannot people accept me as simply as if I were a dressmaker? I should be embittered by the curious attitude of people toward the literary calling, if it were not as funny as it is puzzling. Once, at a tea, an imposing matron hurtled from the front door to my corner, crying out, 'Can you talk as you write? If so, please do!' I was dumb with discomfort for the rest of the afternoon.

The subject of attitude toward the writer is worthy of digression and top-

YASRELL J. M. 1914

J. M. 1914

ical analysis, for there is a difference among friends, family, and general acquaintance. Now, it is not often that I wish to talk as I write, but the occasions when I do, while rare, are painful and urgent. It is precisely on these occasions that my friends fail me. Essays are a long while in being born, and while they are in process I would give much for some one with whom to talk them over. It is not after a thing is published that a writer needs appreciation: it is before, and especially before it is written. For twenty friends who will loyally enjoy anything I write, I cannot count three who will listen when I talk. Yet the ideas are exactly the same whether uttered by pen or tongue. No friend is so valuable as one ready to attend and sympathize during the incubation and parturition of an idea. And yet the majority, knowing too well the author's temperamental uncertainties, are perhaps to be forgiven their preference to wait until the editorial christening. So much bigger to most minds is print than person. A writer's best friends are prone to treat her with the affectionate inattention they would give to a Blind Tom. Yet I would rather my friends never listened to me, than that they always did; it is much cosier to be considered an idiot than an oracle.

If friends are prone to take the writing more seriously than they take the writer, her family, on the contrary, share her throes too intimately to take their poor sufferer lightly. Few authors experience the popular fallacy of a doting family audience. A shuddering apprehension of the potential effect upon editor and reader makes kinfolk intensely critical. The agonies to which any sympathetic household is subjected when one member of it is writing a book are such as to make them question whether any book is worth the price of its creation. A writer's family also lives in the constant, but usually groundless, fear

of being written up. There is both humor and pathos when dear Granny retires into a corner with some foible she knows you admired in infancy. Relatives are always a trifle uneasy in the presence of the chiel among us takin' notes. I doubt if any success quite compensates for the discomfort of being blood-kin to a writer. True, a family can sometimes be discovered passing the book or magazine around among the neighbors, but they don't wish you to catch them with it in their own hands. Friends and family are alike in their complexity of attitude, being insistent that other people shall admire you, but afraid of making you conceited if they admire you themselves. The danger of conceit can be safely entrusted to editors and reviewers, not to mention the disillusion that sickens any author on comparing the finished book with the fancied one.

But if a writer is comfortably without honor among her intimates, she is more than honored by the attention accorded by chance acquaintance. The attitude of the average person toward print as print is enigmatic. Not all people place the pen on a pedestal, but all regard the penman as somehow different. I once essayed retirement at a little village hotel. I was promptly established in a room made sacred by the previous occupancy of another lady author. Her name I had never before heard, although I heard it daily during my sojourn. Her sole producible work was a railroad advertisement of some remote garden-spot in California, but it had been enough to confer a halo, as well as to win more substantial reward, for I afterwards found out that, solely for the literary aroma she diffused, the lady had been allowed to remain two years without paying a cent of board. Unfortunately I did not discover the fact until I had paid my own board for two months. The incident disproves

the charge that the United States has no popular respect for the fine arts.

Print is prone to induce curious revelations from strangers. You write, perhaps, a story that tries to be true to simple human emotions, and the next thing you know, somebody in Idaho is writing you all about his wife or baby. It is touching, but quaint. I have come to be a little suspicious of letters from strangers that purport to be simple letters of appreciation. I used to be very much flattered by them until my brief notes of thanks drew forth such unexpected replies. It appeared that the writers of the letters were writers of other works as well; they were sending these to me forthwith; would I kindly read and comment? My experience is, I gather, not unique. A writer-friend whose published poetry is marked by peculiar sanity, has received from more than one unknown source effusions so bizarre that they can emanate from nothing but a madhouse.

It is easy to silence by silence these unseen acquaintance, but others nearer by demand tact. Among these are people who tell me stories they want me to tell. They never can understand why I don't use the material. As a matter of fact, raw romance striking enough to impress the lay mind is much too striking for a writer's employment. Truth that is stranger than fiction is what every story-teller must avoid if he is to write stories true enough to be read.

What I more and more discover is that nine tenths of the people one meets want to write, that seven tenths of them have at some time tried, and that not more than one tenth of them perceive why they have failed. Since they think the impulse to write more distinctive than its accomplishment, and since they feel that they have the impulse in all its glory, they regard with a half-contemptuous envy the person who actually does write. They regard

creation as purely inspirational, and look askance at a worker who goes to her desk every morning like a machine. For all I know, they are right. A good many people think that the only reason they are not writers is that they never tried to be. Others think they would have written if they had only been taught how, if they had had the opportunity of certain courses in college. Still others think there must be some charmed approach to an editor's attention. Who introduced me, they frankly ask. When people talk like this it requires some self-control to repress my conviction that any person who could have written would have written, and my knowledge that the only introduction I ever had to any editor was made by my own manuscripts.

Friends, family, and general acquaintance have, I find, one impulse in common, the desire always to hound down the autobiographic. They read, beam brightly, look up at me, and say, 'Oh, here is Aunt Sarah's chicken-pen!' Actually it is an old well I once saw in Brittany. 'Oh, here is the story of old Mr. Gresham at his grandnephew's funeral. Don't you remember I showed you Elsie's letter about it?' I never saw the letter, never heard of old Mr. Gresham, and the chapter in question describes the antics of a four-year-old at his father's wedding.

'Here is Saidie Lippincott to the life!'

I gasp, 'Who is Saidie Lippincott?'

'Don't you remember you met her at Rose Earle's tea when you visited me four years ago?'

There is no possession people are so unwilling to let one have as an imagination. In private friends will tear a book to shreds to discover some portrait they can recognize; and in the case of authors famous enough to be dead, critics rake the ground wherever they have trod in an effort to prove that the

folk of their fancy were drawn from the earth rather than the air. There seems no means of convincing a reader that in a writer's head are constantly a thousand faces he has never seen or heard of, all subtle with story, all begging for a book, and all so real that they often make his daily waking seem a dream.

III

There is no denying that there is autobiography in all fiction, but the relation of the two is not so superficial as the mere introduction of facts and of characters from one's daily life. The actual relation of experience and its expression is deep and intricate, and, especially for the woman-writer, pervasive. As one must adjust one's work to a feminine body, to a feminine brain, and to distinctly feminine social relations, so one must take into account as still more determinative a woman's spiritual characteristics. However potent the impulse to write, the impulse to live is deeper. I have dwelt on the negative side of this problem, the uselessness of fleeing to strange places to escape other people's burdens; but it is impossible to over-emphasize the positive side, the difficulties of staying at home with the burdens that Providence has provided. However intense the joys and sorrows of the people the woman creates, the joys and sorrows of the people she loves will be still more intense. It needs both poise and vitality to be equal to the demands both of fancy and of fact. The mere external tangle of hours and seasons that any human relations necessitate is nothing compared with the spiritual tangle of one's sympathies. The instinct to soothe and succor and the instinct to think and write meet in a daily, an hourly, variance. Heart and head are equally insistent in their demands, and equally vengeful if unsatisfied. Books

cry to be written, and people cry to be loved, and to whichever one I turn a deaf ear, I am presently paying the penalty of a great unrest and discontent. To preserve the balance of attention between the needs of her head and the needs of her heart is the biggest problem any woman-writer faces. I have discovered no ultimate solution; it is rather a matter of small daily solutions, in which at one time we sacrifice the friend to the book, and at another the book to the friend.

Yet in any crucial choice a real woman chooses living rather than literature. My brain itself approves this yielding of intellect to emotions for the very simple reason that, if I don't thus yield, the emotions denied will avenge themselves on the brain, and the book I write will be unnatural because I myself am unnatural.

Once I thought it impossible to write when people about me were in distress: I proposed to myself to wait until things should settle down. I perceived that things never do settle down; that for women who have human affections, there will always be somebody somewhere to worry about. It is rather inspiring to be a woman, because it is so difficult. With the winds blowing from every direction at once, one must somehow steer a course that will reveal alike to the reader who knows one's book and to the friend who knows one's heart, a halcyon serenity. A relative detachment from her own living is as necessary for a woman-writer as an absolute detachment is stultifying. Since for a woman expression is fused with experience, clean hands and a pure heart are for her the fundamental demands of art, and this fact means that she must be constantly scouring off her sense of humor with spiritual sapolito before she can effectively handle a pen. Be sure her philosophy will find her out in her book far more clearly than in a man's.

The natural fusion of a woman's brain with her emotions, resisted, leads to intellectual weakness; accepted, leads to intellectual strength. In the history of literature George Sand is the great example of a woman who won success by the masculine solution of detachment from experience, and Jane Austen, the great example of a woman who won success by the feminine solution of identification with her own daily life. I am inclined to think the latter by far the greater artist, just as I am inclined to think that in literature rather than in any other form of mental activity will always be found woman's highest intellectual achievement, for the simple reason that woman's genius consists in personality, and for the expression of personality words are the only adequate medium. Jane Austen's example is the great encouragement for the woman who wishes to write without ceasing to be a simple everyday woman. Jane Austen was capable of a detachment that enabled her to write books that give no hint of the thunder of the Napoleonic wars even when she had two brothers on fighting ships. She was capable of an identification with her surroundings that enabled her to write novels of universal humanity and eternal artistry and to keep right on being everybody's aunt at the same time. She was sane and humorous in her novels because she was sane and humorous

out of them. She achieved fame because she had first achieved personality. Still, her fame is only a thin frail fire set beside the effulgence of a dozen men of her time.

Yet I would rather have been Jane Austen than Shelley or Wordsworth or Keats. It is perfectly just that men's books should be greater than women's, because men are willing to pay the price. Not to write *Macbeth* would I willingly give up an afternoon's romp with a baby. As a woman I reckon my spirit's capital, not in terms of accomplishment, but in terms of my own joy, and a baby brings me more joy than a book.

Men ought to write better than women because they care more; in a way women who write have the more impersonal outside-of-themselves impulsion, because inside of themselves they don't care. I acknowledge the urge of writing and I am willing up to a certain point to pay by means of a vigorous mental discipline and a certain self-saving from useless self-spending, but I don't pretend that writing satisfies me. Something descends upon me and says, 'Write,' and shakes me like a helpless kitten until I do write; but it's a relief when the shaking is over, and I am left to the merrier business of merely being myself. In other words, I am a writer because I can't help it, but I am a woman because I choose to be.

MERCHANDISE

BY AMY LOWELL

I MADE a song one morning,
Sitting in the shade under the hornbeam hedge.
I played it on my pipe,
And the clear notes delighted me,
And the little hedge-sparrows and the chipmunks
Also seemed pleased.
So I was very proud
That I had made so good a song.

Would you like to hear my song?
I will play it to you
As I did that evening to my Beloved,
Standing on the moon-bright cobbles
Underneath her window.
But you are not my Beloved;
You must give me a silver shilling,
Round and glittering like the moon.
Copper I will not take;
How should copper pay for a song
All made out of nothing,
And so beautiful!

THE GIRL: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

II. GIRLHOOD

BY KATHERINE KEITH

I

I ASKED Miss Ellen one day why there were no lady soldiers. She laid her hand suddenly on my shoulder and I could feel it trembling through my serge dress. 'There are, darling,' she said, 'hundreds of them. They carry no bright banners, and when they march there is no band. Often the uniforms they wear are quite shabby. When there is a victory, none know it but themselves — and the enemy.' Then she smiled abruptly and dropped her hand. 'But it's a glorious fight just the same, and a great one.'

'Do they get cold and hungry like real soldiers?' I asked.

Miss Ellen stared out of the window and spoke very slowly. 'No,' she said. 'Often I wonder if that would help. Perhaps it is necessary that they should.'

Then I put my arms round her neck, and hid my eyes on her shoulder. I felt strange and afraid, as once a long time before, when Jack's guinea-pig was sick and lay in my lap. Presently he died. I wanted to hold him but I could not.

Next morning, I told Eleanor what Miss Ellen had said. We should be soldiers too. Mother bought us little badges. They had a gold cross against a white enameled shield. On the arm were the letters S. of D. 'Soldiers of Duty' we called ourselves. We had

little books in which we wrote each day. One was for the victories, another for defeats, and a third for pillages. When we did some one a kindness which cost us no sacrifice, we called it a pillage. Jim¹ was my captain. I dedicated my book of victories to him. Every night, when Fräulein had gone out, I sat on the floor by the nursery fire and wrote my accounts. Jim sat beside me in the big armchair. When I had finished I laid the three books in his lap. For victories and pillages he said nothing; but if there were defeats, he would run his fingers through my hair and hold my head back, looking into my eyes.

One time, father and mother were going to New Orleans. They said that they would take me.

'But Fräulein will be so unhappy if you leave her,' I told them.

Mother said that father was tired, and Fräulein's crying would worry him. She was quite sensitive. Once mother had called me to dinner and forgotten to include her name. I could not persuade her to go down with me. When we were eating our salad, she came in without speaking. The tears rolled off her cheeks and some of them fell into her plate. When mother saw this, she threw her napkin on the table and went upstairs.

¹ An attractive actor who had impressed himself on the child's imagination, and had become the hero of her dream-life as well as a friend in the real world. — THE EDITORS.

If I went to New Orleans, there would be another defeat in my book. It made me very unhappy when Jim held back my head and looked at me, and so I told mother that I would rather stay at home.

That night Jim laughed and kissed me.

'You're getting fat, Karpeles, living on the ranch,' he said.

I liked that victory better than any other in my notebook.

One day during the summer vacation Eleanor sent me a newspaper clipping. Jack brought the envelope down to the brook where I was washing some doll clothes. The article said that Jim's wife had divorced him after fifteen years of marriage because he was in love with an actress of his company. When I read it, I let the paper fall on the grass before me. The wind blew it into the current, where it was whirled in and out among the stones of the brook bed. I sat quite still, with my hands lying in my lap. On the opposite bank was a bush of yellow touch-me-nots. Every few moments one of the little flowers would fall to the ground. At last I thought that if another blossom dropped, I should scream aloud.

Then I got up and walked to the house. I went aimlessly about my room, touching first one and then another of Jim's pictures. Finally I put them all into a little silver box which stood on my bureau and burned them. I threw the casket and the ashes into the lake. When I came back, the candle which I had used was still sputtering. I picked up the steel nail-file which lay beside it and held it into the flame. When it was glowing, I pulled open the lacing of my sailor blouse and held it against my breast. It made the skin draw together suddenly, like the meshes of father's sock which Fräulein was

teaching me to darn. The burn seemed to pierce an opening into my heart by which the pain which strained it might escape.

After this, I no longer kept my victory and my pillage books. Every night I wrote down only the defeats. Then I would lie awake making up new ones for the following day. It grew to be a kind of game, trying to break the other records.

Mother had planned to let Fräulein go in the fall. But one day, when our neighbor called because I had squirted olive oil at her with my water pistol, she looked at me and shook her head.

'I guess you are not old enough to be without a governess,' she remarked.

When Fräulein heard this, she laughed and then shook me.

'*Kleiner Spitzbube*,' she said, 'your naughtiness is not quite bad after all.'

One day mother was going to a reception on a yacht which was anchored in the bay. Billy Fargo asked me to paddle out with him to a place where we could watch the people. They were stretched in steamer chairs on deck. The orchestra was playing, and waiters in white coats and aprons were serving refreshments.

'Ugh!' Billy grunted, 'how lazy they are!'

'Let's pretend that I'm drowning,' I said, 'and see what they will do.'

So we paddled over to Jack, who was fixing his motor-boat beside the pier, and asked him to come out and tow us.

'But, you goops,' he protested, 'I'd upset you.'

'We want to be upset,' I told him.

Billy took off his heavy shoes and threw them into the launch. Then we started. I sat in the bow and held the painter from Jack's boat. He went straight out into the bay, to turn suddenly at right angles. The rope slack-

ened for an instant, and then straightened with a jerk. It lifted me over the gunwale into the water. I almost forgot to scream before I sank. When I came up, Billy had jumped in too, upsetting the canoe. We both looked over at the yacht. The people had scrambled to the railing, and the sailors were unfastening the tackle on the lifeboats. Then I grabbed Billy around the neck, and began to scream. His face grew quite red, and he pinched my arm violently until I let go. He swam to the canoe and began emptying it, pushing it from him until the water within splashed over the edge, then jerking it up before more entered. Old Mack-saba, the Indian rug-weaver, had taught him early in the summer.

When the boat was almost empty, Billy threw in the seats and paddles which I had collected, and scrambled in himself. When I asked afterwards how he did it, he only grunted, and did not answer. He balanced the canoe while I climbed over. The lifeboat from the yacht had just struck the water. Then we paddled ashore and ran up through the woods. I hid my clothes in the attic.

When mother came home, she said a girl had almost been drowned in the bay.

Since I no longer lived with Jim, I began pretending book-people again. One evening I was the Lady of Shalott. There was a full moon, which shone brightly on the little river that emptied into the bay. I lay in the bottom of our white canoe, with my head and arms hanging over the edge. My hair was loose and trailed in the water. The boat drifted slowly with the current, and it was very still. Presently, from round the bend, I heard the swish of oars. It drew nearer and nearer, until I could distinguish the squeaking of the locks in their sockets. My canoe

was broadside across the river. Suddenly the bow of the other boat struck it, barely missing my head. The occupant dropped his oars, and wheeled about, swearing. Still I did not open my eyes. There was a long silence, and then he bent over and slowly lifted my arm. It was cold and wet, and I made it as heavy as possible. The man gave a queer noise in his throat and let my arm drop back into the water. Then he grasped the gunwale of the canoe and shook it violently.

'Lady! lady! wake up!' he said. 'In God's name, lady, wake up!'

After this he sat silently again for a moment; then he groped in the water for the painter of my boat and tied it to his own.

I sat up slowly and brushed back my hair. Then I reached over, and, unfastening my rope, threw it into the row-boat.

The man sprang up suddenly and shook his fist at me. 'Little devil, I'd like to break your teeth in!' he said.

One afternoon I dressed up like a gypsy. The hair-dresser in the village gave me two long switches for black braids. I covered my head with a red handkerchief; then I smeared my face and neck with pot-grease, and rubbed my hands in the mud. I put grease and mud on my flannel waist, and tore jagged rents in my skirt with a pen-knife.

The main street passed Jack's house and the hotel, so that I ran through the woods to the railroad. I slouched along the ties with my shoulders bowed and my head hanging. Presently, I heard quick, heavy footsteps behind me. Somebody grasped my arm, and jerked me around roughly.

'I'm the sheriff,' the man said. 'If you're not out of this town in one hour, I'll lock you and any of the rest of your damn gang in the coop.'

Then he dropped my arm, and went back the way he came.

I turned down a road which crossed the tracks, and stopped before the first gate. A girl was hoeing potatoes in the yard.

'I tella you nice-a fortune,' I said, and stretched my arm across the fence.

She laughed, and squirmed her bare toes in and out of the grit. Then she took a dime from her petticoat pocket and crossed my palm.

I laid the dime on the fence-post. 'You getta married,' I told her, 'to a nice-a man in t'ree year.'

'Ach,' she said crossly, 'you're no good. I'm married already.'

'The hand say t'ree year,' I repeated doggedly.

'Will I marry again?' she asked me. 'Maybe.'

She dropped her rake, and held my wrist tightly, pushing her face close to mine. 'Will Georgie —' then she stopped and swallowed, and began again. 'Will my Georgie die?' she whispered.

We stood there silently together for a moment. When I looked up, I saw a tear had worn a pink channel on her grimy cheek.

'I am not a real gypsy,' I said slowly, 'and nothing I told you is true.'

Then I drew away my arm, and turned to shuffle down the road, without looking back.

A few houses beyond lived a farmer whom we knew. When grandmother Barnes and I rode by in the motor he always waved his handkerchief, and came running toward us with branches of cherries, or an armful of apples. I stopped beside the nearest tree and picked up a plum. The farmer was pitching hay in the centre of the orchard. He grasped the end of his long fork and shook it at me violently.

'You dirty beggar,' he roared, 'get out of my yard! Here I sweat in the sun all day, while you take your damn

ease, and then you think I'll feed you!'

I dropped the plum, and walked on down the road.

Ten minutes later I heard some one plodding heavily behind me. It was the farmer's wife. She held a huge slab of bread and meat, which she thrust into my hand. Then she turned round quickly, mopping her head with her apron, and went back without a word.

I went on slowly, eating my bread. It was dry, and the meat was very tough and salty. When I had finished, I sat down under a tree by the road. Near by was a house, where a man in shirt-sleeves was swinging in a hammock. Presently he got up, stretched his arms above his head, and came along the path toward my tree. He was smiling, and his face was red and shiny. He had narrow eyes and a little thin-lipped mouth.

'Come in and stay a while, kid,' he said, and sat down beside me in the grass.

I drew myself away and tried to slide into the ditch by the road, but he held the end of my skirt.

'I must go home now, to supper,' I explained.

'They'll get supper without you,' he said, blinking, and twisting a ragged strand of my skirt.

I pulled at the cloth insistently. 'Please.'

He rolled over on the ground, and leaned back, still smiling, to lay a hot palm on my hand.

'Aw, don't go,' he said; and his voice was deep, and trembled.

I jerked my skirt loose, and, turning, ran toward the cottage, while the road reeled unevenly beneath my eyes.

Mother and father, the Fargos, and Jack's family stayed very late at the seashore that summer. The leaves turned red, and the hotel windows were boarded up. The north wind whistled

about our new cottage by the beach. One afternoon Billy and I wandered over to sit on the deserted hotel veranda. We found an old newspaper in one corner. There was a story in it about a thief. When the judge asked why he stole, he told him that he had slept that night in a dry-goods box in the alley, and had not had anything to eat for twenty-four hours.

'Pooh,' said Billy, 'I bet I would n't steal if I were like that.'

We decided that next day we would go without any meals.

The following morning I had breakfast with father. He brought his book to the table, and did not notice that I was not eating. At noon Billy and I went on a picnic. The cook fixed up a big basket of sandwiches and cake. We gave it to a farmer who let us ride on his mowing machine. When I came home, I told mother that I had eaten so much lunch I did not care for any supper.

That night my head ached, and I could not sleep. I lay on my back and thought about the thief in the newspaper. Then I remembered that he had slept in a dry-goods box all night. Billy and I were not pretending it real.

When Fräulein had gone to bed, I put a sweater over my nightgown, and crawled out on the porch roof. Jack had taught me how to climb down by the lattice-work of the woodshed. When I reached the ground, I ran and took the boat-house key, which hung on a nail near the back door. Then I went down the path to the wooded point. It was very dark, and twice I went astray, and fell into the bushes. The night was cold, and the woods seemed very lonely. Nobody lived on the point.

The only fastening on the boat-house was the padlock outside. I put a barrel against the door, and tied an oar-lock to the end of a string which I wound

about a hook on the panel. I balanced the oar-lock on a shelf near by, so that if any one opened the door, it would fall down. Then I climbed into the chest where father kept his sails, and wrapped myself in the canvas. I counted sheep jumping over a fence until I fell asleep. Pretty soon the padlock fell down and awakened me. I was very much frightened, and sat up in the chest. The moon shone brightly on the overturned barrel, and the wind danced the scattered shavings across the boat-house floor.

At dawn, I woke up again. It was very cold, and sharp little pains ran up and down from my knees and elbows.

I went home through the woods, and climbed to the porch roof again. When I was dressed, I went over and called Billy. Then we went to the village, and walked up and down in front of a grocery store. There were only some turnips in a barrel beside the door. Billy was right, for I could not steal them.

When we went home in October, mother sent me to a new school. I thought the pupils were very nice. The girl who sat next to me wore a large black hair-ribbon, with a gold pin in either loop. Her name was Elizabeth. We became great friends. Eleanor told me that she thought her father was an Indian. She said that her hair looked coarse, and she walked flat-footed. In the second week of school, Elizabeth asked me to join her club. It made me very glad and excited. When I told mother that evening, she forbade me to accept.

'We do not know her family,' she said.

The next morning, I explained to Elizabeth that mother thought I had better be at home out of school hours.

Then I sat staring at her curiously, for a long time.

'I hope you will know me when you see me again,' she remarked at last, shrugging her shoulders.

'Excuse me,' I said, and my face became very hot.

Suddenly I leaned across the desk, and put my arms around her neck. I held her tightly, and kissed her on the forehead.

'You do not know me well,' I whispered. 'Thank you for asking me to join your club.'

One day Eleanor's father took us to the *matinée*. It was a play about fairies and a boy who would n't grow up. During the intermission I read in my programme a short account of the leading actress's life. It said that once she had played *Romeo and Juliet* with Jim.

When the curtain fell, I turned to Eleanor's father. 'I am going back of the scenes now, to see Miss Allen.'

Mr. Ethridge twisted the stubs of our tickets. His face was very red.

'I think, my dear,' he said, 'that we had better wait until another time. I do not believe that your father and mother would like it.'

I did not answer, but hurried on down the aisle. There was a strange, trembling dryness in my throat.

'Marian,' Eleanor protested behind me, 'how can you be so rude and thoughtless?'

Then we reached an open exit, and I ran out into the dank twilight of the alley.

There was a man standing by the stage door. He did not want to let me in. He leaned across the opening and chewed tobacco, arguing with me noisily. I took off my little gold bracelet and gave it to him and slipped in under his arm. Eleanor and her father followed slowly. She held his hand and walked on tiptoe.

Miss Allen was standing in the centre of the stage, talking to her maid.

Great sections of scenery swayed and toppled about her as the men shifted them back and forth. It looked like a huge card-house.

Mr. Ethridge wound and unwound a button on his coat. 'Miss Allen,' he said, 'these little girls have begged to come and meet you.'

She looked down at us smiling, and shaking her head. 'Adventurous babies,' she said.

Her face was small, with eyes startlingly large and deep under their black lashes and blue shaded lids. They were thoughtful eyes, which watched each speaker with a fixed, almost anxious kindliness. The short light wig reminded me of Karpeles, so that when I saw it I looked away again quickly.

'I want to speak to you all alone for a minute,' I said.

She took my hand, and we walked slowly across the stage.

'We play that we are soldiers,' I began, and stopped, the strange dryness trembling again in my throat.

'Yes, dear, you pretend you are soldiers,' she repeated softly, and tucked the white edge of my sleeve into my coat-cuff.

Then I went on in a monotone, and told her about Jim.

'Was n't it a little bit his wife's fault?' I asked.

'I do not know him well, child,' she said at last, 'but I think that he has always been a very nice person.'

I did not answer, but turned away, and went back to Eleanor and Mr. Ethridge.

'Are you coming here again this year?' Eleanor inquired eagerly.

'I do not think so,' Miss Allen replied. Then she came over to me, and standing behind me, rubbed the backs of her fingers up and down my cheeks.

'I know that it is very hard, dear,' she said, 'but you must not take it like this.'

But I slipped from her arms, and ran across the stage, and out into the alley.

Latin class was long, and very tiresome. I sat by the window, where I could look out at the people passing back and forth on the Drive. In the spring, the window was open. The ground was only eight feet below. One day I heard the fire-engines. Miss Wilcox was writing on the blackboard. I darted from my seat and vaulted over the sill. It was raining, and there was a large puddle of water beneath. A man with an umbrella was standing beside the puddle. I fell against his umbrella and bent it. When I struck the ground, I splashed dirty water on his shoes and trousers.

'Please excuse me,' I said, 'but I am going to a fire.' Then I ran on around the corner.

When the fire was out, I went back to the class-room. My clothes were plastered with mud, and my hair clung in strands to my damp forehead.

Miss Wilcox sent me to the office. The principal laughed when I came in. Then she told me to put on my coat and go home. I could not come back until she telephoned me. She said I was the most perverse girl in school. When I went home, I looked up perverse in the dictionary; it came from the Latin for 'turned the wrong way.'

That night mother and father talked for a long time in the library. Then they sent for me. They said that in the fall I was going to boarding-school.

Three weeks later, Fräulein went away. The afternoon that she left I was practicing in the parlor. She came downstairs, drawing on her gloves. Her hat was new, of yellow straw with pink roses, and her black hair was tightly crimped. When she saw me, she came over and stood staring into my face for a long time.

'I hope that they will not send you home from boarding-school,' she said; 'that would be too disgraceful.'

I rubbed the toe of my shoe back and forth across the carpet, and said nothing. Then suddenly she began to cry and to brush my hair clumsily with her big, rigid fingers. The cheek with the mole was turned toward me, and this time I did not avoid it.

I kissed her once, and then walked slowly beside her along the hall.

'Good-bye,' I said stiffly, as I held open the door; and she went down the front steps, carrying her suitcase, and mopping her eyes with her white cotton gloves.

One day, before we went away to the seashore, Eleanor and I were walking down town together. On a corner, beside the steps of the elevated road, we met Jim. When I saw him, it seemed as if all my blood were drawn suddenly from my veins back into my heart. It was like the streams of sand-grains sucked after a wave through little channels cut in the beach. He limped slightly on one foot, and I wondered vaguely if he had hurt it while training a new pony for Karpeles.

'Marian, you look so white,' Eleanor said, 'and your lips twitch. You must be ill.'

Then I slipped my hand into hers, and we went on without speaking. Above, the elevated train rattled across the tracks, groaning shrilly as it swayed, and a newsboy on the corner behind us called the baseball score discordantly.

'You are so stupid,' I whispered to myself, 'for there never was any Karpeles.'

II

On the warm hillside behind our house is a vegetable garden. Blackberry bushes grow beside the fence. In

the spring, the gardener bends down the long, swaying branches, and buries their tips in the earth. The nodes along the stem put forth rootlets, and young tendrils spring up. So love bends the soul it touches, and begets new life.

The village about the school lay in a valley. Behind the houses of Main Street rose the first low ridge of hills. Across the green-brown checker-board of fields, the second ridge stood out against the sky in a hazy, straggling line. In the evening, the mist which hid all day among them crept out and stole across the fields. When it reached the little farmhouses, it seemed to rub its cheek gently along their splintery walls, as if it loved them, and then would fold them closely in its gray veils.

The school extended on either side of the village street. The square, colonial buildings, with the girls running in and out, reminded me of white beehives in an orchard.

Beyond was the church. Day and night, the bell in its slender steeple rang out the hours. It paused after each stroke, and seemed to gather up the myriad of tiny vibrations which filled the air, to boom them forth once more across the valley.

A river encircled the outskirts of the village. On its banks, at the foot of a side street, stood a nursery for blind babies. The first time that I went in, there was a little girl sitting in the centre of the playroom floor. She was tracing circles and squares in the air with her finger. The floor creaked under my foot, and she paused, with her arm still extended.

'Who is there?' she said.

'I came from the school to see you,' I told her.

Then she drew her breath sharply, and shook her hands up and down.

'Nana,' she screamed, 'come quickly, one of the ladies is here!'

She clutched the edge of my skirt, and drew herself up slowly. Then she patted my belt and cheeks.

'Lady,' she said eagerly, 'are you a child or a woman?'

My room in the school was on the second floor of the main house. The building was big and square — red brick with green blinds. It had been an inn many years before the Civil War. When you ran up the stairs quickly the narrow railings trembled, and, above, the little panes of the hall window made a sharp, clickety sound. The sick-room was at the end of the winding corridor. At the opposite end, near the front, stood Mrs. Hearn's room.

Mrs. Hearn was the principal of the school. She was tall and large, with silver hair. Sometimes at night I would open my eyes and find her standing beside the bed. Once she shook me, holding on to my arm, so that I woke up suddenly.

'Marian Crosby,' she said, 'what have you been doing?'

'Nothing,' I whispered.

She was very lovely with her soft hair hanging about her shoulders. She looked at me for a long time without speaking again, and then went away, closing the door quietly. The next morning she told me that a girl on the third floor had caught a mouse in an umbrella. She thought I had been out of my room, playing tricks on somebody.

My room-mate was an 'old' girl. Her name was Edith. She had pink cheeks, and blue eyes, and straight, dull hair. The line from her shoulder to her knee made a long beautiful curve. She used to hold her arms above her head, standing before the mirror and turning her body back and forth. In the morning she would pin her blouse with five safety-pins, in order not to hide the outline. She always went be-

hind the screen so that I would not see how she did it. At night she was afraid of the dark, and made me hold her hand while she was going to sleep. If she woke up she bent over and scratched my forehead sharply until she wakened me.

'Please, Marian,' she would whisper, 'come down to the cooler with me. Our water is so warm.'

She was always afraid that I might walk in my sleep. It was very dangerous then, she said, if a person became conscious. She might harm the one who wakened her. Once, while I was taking a bath, she hid the purple stone. I searched until the bedtime bell, but could not find it. When she was almost asleep, I crawled slowly out onto the floor.

'Can't find it,' I muttered, passing my hand across her dressing-table, so that the picture frames fell with a clatter.

Edith sat up suddenly.

'Marian,' she whispered, very softly. Her voice whimpered like a child's. 'Mar—' she began again, and smothered the word in her arm.

'Can't find it,' I repeated, scattering the little lead shot of the pen-holder across the floor. Then I pulled open her bureau drawers. The stockings and undervests were ranged side by side in neat black and white checks.

'Can't find it,' I said, and threw them right and left over my shoulders.

Edith made a tense, gurgling sound in her throat. Then she grasped the railing of her bed, and screamed shrilly for Mrs. Hearn.

The mathematics teacher lived across the hall from us. At night, after the bell had rung, she would come down the corridor to each room, to see if the lights were out. I used to lie on my back in bed and listen for the rustle of her black silk petticoat. She would

open the door swiftly and quietly, and pause for a moment on the threshold. From my pillow, I could see her profile against the dim light of the hall beyond. 'The marble lady,' Edith called her.

'Good-night, girls,' she would say briefly, and close the door.

Five minutes later, I could hear the swish of her skirts again, as she crossed the walk below the window, going to the house beyond. Sometimes I was awake when she came back, and I would jump out of bed to kneel on the window-box and watch her as she passed. She was tall and very straight, with a long, black cape which hung to her ankles. The rays of a street lamp shone brightly across the sidewalk, and for a moment I could see her face. It was thin, with square jaws and a chin like a man's. Her forehead, framed by straight brown hair, was high and white. She had narrow lips, and a beautiful, regular nose. Her eyes stared before her as she walked. There were purple circles about them, as if the shadows had stolen from within and welled over their lids.

One night Edith did not go right to sleep. She came over into my bed and whispered long stories about girls and teachers of the school.

'Edith,' I said finally, 'Miss Douglas, who wears the long black cape, has an engagement ring on her left hand. Do you think that her life has been very sad?'

'Oh!' she answered suddenly aloud, 'she's had a terrible life. My sister-in-law went to college with her, and told me all about it. Her mother and father both died of tuberculosis, and when her brother developed it she broke off her engagement, because she said that it was not right for any one to pass consumption on.'

Presently Edith climbed back into her bed, and fell asleep.

As I lay awake beside her, I could

only go over vaguely and quickly the story which she had told me. I could not pretend it to myself, as I usually did, because it hurt me so. Yet I was very happy. I had another captain, and would no longer write down my defeats.

There were ten long tables in the school dining-room. Each had twelve girls and two teachers. Edith and I sat three away from one another at the same table. The girl opposite me was called Sybil. She was heavy and white. Her hair was combed back and fastened in a tight knot on the top of her head. Usually her eyes were hidden by the shadows of their thick, drooping lids, but when she spoke she raised them slowly. The irises were clear and brown, like strong ale held toward the sunshine.

Once, at luncheon, Edith glanced over at Mrs. Hearn.

'How much she coughs to-day!' she exclaimed.

'But her cough is not as bad as Miss Douglas's,' I answered quickly.

Sybil looked up deliberately.

'You would really be very sorry to have it so,' she said.

Edith gave her head a quick little jerk.

'Quite worthy of our oracle,' she remarked.

I was silent, staring at my spoon as it traced and retraced squares and triangles on the table cloth.

Finally I raised my head, and smiled into those queer amber eyes.

'Thank you, Sybil,' I said softly.

Just as we were going down to dinner one evening, the village bell rang loudly and persistently. From the hall window we could see people running up the hill. Some carried buckets and some were dragging mops. A little cottage on the outskirts of the school grounds was burning brightly.

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Mrs. Hearn stood at the head of the stairs, her hands resting on either banister.

'Nobody is to leave this house,' she said.

I did not think of Miss Douglas. I only ran along the corridor and down the back stairs. The pantry window was open, and I scrambled through, hung by my hands from the sill, and dropped to the ground. I had on satin evening slippers. They soon became filled with snow, and so I took them off and carried them under my arm. When I reached the street I was very tired. The butcher boy was running beside me.

'Oh, come on!' he shouted when he saw me stop. 'Be game!' Then he took my hand and we went on up the hill together.

I stood inside of the school fence, hidden by the corner of a building. People were running from all directions with water. When they ran, the heavy buckets weighed them down on one side, so that they lurched back and forth. In the glare of the flames they made me think of Indians whom I had seen at the seashore, dancing about a camp-fire.

Mrs. Hearn and the school house-keeper had come up the hill. They stood right beside me, by the other wall of the jutting corner. I pressed my back against the house and kept very quiet. Beyond, the firemen were trying to turn on the water. They had the hose propped up on a saw-horse. A group of little boys stood in a semi-circle about the nozzle. Then a loop in the tubing behind untwisted suddenly. A jet of water shot out. It drenched the firemen and rolled two of the children over and over on the ground. I forgot that Mrs. Hearn was beside me, and began to laugh. She looked round the corner. The flames were very bright.

'It is Marian Crosby,' she said. Her voice trembled.

Then she took me by the shoulder and shook me.

'In the snow, with your thin slippers — oh, you impossible child!'

She made me lift up my foot, while she rubbed her hand over my ankle and instep.

'Go right home to bed!' she ordered.

I danced about on my other foot, trying to keep my balance.

'But, Mrs. Hearn —' I began excitedly.

She dropped my leg roughly.

'Go home to bed!' she repeated.

'Yes, yes,' I said; 'but, Mrs. Hearn, did you see how the water knocked the little boys down?'

She looked at me for a moment. Then, against the firelight, I could see that her shoulders were shaking.

'Terrible child!' she said, and patted my hand. 'You have seen the fire. Now mind me and go home, before I am angry again.'

The next morning I went to the infirmary with bronchitis. One day, two of the nurses were talking outside of my door.

'She has a strong tendency toward consumption anyhow,' they said. 'She had better be very careful.'

When I went back, Mrs. Hearn called me into her study. 'You are too delicate for boarding-school,' she told me, 'and too careless. Next year I cannot take the responsibility of letting you come back.'

I did not say anything for a moment, but stood beside her desk, twisting my coat sleeve.

'May I go into Miss Douglas's ethics class for the rest of this term and next?' I asked her finally.

Mrs. Hearn considered a while.

'Yes,' she said. She had an odd way of closing her eyes and smiling, while she nodded her head up and down.

The following day I waited for Miss Douglas outside of the class-room door.

'May I come in?'

'Yes,' she said, without turning her head, 'if you will pay attention. I hear that it usually is not your custom.'

The room in which the ethics class met was on the basement floor. It had little windows high above our desks. Outside, on a level with the sill, ran a narrow flagging which connected the house and the infirmary. When Miss Douglas lectured she leaned against the wall, with her cheek resting on a moulding of the ledge, and knotted the curtain string round and round her fingers. Often the hand which marked her place in the textbook before her would drop suddenly, so that the pages slipped together with a whispered, clicking sound. Then she would look aside out of the window, and tell us little stories of her own life. Some made us laugh, and some were very sad. Her voice seemed to come back from a long way off.

Sometimes the gardener rattled his barrow over the paving beyond. We would raise our eyes to see who was passing, and drop them quickly again to her face. Then she would pause abruptly, pick up her book, and turn to the page of our lesson.

One day she was quoting some lines from Tennyson.

'It was my duty to have loved the highest;
It surely was my profit had I known;
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Launcelot, nor another.'

She closed her eyes, and drummed her fingers restlessly upon the sill.

'Oh,' she said, 'how *lazy* you all are! Quite smug about your tinsel, so that you need not dig to find the gold.'

Then she looked around the room slowly. Her lids drooped and her lips were slightly parted.

'There is not one of you here,' she told us, 'who is capable of becoming great.'

Before I came to boarding-school I had promised a boy to kiss him after a year if he would not drink during that time. He had asked me in the summer, one day while we were out fishing. He made wonderful electric engines, no larger than a small cherry, with tiny, hair-like coils. These he kept in pill bottles, with the wires which connected them to the battery running out through the cork. I thought that some day he would be a great inventor.

After we had had the chapter on marriage and the family in our Ethics book, I decided to tell Miss Douglas of my promise. One night about ten minutes before the bed-time bell, I started to go across the hall to her room.

'It is almost time to put the lights out,' Edith remarked.

'I am going to speak to Miss Douglas a minute,' I told her.

'What!' she exclaimed, 'You are going in to Miss Douglas with your wrapper on?'

And so I ran into the closet, and covered my hair with a hat, and my nightgown with a long evening cape.

The door was open and Miss Douglas was sitting by her desk, writing a letter.

'I am afraid,' I began, 'that you will think I am rather queer, asking you about this.'

She turned round and looked at me for the first time since I came in.

'I think, Marian,' she said, 'that that is your chief aim in this school, to have people think you queer. Let me congratulate you on a laudable ambition.'

Then it was very still in the room. I held on to a corner of the table, with my face turned away.

'Well,' I said at last, 'we won't think of that now, for there is something which I had to ask you.'

Then I sat down, and told her about my promise.

The night before school closed, I turned off the lights after the bed-time bell, and then stood waiting, with my hand still on the switch, for Miss Douglas.

'You are supposed to be in bed now,' she said when she saw me, 'not to be standing in the middle of the room in your nightgown.'

'Miss Douglas,' I asked her, 'do you still think that my chief aim in this school is to have people consider me queer?'

She looked at me for a moment, and shook her head. 'No,' she said turning away, 'not any more.'

GLIMPSES OF REALITY

THE *Atlantic* has discovered that 'twenty minutes of reality' is a conservative estimate. Since the first of May the editor's desk has been 'saturate with brightness,' and every mail brings in its sheaf of visions, some mystical, others in plain testimony of patent facts of life. 'As though a star should open out, all sides,' these intimate and eager revelations glow and shine and will not be rejected. It is a temptation to pack the magazine from cover to cover with 'reality'; to pursue and prove the stuff which it is made of, whether subjective or objective, part of the mystery of personality or part of that other mystery that makes the world about us; but it has seemed kinder to the general reader to temper 'the too-much glory.'

The explanations which multitudes of our correspondents offer are as various as the spiritual adventures others recount. One maintains that the cause of the experience is cosmic consciousness; another that it is common sense. Some say that Christian Science is once again made manifest; others that 'projection' and 'detachment' have been at work. One or two make delicate references to the 'milder forms of insanity,' while numbers write that here is accomplished the mystic union of the finite with the eternal consciousness.

Of the multitude of deeply personal experiences which the article has called forth, three have been chosen, for the sake of the spiritual kinship revealed through their temperamental variety. It is a question whether or not St. Theresa and Brother Lawrence and their fellowship would concede that the writers had experienced reality according to the accepted definition. But the *At-*

lantic does not presume to settle questions so subtle and so expressive of divers ways of thought. It is content to record these three adventures and the witness they bear to healthy spiritual hunger.

I. THE UNREMEMBERED VISION

The article, 'Twenty Minutes of Reality,' will, I feel sure, have interested many readers of the *Atlantic*, some of whom, no doubt, can recall similar happenings in their own lives. The following short account of a somewhat analogous spiritual experience that I recently went through may be of significance to those whose interest in the subject has already been awakened.

Unlike the writer in the *May Atlantic*, my fears as a child were awakened, not by the thought of life everlasting, but by the thought of everlasting death. I feared personal extinction; feared it at times so acutely that I seemed to realize what it would be to suffer complete disintegration, to feel the very pangs of the snuffing out of the personal entity. I sometimes visioned to myself an immense funnel, fashioned of some unyielding substance of stone or steel, with, at its bottom, a tiny pin-head of a hole for outlet. Down the steep sides of its converging walls there rolled masses of stone and rock, which at the bottom slowly and inexorably by some unseen power were ground to dust and forced through the minute opening. Sudden terror seized upon me as I thought: 'This shall be my fate'; and, though I felt that such obliteration somehow was impossible for my soul, whatever happened to my body, my panic was real. I seemed to dread the

emergence of some undreamed-of force or will that in a flash would make the impossible a thing accomplished.

The acuteness of this fear was not of long duration. Thoughts on this subject were of infrequent occurrence and I soon outgrew such fears entirely, pushed them aside, ignored them, as was only proper for a healthy and much occupied youth. By the time I came to mature faith and belief in the goodness of the universe and the existence of God, I seemed never to have entertained them.

The vision of which I would speak is not properly a vision, rather the effect of what I think must have been one; realization I prefer to call it. This realization was connected with an event that happened but a year ago. It was not so much a part of the event as an aftermath, occurring two days later.

About a year ago I underwent a slight operation that caused me to stay in bed for only a few hours. I suffered very little discomfort in going under the anæsthetic; in fact, few of the physical sensations that I had been told to expect. What occurred to me seemed almost entirely to be within the realm of mind or spirit. After a moment of calm waiting and deep breathing, my mind suddenly reverted to my childhood days and I asked myself, 'What if those childish fears were not unfounded?' Then a quick conviction came over me that I was trapped, pinned down helplessly, by an inexorable power; that I had deluded myself through all the years in which I had so carelessly cast aside fear. Reality in all its hideousness seemed hanging over me. A great sound reached my ears, or rather a mighty vibration smote them with fast-repeated waves, as if the whole adamant universe were beating in upon my soul some hard, ironic message. There was no power to struggle left in me. I thought, 'Hark, God

laughs at you!' Then unconsciousness came upon me.

I had little trouble in coming out of the ether, and I was on my feet again and returned home the same afternoon. A few days' rest made me feel as fit as ever. It was while quietly lounging about on the second day that my thoughts reverted to what had just passed. It was then that the realization came over me. It is as vivid to-day.

To my surprise, the past event was seen in an utterly new light; the experience undergone before the loss of consciousness had lost its grip of terror upon me. Certainty dwelt calmly, assuringly, inevitably in my soul—certainty that the past was past and had not been an approach to death, and that the future could never be torn from out my soul. I knew that not for an instant during the period of utter blankness had I ceased to exist, nay, to be conscious; that my soul had made some tremendous journey whose range and destination my mind could but dimly guess. I was assured that the very adamant laughter of God had been unable to destroy the entity that was my soul; somehow that mighty beating in upon my consciousness no longer seemed ironic to me, but filled with the ubiquity and power of ineffable life.

I was not mentally elated or physically excited, but calm in mind and body. I was having no vision. Simply I seemed possessed of the certainty of having had such a vision; rather of having been for a time a conscious part of the ultimate reality, the vision of which was no longer present in my mind. Something had happened in that period of blankness—I know not what. It was as though I had been borne gently up out of some dark abyss, toward which I looked back now without terror, into a realm of mist and moving gray cloud through which I could distinguish immense granite cliffs forming

the walls of the pit above whose sun-lit rim I had at last been given a vision of unimaginable beauty; as though, as Dante says, I had seen 'un riso dell'universo'; as though it had been vouchsafed me to gaze for an instant into the very eyes of God to receive assurance from his smiling glance.

This certainty of the goodness of the universe has dawned in my soul, though I have no vision to recount as its cause. The strength and quiet peacefulness of its presence have not lessened. I am convinced that during that short period of unconsciousness something of immense import to my soul took place. How could *nothing* have happened?

Thus it was that my childhood fears of non-eternity were effaced.

II. ROCK-RIBS OF TRUTH

Reading the very interesting article in the May *Atlantic* entitled 'Twenty Minutes of Reality' inclines me to contribute an experience of my own. It happened more than forty years ago, but the memory of it is still fresh.

My experience differed from that of the *Atlantic* author in that it was distinctly moral in character; in fact it was brought about by wrong-doing. It all happened so many years ago that I can now tell the story as if I were speaking of another person.

I believe I am naturally very honest, but at the time I speak of I had been pursuing, for a considerable period, a course that was, to say the least, disingenuous, and thereby I was attaining what seemed to me at the time a great advantage. I was not at peace, however, and all spiritual truth, to which I had previously been keenly sensitive, appeared to me dead and unreal. I used to pray that I might be made to *feel* the reality of it, but no answer came until, after a long time of jangling conflict and inner misery, I one day, *quite*

quietly and with no conscious effort, stopped doing the disingenuous thing.

Then the marvel happened. It was as if a great rubber band which had been stretched almost to the breaking point were suddenly released and snapped back to its normal condition. Heaven and earth were changed for me. Everything was glorious because of its relation to some great central life — nothing seemed to matter but that life. While the experience lasted — and I think it must have been some time, as I remember it both in the house and out — I could have gone cheerfully to the stake. I walked on air, so gloriously commissioned did I feel by some higher power. Even the details of daily living, such as tying one's shoestrings, or brushing one's teeth, which had previously almost suffocated me by their monotony, became of thrilling interest as fitting me for the work I was to do. Reality was shown to me in answer to my prayer. I *saw*, as plainly as I see the city chimneys from my window as I write, great shoulders of Truth and Righteousness reaching down underneath all material things like the rock-ribs of a mountain-side beneath the shifting clouds and shadows. I saw that all material things are but clouds and shadows in comparison. Hence I have never doubted what *Reality* is.

The only other unusual experience that has come to me had no moral bearing whatever.

One day, for no reason that I can trace, in looking at a perfectly familiar mountain-side, I became for a few minutes poignantly conscious of the *life* of the mountain — life of beast, bird, insect, sap in trees, thrill of the earth; the whole mountain, and all it held, seemed to sing and quiver with life.

In a few minutes it was only an ordinary mountain again, thick-set with trees and holding its secret, but I was a little different — at least, I hope so.

The third witness to the truth of these things we may call

III. THE PERMANENT ECSTATIC

What is wrong with my psychology? [she writes.] Why does one very gifted person, with a pen to express what he feels, receive as a *vision* the psychic experience of joy and the inner conviction that Good is at the bottom of everything which another very un-gifted person, with no power of self-expression, has felt with more or less intensity — generally more — ever since her first conscious awakening of thought; but which, until she read 'Twenty Minutes of Reality,' she always regarded as merely the normal mental attitude of the normal human being?

As I read this very beautifully written article I said, 'Of course.' 'Why, naturally,' 'Of course,' at the ending of so many paragraphs that, at last, I found myself gasping in amazement that any living man or woman should have thought an experience of *twenty minutes* of reality a thing of sufficient import to write about — it almost took my breath away. But I'm glad they did. For I have been imprisoned in egoism. All my life long (I am forty-four years old), from the age of five years when I danced madly around the first Christmas tree I can remember, shouting 'Joy, Joy, Joy!' I've known *more* than twenty minutes of this unveiled naked reality every humdrum day I've lived — and, up to now, I supposed I was just like everybody else, and that everybody else was like me, excepting misanthropes, valetudinarians, Standard Oil magnates, vivisectionists, and kings who, of course, we all know were born blind.

I supposed every normal person heard this undertone of Joy — this unseen *but always felt* Reality of things, beating and throbbing underneath the

horrible and sad, underneath even the monotonous and dull (which is worse than the horrible because less impressive and intense).

I am a very ordinary woman, living a very ordinary life, my days (the bulk of them, at least) given up to housework — tending my furnace, cooking, dusting, washing dishes; but somehow, these duties are never really gray; in the heart of them there's always a glow.

Whenever I tend my furnace I feel a thrill of wonder as I think of the shiny black coal coming out of this miraculous earth, and of the brave, toiling lives of sturdy men that have been spent and sacrificed down in the mines to dig out that very coal so that I can tend my furnace. I really love my coal-bin (except when I see it lowering!) for I always feel as though it brought me so close to a big Reality — close to God and close to man. It's like a tremendous link. The Beauty of things I don't find quite so poignant when I'm washing dishes, though there is always a bird warbling in the lilac bush outside my kitchen window or a streak of sunlight on the vines to make me feel the glad wild joy at the heart of life — and did it not sound like too great a silliness, I could truthfully say that I have given way, day after day, to an ecstasy of wonder at the fresh clean water in my dishpan, and have stood, like a gaping idiot, sometimes for several moments, gaping at it as though it were Niagara Falls — and, so it is, only a 'little less.' From the eternal mystery of the stars down to my very dishpan it's all so thrilling, so outside of ourselves, so God-put-together, that there never has been, to me, any 'commonplace.' The rain pattering on my roof always makes something warm swish around in my heart just as it does when I hear Schumann-Heink; it seems perfectly unescapable, this endless consciousness

of Joy and Beauty. As to Eternity it's always made me chuckle. I've always counted on an æon with Walt Whitman and John Muir, several æons with Balzac, Dostoevsky, and Burns, the evenings of æons with the *Atlantic*, the

mornings with Seveik's Violin Finger Exercises, and no charitable organizations anywhere to interfere with the wholesome joy of selfishness and to make one feel elately dutiful and Righteous. Eternity is only fair.

COMMON FOOTING

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

I

IF the world chooses to abandon walking, that is its privilege. If it chooses to unlearn those things which are only learned on foot, that is its penalty. What with rubber tire, gasoline engine, flexible wing-tip, and trolley wire, your modern imagines that the countryside yields its secrets for the price of a carfare. The countryside allows him to think so — and keeps its secrets. But he who walks, instead of seeing more than he can take in, takes in more than he can see. Your rider discovers only that all the values of landscape and life change on the instant when he climbs down from his vehicle (motor-car or other high horse) to trudge the road on such legs as God gave him. On this common and ancient footing of highway dust two momentous revelations are vouchsafed him: his fellows discover that he is, after all, a human being, and he discovers the same of them. After which, things can begin.

To walk is an excursion in democracy. And while I am well aware that cultivated people nowadays do not unanimately believe in democracy; while

I know they are convinced that familiarity with cosines and Wagnerian scores has created ineradicable differences between them and their fellowmen (differences which they may be willing to overlook, but cannot quite be expected to forget), I merely proclaim a quick and efficacious remedy for this disbelief. I do not argue. I invite to a rediscovery of human equality such as have the inclination and the legs. We are losing both.

But waiving the moral reward of going afoot, and even the material reward of that pleasant tautness of tendons and a mind dwelling on supper, there is a mental phenomenon which only walkers know. They alone feel the miracle of modern rapid transit, because they alone know the physical contest with distance. From this winding of road over a green alluvial river vale to that rippling blue line of hills against the sky, is fifteen miles: by road or across country, a trudge of some hours. Between lie three towns, lifting white needle spires out of tufted foliage. They can be seen at the price of a brisk stride kept up throughout a forenoon. A train, bound citywards, stops at the toy-sized station of the last of them.

Boarding it, in half an hour you are swept back across the landscape from smoke-blue ridge to river vale, — that distance which cost such a swinging of legs, — watching the groves, streams, meadows, and villages that you leisurely scanned in the forenoon caught up and rushed past you all in a huddle. Steam is a miracle. One never felt it until now.

If people who ride can grow callous to the wonder of distances, what is to prevent them from growing dull to the wonder of the commonplace in human life generally? I suggest a few days in upper Maine in the company of seafaring men, if one would learn that there are only a few topics of permanent importance in this world (the rest are 'specialties'), and that on these subjects — birth, death, work, marriage, and funny stories (the last including all the others) — one man's opinions are about as valid as another's. Also, that the advantage is not always to the educated. Mindful of that notion that Wagnerian scores somehow abrogate human equality, I asked Lem Osborne, purely in the spirit of dispassionate research, whether he had ever heard of *Tristan*. 'Seems to me I have,' says he. 'Ain't it a brand of beer?' This was sobering. For I was bound to reflect that there were qualities in Lem compared to which the might of orchestras and the majesty of operatic stages are as rubbish for the junk heap. Then it appeared that the notion that there should be any real difference between Percy and Pete — any difference in their ways of being born, falling in love and dying — is profoundly pitiable, impoverishing the holder of it. Let him go afoot. No surer riddance of superfluous baggage.

II

Meredith and Whitman celebrate the sheer joys of walking. Let me expound

its methods and its rewards. With them, walking, like health, was its own reward; and so it is. But they had no burdens of the social upheaval to lug on their backs. Merry pagans! They took to the road and forgot the world. Let us take to the road and rediscover the world.

In a time when, I suppose, all serious-minded people must think, and think pretty continuously, about their share in the general task of social reconstruction, walking is offered, not as an escape from such thinking, — not as a dilettante occupation for the forgettery, — but as an aid to it, and, above all, as a valuable corrective. Test your ideas on the road. Whet them on the hard, practical sense of the folks turned up to you by a day's tramping; then see whether the edge has been turned or tempered. You will find, I undertake, that there are matters which your companions do not know. You will also find that what they do know far outweighs in substance and in value what they do not; that, wherever they may be, their blind spots are least likely to be opposite sympathy and compassion, more likely to be opposite the petty prejudices which the inescapable narrowness of city life has cheated city people into supposing the whole of life.

'You tell us of this buried treasure: how is it to be digged?'

It was nine o'clock of a blustering November night, seven miles from anywhere in particular. The three of us had little idea where we were going, and less where we were going to stop. 'I wish,' remarked Stirling, one of the pedestrians, 'that some of my fastidious acquaintances were along on this expedition; they would be so utterly miserable.' The remark betrayed a person new to the game of bartering for supper and bed; for though the zest of the occasion was the uncertainty of both, the transaction itself is democratic and

of the utmost simplicity. Modesty of arrival is a strategic point. You should be neither prince nor pauper. You should evidently need the accommodation, yet be able to pay for it. Above all, you should no more be anxious to pay more than it is worth than to pay less than it is worth. Condescension is as bad form as stinginess. On lonely roads of the headlands along the northern coast, the union rate is, I find, about sixty cents for supper, bed, and breakfast. If Clem rose at 3 A.M. to fracture the closed season on lobsters in order that the guests might have a treat, an extra twenty-five cents is courtesy.

So far, the negotiation for lodging will have been conducted entirely on credit. 'He looks harmless'—that is your asset. 'What is your name, and how do you earn your living?' (this question in a delicate periphrasis)—that is your liability. Once accepted, you should cash in promptly and with a good grace. You are expected to tell, briefly but circumstantially, the story of your life. If college-educated, you may, without dishonesty, leave that out, and you had better do so. I do not know why, but that item, while not a shout from the quarter-deck of 'All hands stand by to repel boarders,' seems to admonish whole families to be on their guard against being patronized within an inch of their lives. I merely record the fact. A college is hard enough to live down merely as a guilty secret. Known, it may become as a skeleton at the feast of democracy. For the rest, you tell who your folks were, what sort of house they lived in, and how the deuce you happened to be coming this way. This brand of simplicity, practiced on a householder in a city suburb, would, I cheerfully admit, produce a clandestine hurry call to the police station. In the country, it is your credential. Whereupon, your host

counts with his own life-story, and those of his eldest children who are out west on the wheat lands, or trained nurses in the city — 'Maybe you know them?' This done, you are old acquaintances, and may chat of life, death, immortality, what ails the church, and the high cost of living.

Let me hasten to interpolate that, tried near big towns, this procedure is a ghastly fizzle. In railway and street-car belts people simply cannot believe that any one is such a dunce as to walk by preference. That story is received with the same polite skepticism which greets the remark, 'No, I really care nothing for money.' And, being unable to fathom your game, they prefer to take no chances. The nearer the city, the more the mere act of walking requires elaborate explanations which frequently fail to convince. Within fifteen to thirty miles of a metropolis it is simpler to give up, and go to country inns. But on lonely roads a plain tale should earn a plain deal. 'Do you give your real name?' I am asked. Now in the name of all the gods at once, why not?—unless one has set out with definite designs on the spoons. It is only the alibi that requires the alias. Besides, it is a mistake to suppose that the story of James Steerforth is unknown to people who have never read *David Copperfield*. The wayfarer is taught this by the preliminary inspection of him. Perhaps he is bluntly told, 'Well, I guess you look all right.'

Walkers quickly discover that it is not so easy nowadays to break out of one's class. People, wondering why, if you possess an advantage, social or financial, you should be such a fool as to repudiate it, attempt, with only the kindest intentions, to thrust you back where they think you belong; just as a stranger makes bold to inform you that you have come down town wearing a black shoe on your right foot and a tan

on your left. You are told, pityingly, that there is a real summer resort at Cheapslow, or a good hotel at Dippsbury, six miles farther along. Both are known to you: Cheapslow, a noisy, confident, codfish aristocracy of marriageable daughters and yacht-racing sons; Dippsbury, a hostelry which unites the horrors of neo-colonial architecture with a squad of stodgy dowagers who overdress twice a day and overeat thrice. One tactfully explains that the express object of the present expedition is to avoid both the Cheapslows and the Dippsburies of life, for the following reasons, to wit; and will they kindly assist. Since you put it that way, they are generally quite cordial about it, although it is only late that evening that they begin to perceive that this preference for their own society and fireside is genuine.

We never come at the best in the other fellow — the full flavor of what he has felt and thought — until we have shed all our own pretensions, — or, better, convinced him that we have none to start with, which takes some time. But then how he unbosoms! If possible, hoist feet to fender, tilt back chair, produce an ancient, battered pipe, and remark that if things keep on at this rate, ordinary folks will have to go without meat except on Sundays. . . . You might have been neighbors for forty years. 'The missus' adds a log to the stove, and resumes her mending. Presently she asks, bending soberly over a stitch, what are the chances for a boy in the city these days; and whether he is better off on the farm. . . . I merely inquire what better opening one could have for landing a black eye on urban industrialism and cheating it of one more victim for mill-fodder.

Two hours of give and take. Forbear to put on any 'side,' and you may have eager and earnest listeners. Be a good listener yourself, and you may

have all the wit and wisdom of the countryside, all the lore of the coast: the wrecks, the rescues, the exploits, the lean years and the fat, the big wind, the record log-drive, the miraculous draught of mackerel, the plague year, the Indian massacre, the Good Friday gale, the high water, the gold diggings, the smuggling days, the privateers, and the phantom ship. You get the story of Clare McLean sailing ten miles across the bay to fetch the doctor for her father at midnight in a November gale, when the breakers were dashing halfway up the surf-scoured granite of Owl's Head, and the fishermen next morning would not believe the doctor had come by boat. And Clare cooking breakfast as usual, — 'Only,' says she, 'my hair's a bit wet-like.' Asked how it was out there in the storm, she says, in the lingo of the headland, 'Well, not *too* bad.'

Or a captain discusses ships and shoes. 'When a new man come aboard my vessel I could tell whether he was going to be a good hand or not. How? I will tell you, sir. The crew would say: "Well, what do you think of him, skipper?" "He's an able man, but he'll catch no fish." "Why not?" "I don't like the looks of his boots." It would n't fail. I had an instinct. Maybe my eye was accustomed to a sailor's boot from a life-time of going to sea. When I saw a pattern of creases on his boot that looked strange to me, I knew he might be a good carpenter or a clever woodsman, but no sailor. In sizing up a man, I always sized him down.'

In an interval when the captain had excused himself to give the cow a bucket of water, his wife told her part: how she ached with dread when he was off on a coasting voyage or fishing on the Grand Banks. 'It near killed me. I would n't have lived out here alone on the headland between the sea and the moor all those years if I had n't known

he would leave off going Banking as soon as he could manage. And when the storms came —' She shook her head and turned her face away. 'Yet I can say that we have been pretty lucky, take it all in all.'

This line of humble adventure is not recommended to the squeamish. It presupposes a readiness to put up with things as they come. If the mattress is corn-husk, you are in luck: it might have been a cord bedstead. To one fresh from a scientific dairy, the sanitary programme of milking-time is an affair to curdle blood, if not the milk itself.

At Polly Soi, the dish of 'blueberry slump' which constitutes the evening meal had made its noun a verb; whereby it appeared that a twenty-five-mile tramp to reach that dish was its own reward, and something more: on no less heroic terms would the slump have yielded to the suave persuasion of the gastric juices.

At Cornelius Libby's, the baby howls straight through the meal-time without exciting the concern of anybody.

There is a limit to the appetite not educated on salt herring.

These items are enumerated not ungratefully, but as mortifications of the flesh whereby the soul may profit. City germophobes may die a thousand deaths of apprehension; but the fact is, hygiene or no hygiene, they thrive, in spite of science, on the deadly bacteria, and pass their plates for second helpings.

III

It may have been guessed that personally I prefer the coast roads, which, speaking humanly, is a preference for the shore fishermen of the North Atlantic. These evenings beside kitchen stoves in tiny cottages on bleak headlands, storm whistling outside and

wind wailing under eaves, are *noctes ambrosianæ*. People wonder at the hardy breed these men are. Let them try the life and cease to wonder. A meagre living wrung from the sea at continual peril. Face to face with elemental danger, these men acquire a faculty of moral judgment which is profound in simplicity. 'The dread is always on you,' confesses Leander Holland, 'skipper of the Land Ho! 'You get off shore with nothing but a half-inch of board atwixt you and eternity; and maybe a westerly gale springs up. You've got to claw in against it somehow. The dread is always on you.'

Is it any wonder that they are grave; that they look on frivolity with solemn amazement; that the ordinary ills which beset mankind look trifling to them; that their stern sense of right and wrong, won from dwelling in the shadow of eternity, is a corrective and enlightener to men of towns who go among them? In the mortal risk of tussle with winds and waves, they have learned that on salt water, at least, human preferences are not consulted. Dutiful as they may be at church (Leander plays the organ — with some retardation), they are fatalists, pagans at heart — but truer Christians, even so, than numerous inland brethren flattered by easeful security into imagining that certain laws of retribution can be cheated. These men have wrestled with God on the high seas too often to entertain a light opinion of that contest.

It was Morgan, my walking companion, who, on one of these excursions, first bade me observe that while city life traces lines around men's eyes, seafaring life imprints its lines on men's mouths. The first are lines of nervous anxiety; the second are lines of stoical determination. Farmers, while the absence of vital danger in their work may sometimes allow a whine to creep into

their legitimate grumble, have learned the same lesson: that man lives, fundamentally, in a hand-to-hand struggle with nature, and only secondarily by his wits. Economists, of course, have settled this officially; but no verification of truth is necessary for those who live it.

So, I say, wisdom is gathered on foot, along country roads. Collect your ideas where you can: from alley, boulevard, office, lecture-hall, theatre, dinner-table, library, wharf, picture-gallery, street-car, opera-house, curbstone, or courtroom; but test them on the road. Confronted with the realities of soil and salt water and the character shaped by these, they will look vastly less momentous or vastly more so. We are a nation at 'the smart age,' which is the dangerous age. If we were predominantly an agricultural people, not predominantly an industrial people, this moral ballast would be ours without taking thought for it. But we left the land and went into the cities, where, having learned to earn more by our wits in one month than our parents could from soil or salt water in a year, we briskly assumed that the whole range of our powers had risen in the same ratio. A look at the cities and what they breed scarcely corroborates this.

These headlanders do not understand the minutiae of a minimum-wage regulation; but they know that you can get no more out of a farm-hand or an acre than you put into them. 'Gene Gordon, to be sure, has never listened to a symphony orchestra, or walked through a picture gallery. Why should he? Around him and above are unrolled, day by day, the pageantries of the weather—the screeching gales of winter; the lyric moods of May on these moors; the matronly, rich abundance of summer; the smouldering sunsets behind brown November woods on evenings ruddy with frost. In his ears sings

the drone of insects, or the clank of a bell-buoy—the mournful wash of surf on a distant shore, the tinkle of cow-bells over the lea. The sweet chime of church-bells peals over the bay; gulls set up their shrill piping. It is absurd to suppose that he is unconscious of all this music and landscape, of which the music and landscapes of art are but the counterfeit. It is absurd to suppose that it passes him unnoticed, without appreciation. It is, on the contrary, built into the bone and fibre of him. He takes it for granted, as he takes health, and the love of women, and the pretty prattle of little children, and loyalty to friends, and death by drowning at the last. I know, for we have spoken of it together. The greater absurdity is to suppose that casual association with orchestras and picture galleries can compensate the folk penned in great towns for the loss of the great originals. I doubt, for instance, if 'Gene Gordon would be much impressed by a statue. He himself is a statue. And all the fellows he knows are statues. Evenings, when the gang goes swimming off the rocks at Yankee Cove, he sees a dozen statues, gloriously bronzed, diving, oaring with sinewy arms—figures to set a sculptor's fingers itching for the wet clay.

As it is with the arts, so it is with philosophy, religion, sociology, or whatever you choose to call the art of life. He does not theorize about it: he lives it. His theory may be weak; his life is strong.

Now the curious thing is that, in all good faith, I am not able to discover that the gentlemen I encounter in great place—the senators, the wizards of preventive medicine, the scholars weighing drachmas of theory, the subtle critics, the jurists sifting evidence; the harassed administrators of affairs, the business executives (those 'managing brains' which, we are ponderously

assured, collectivism cannot pay for), the eminent architects and the cunning artists — are, at bottom, any more clever than my farmers and fishermen. They are specialists. You catch them young and train them to do one thing. They can do it. It would be strange if they could not. Meanwhile, the effort they have spent mastering what they do know has blinded them to the vastness of what they do not know — the wonder and majesty of common life. They preen themselves on being 'in the know.' They fail to disguise a patronizing tone in their references to 'the average man.' Caught outside their little orbits of artificial routine, they are adrift in chaos.

And then, if you speak of specialists, so are my farmers and fishermen. Abraham Judson, hand on tiller, warily manœuvring for just the puff of squall which will pull his schooner between two ugly rocks in Dover Basin, and getting the puff, and pulling her through, is a specialist. Leahman French, running the Horse Race of the Penobscot West Branch on a morning of spring freshets, with only a splash of water in his canoe to show for the exploit, is something of a specialist. But they are not conscious of it. Modesty has sharpened the eyesight of their wisdom.

Some magic is in this life of contact with elemental things which seems to provide a sane and sturdy mind against which to try the perplexing questions of urban civilization. Take your puzzles to them and be helped. Not directly; but, as most discoveries advance, by indirection. Not that they can give the explicit answer; but they offer a character test which seems to reveal the truth or folly of whatsoever it encounters.

And why should they not be the arbiters of these issues? Who but they supply the city with that clean, new blood which keeps it fresh? They have

given their best to the cities. Who has a better right to be consulted?

The difficulty of their lives, the honesty of them, their hard work and upright living give them a sweetness and dignity which make the outer-worldliness at which they wonder so seem tawdry and vulgar. They put one instinctively on his best behavior. He wishes his own class to appear as well as it can in comparison with theirs. If you walk such roads as these, pay trust with trust. Whatever your hosts seem to wish to know about you, tell them. It is not curiosity; it is interest and friendliness, genuine and deep. They are giving their hospitality and flavoring it with a welcome far sweeter than luxury.

So I sing the Road. It is a different road from Walt's. Like him, I tramp out of the city into the country, but not to leave the city behind — to come back to it, rather, through wisdom bred in the open: to test, in contact with sons of soil and salt water, ideas that shall profit the cities. I sing the pleasant converse by the stove in cottage kitchens on winter evenings; the good man in his woolen-stocked feet on the lounge by the woodbox; the good wife sewing under yellow lamp-beams. I say that it is good to listen and to reply. I say that here is no superiority or inferiority, moral or social. We are equals, swapping experience of the road, bound on the same journey, bearing the same burdens, hoping the same hopes, fearing the same fears, suffering the same bereavements, earning at a dear cost the same rewards. I say that there is no city and no country, no college-educated or illiterate; no Yankee and no Polack, no master and no servant — but just neighbors round a kitchen stove resting after the day's work. And I say that he who would come to this feast must come as a common man, on foot.

A LITERARY ACCIDENT

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

It is a sweet and vexatious thing to be a member of a small community. One does not know whether one is more stimulated or hampered by it, more cheered or exasperated. The result is at least peculiarly human; and that is so good that we in our village do not see how substantial things ever come to pass at all in the detached life of cities.

Among us, everything that happens to any one happens to all the rest; every ambition is a community affair; every destiny is common. Nobody lives to himself or even to his profession, whatever that may chance to be. I have admitted that it is vexatious. Silas Hapgood resorts to profanity every spring when he starts in to cultivate his long meadow that borders the highroad — he gets so much advice from passers-by. And Lucy Merwin repeatedly declares that she will never make another of her famous pound cakes, because, in spite of their excellence, somebody is always found to suggest a further improvement. Nevertheless, that particular meadow grows in fertility from year to year, and the cakes grow in lusciousness; and the community's pride in them both is just and natural. I am sure that John Underwood never would have learned to play the organ so well, if old Plyn Holcomb had not stood right up in meeting and shouted, 'For God's sake, take your foot off that loud pedal!' New Englanders are supposed to be stiff-necked; and so they are sometimes with outsiders. But they stand a great deal from one another,

In my own case, when I came back from college and settled down in my spinster cottage and began to send contributions, first to the local weekly, then to the *Springfield Republican*, then to a few magazines, I was at once aware that my neighbors were watching me eagerly. We had had a musician or two in our midst. We had had an artist. We had had any number of teachers and three ministers. But we had never had a writer. Fieldsborough, the neighboring township, had one. For lack of a nearer, more personal loyalty, we all read her stories assiduously and enjoyed them in spite of ourselves; but there was an element of jealousy in our admiration. As a matter of fact, I suppose, one obscure reason for my turning my hand to the pen at all lay in Fieldsborough's unspoken challenge.

The mere fact that I succeeded in getting anything accepted and published seemed at first so surprising to the villagers that they gave me whole-hearted applause.

'Millicent Roswell!' (Thus I heard them behind my back.) 'Why, she's just like any one, she's just folks. Would you have believed she had it in her? A real pretty piece, too—about — well, about — I guess I've sort of forgotten, but never mind, it was good.'

This was all very well, so far as it went. I was glad of the sympathetic encouragement; in fact — thorough villager as I am — I do not know how I could have got along without it. But of course I detected a menace in the general failure to remember what my

'pieces' were about; and it was with much apprehension that I watched the development of my small talent.

I could not write stories. Every time I tried, I failed so dismally that the return mail was hardly quick enough for them to come back to me from newspaper or magazine. With essays, on the other hand, I had a growing success. They were quiet little productions — about the beauty of the world, about certain moral aspects of human life that seemed to me particularly worth consideration, about philosophical theories. I was not excited over them, but I thought them the best I could do. They found a limited audience somewhere out in the great world; and they brought me in an equally limited income. Now and then I had a letter from a sympathetic stranger which went to my very heart.

I was not surprised, however, when a note of uneasiness began to make itself heard in my fellow villagers' comments.

'Say, Milly, I had to sit up till ten o'clock over that last paper of yours, and even now I'm not sure I understand it. It's learned stuff, and I'm proud to think you could write it; but I do sort of wish you'd write a story once in a while.'

I was not going to confess that I had written stories — scrap-baskets full of them. I hoped against hope that that secret lay between the postmaster and myself. So I said nothing.

'There's an awful good Fieldsborough story in the last *Sunset*,' my neighbor continued: 'about a man who hated a woman so that at last he just had to tell her about it; and as soon as he began to speak, he found himself begging her to marry him. Gee! that was true to life.'

There was a wistful pause. Still I said nothing — what could I say? So, with a sigh, she left me, and I went in and shook my head at my ink-bottle.

This sort of thing happened again and again; and I began to feel, not only disappointed in myself, but distinctly guilty toward my community. I was not doing what they expected of me, what the situation demanded; I was falling short of an obvious goal. I grew unhappy, and ceased to write at all.

Then, one summer evening, I was sitting on my front steps in the dusk, when Joel Potter came up the street and stopped to speak to me.

'Have n't read anything of yours in a long time,' he said. 'That's a saving of Library fines, for I always had to keep your papers out more than three days. But I hope you have n't run out. I suppose you've read the last Fieldsborough story. A good one, was n't it?'

It is hard to say why one challenge, more than another, strikes home and rouses the spirit. Other people had spoken to me thus, all too often, and I had only sat still. But there was something in Joel's remarks, and in the tone in which he proffered them, that was at last too much for my New England patience. In the light of the outcome, I now think there may have been something fatal in the very fact that it was Joel who spoke. At any rate, no sooner had he disappeared up the street, than I had made a mighty, irrevocable resolve to write a good story. In the name of all that was self-respecting and civically loyal, I must and would.

Yes, surely, Fate had a hand in the business; for, as I sat there, white-hot with my purpose and intent on means of accomplishing it, Deborah Brewster went by. It could not have meant just nothing that she should so promptly follow in Joel's wake.

Deborah Brewster was one of the most staid and deliberate spinsters in our community. At the time of our mutual crisis, she was about forty, and Joel was forty-five. She had always lived an utterly uneventful life, tied to

the bedside of an invalid father who died when she was thirty-eight. She was not interesting; but then, she had never had anything to make her so. Nevertheless, contradictorily, she had always interested me. I could not tell what it was, but there was something about her. It lay in a certain curve of her placid mouth, in a caressing way she had with her hands, in an unexpected gleam that now and then shot through her eyes. She never lived up to these characteristics, never seemed to be even aware of them; but they were there — at least, they came and went — and, first and last, I have spent many minutes staring at her and trying to make quite sure that I understood her. The obvious, general effect she produced was one of stolidity.

We none of us knew her so very well; perhaps we did not care to. Her house stood a little aside from the village, and her long years of attendance on her father had fostered in her a habit of solitude. She read a great deal, and she was a famous housekeeper and gardener. Her rose-bushes alone must have taken hours of her time every summer.

When her father died, I was distinctly though vaguely excited. Now was her chance. If the curve and the gleam and the caress really meant anything, they were at last free to show it. But nothing happened. She went right on in her monotonous routine — did not even change the furniture or get a new dress; and I was forced to conclude that I had been mistaken, that her elusive characteristics were meaningless tricks of heredity. So I tried to put them out of my mind and relegate her once for all to the class of human prosiness where she undoubtedly belonged.

It will now be apparent what kind of a chance presented itself to me, as I sat on my steps, fired with my resolution, and watched Deborah Brewster go up the street. I had always thought that

the failure of my stories lay in their unreality (I had spun them out of sheer imagination), and that if I could make a study from life I might succeed. But natural loyalty had forbidden me to use any of the human material which lay about me in my neighbors' affairs. If, now, I should take Deborah for my heroine, and write her life-history, — not as it had been, but as it might have been, — might I not hope to achieve something quite inoffensive and at the same time solid and convincing? I was so delighted with the idea that I made haste to get a pad and pencil.

I had never enjoyed anything so much as writing that story. I began it by casting an anchor to reality in the description of Deborah; then I let loose the gleam and the curve and the caress, and gave them full liberty. It was amazing what a difference they made. They transformed my heroine into a creature of fire and light, involved her in love-affairs and adventures, and gave her some narrow escapes. Instead of a dull, monotonous existence, she lived a full and vivid life, replete with interest. The process worked such entire conviction with me that I was sure this was not only Deborah as she might have been, but Deborah as she was intended to be. I finished the story in a glow of satisfaction.

It was accepted and promptly published by that same *Sunset Magazine* in which Fieldsborough so largely figured. I was as pleased as a child when I held it in my hands. At last my neighbors would know what I was writing about, and what to say to me. At last they were spared the necessity of burning painful ten o'clock oil on my account. At last Fieldsborough was invited to share a tiny leaf of its laurels with our village. I could hardly wait to learn the verdict of the villagers.

I did not have to wait long. Several of our people take the *Sunset Maga-*

zine, and there is always a copy in the Public Library. Before I had finished my supper, there came a hurried knock at my door and Lucy Merwin burst in. I had never seen her cheeks so red, and her eyes were like saucers.

'Why — why — why — Milly!' she stammered. 'What in the world? How did you ever find out? I never was so surprised in my life. How did you *ever* find out?'

This was not what I had expected, and my mind misgave me obscurely, though the enormity of the situation was not yet apparent to me.

'I guess I don't know what you mean,' I temporized.

'Why, your story about Deborah Brewster, of course. You've described her to the life. And, now that you've opened my eyes, I can see how everything might have happened just as you've told it. In fact, I sort of think I suspicioned that affair of hers with Joel. But she's always so innocent-looking — my! is n't she deep? How *did* you ever find out?'

'Joel?'

I got the word out as soon as my horrified lips could frame it. I felt myself turn pale.

'Of course!' Lucy was growing impatient with me. 'You did n't describe him quite so closely as Deborah, but it was plain enough who you had in mind. My! he's a sly one, too. I never was so surprised.'

My distress was almost too deep for words, but I could not yield to it — never had I needed words so badly. With all the impressiveness I could muster, I adjured Lucy to believe me. Not a detail of the story was true; I had made it all up; Joel Potter had not been in my mind when I was writing it.

'He went up the street just before I began, and perhaps he was in my subconsciousness; but I had no intention of describing him. So far as I know,

he has never had anything to do with Deborah. Oh, Lucy! you must believe me, you must help me make the village believe me. This might be too cruelly dreadful. Deborah Brewster! Why, Lucy, you know as well as I do that nothing has ever happened to her. She's a quiet, dull old maid.'

But every one who has ever had anything to do with a New England village will understand how well-advised was the desperate element in my appeal. Villagers believe what they want to, and that is generally what rumor suggests. Moreover, they have a certain pride of omniscience, especially in affairs of the heart; and nothing can make them commit themselves to that in which, after all, they may find themselves caught napping. I could get no satisfaction from Lucy; and all that evening and the next day I was assailed by keen-eyed callers, watchfully on their guard.

'I can't say I'm surprised. No, I always thought there was more in Deborah Brewster than appeared on the surface. But I've never said anything because it was none of my business.'

'I know just when it was that Joel hurt his foot in her trap and she rode the horse bareback after the doctor. I've always wondered who it was went galloping by our house that night.'

'You mean to say you've only just learned that she got lost two days and a night on the mountain? Yes — I heard tell of it.'

It availed nothing for me to protest, 'But she did n't, she was n't; I tell you, I made the whole story up, it is none of it true.' My neighbors only looked at me silently, and then glanced at one another. If I had not been so unhappy, it would have amused me to see how alert and suspicious they were, and how, through fear of betraying ignorance, each one egged on the others to believe the impossible. It was a masterly de-

monstration of the working of the village mind.

Meantime, poor Deborah: what of her? I knew that she took the *Sunset* and that she read it faithfully. No one had seen her about the village for the last two or three days; but she often stayed at home all the week, working in her garden. It was there I must seek her to learn the effect of my unfortunate story upon her and to beg her pardon. I was afraid, yet I wanted to go. On the third morning after the revelation I mustered up my courage.

She was busy with her hollyhocks as I entered the gate, and did not see me coming. That gave me a chance to stop and study her a moment. Her face, underneath her big straw hat, was as quiet and non-committal as ever; I could not make much out of it. But at least it was not distressed and resentful. In fact, as I watched her, it seemed to me that I could discover more than that mere negative reassurance. Was she not a little changed for the better? Had she always worn a ribbon about her hat? And her hair — I remembered it drawn back into a tight knot; now it lay loose about her face. Surely, she was different, she was — Then she looked up and saw me.

I do not know just what happened, except that a wave of shame went over me, and I stood paralyzed. But, in another moment, I found my hands held in a friendly grasp, and I was being led along to a chair on the front porch.

'How did you know? How in the world did you know?' Deborah was saying to me.

Now, I had supposed that I was prepared for every possible attitude on the part of my heroine. Resentment, grief, embarrassment, indifference, amusement, I stood ready for them all. But her actual question startled me so that my brain reeled, and I groped for the chair and sat down in it helplessly.

'Know what?' I stammered.

I suppose I looked idiotic. At any rate, Deborah laughed a little as she sat down near me and took off her hat.

'You must know what I mean,' she said succinctly. 'Your story, our story. Oh! of course we both understand that it did n't really happen; but how did you know that it might, that I had it in me to ride horses bareback and to get lost on the mountain? Above all,' — she hesitated, — 'how did you know about Joel?' she asked rather shyly.

Yes, certainly, I must have lost my wits; or else my brain was playing me one of its queer repetitious tricks; for, just as Deborah had amazed me by repeating Lucy's first question to me — how did I know? — so now I heard myself reiterating my own exclamation, 'Joel!' In both cases, I was blinded by astonishment.

'Because I did n't know,' Deborah went on slowly, too intent on her explanation to notice my stupefaction, or to repeat Lucy's impatience with me. 'I did n't know anything at all until I read your story. Then —' She spread out her hand in an eloquent gesture. 'That certainly was the night of my life,' she added literally.

I imposed a strong command on myself, and sat up and brought my attention to bear on the unexpected turn which this incalculable affair had taken. I could not understand it, but I saw that it was fraught with interest. As the mists cleared from my eyes, I observed that Deborah's face was indeed changed. No need to hunt for the gleam and the curve in it now. They were dominant. She was watching me eagerly, longing to share her experience with me.

'The night of my life,' she repeated. 'I wish I could tell you about it, but it won't be easy. I always make a point of reading your things,' — I proffered a humble gesture of acknowledge-

ment, — 'and, for a year or two, I've taken the *Sunset Magazine* for the sake of the Fieldsborough stories. Well, day before yesterday, when the new number came, and I saw that you had a story in it too, I was delighted. I hurried through supper, and lighted the lamp. Then I took the cat in my lap and began to read. I tell you —' She broke off and shook her head. 'No, I can't tell you,' she said, regretfully. 'It's beyond words.'

'In five minutes, I'd put the cat down and gone to look at myself in a mirror. Yes, there I was, just as you had described me — hair and face and clothes and everything. You *must* have had me in mind. Yet what in the world —? Then I sat down again.'

'Another five minutes, and I was up once more, walking the room and reading at the same time. I felt as if I was going crazy; the place was too small for me. That horseback ride: I've never been on a horse in my life, yet I knew exactly how that woman felt as she rode through the midnight, and I wanted to go and take Silas Hapgood's horse out of his barn and ride right away on it. That getting lost on the mountain: I've never been alone in the woods, but I wanted to climb West Mountain that minute, and never come back. That having a sweetheart —'

Again she hesitated, and this time I was not sure that she was going on.

'If you knew all along that Joel liked me,' she brought out at length, speaking, for the first time, with a certain note of accusation, 'I think you ought to have let me know long before this, and in not quite such a public manner.'

'But I did n't, I did n't! Dear Deborah,' — I seized the chance which she gave me, and spoke as rapidly as I could, my pleading words crowding one another. I sat on the edge of my chair, and held her by the apron hem. 'I did n't know anything; you must believe

me. I did n't even know that you might have done all these things. And I never so much as dreamed of Joel. I simply wanted to write a story, and it seemed to me that, if I made it all up, you probably would n't mind my using you for a heroine. I can't tell you how sorry I am. Can you ever forgive me?'

She gazed at me silently, her honest eyes struggling with an incredulity which was almost too much for her. Then she relieved me unspeakably by laying her hand on mine.

'Well, that beats all!' she murmured. 'Oh! you don't have to ask me to forgive you. I guess I'm rather obliged to you. I'm glad to know that the Lord did n't make me quite so dull as I've always thought myself; and — yes, I'm real glad to know what Joel Potter used to mean by looking at me in church. I'm only sorry' — she smiled wistfully — 'that I did n't know before.'

'You see,' she went on, when my perplexity and unhappiness kept me dumb, 'I've always been tied down and have n't had any chance to make experiments. Father did n't think much of me; he used to tell me I was as homely as a rail-fence. I'm not very spunky by nature and I took his word for it. Anyway, you know how it is,' — she appealed to the instinctive fatalism which is so strong in all us New Englanders, — 'things just are as they are; it does n't come natural to question them or to try to change them.'

I nodded soberly.

'And so I've lived on, never dreaming. And now it's too late.'

'Is it?'

My question startled us both. I saw it drive the gleam out of her eyes, leaving only a blank consternation there.

'Why, Milly, I'm forty years old!' she quavered dubiously.

'Well,' I insisted, 'that's no great age. Of course, you would n't ride horses bareback now, but —'

She stopped me abruptly by shaking her head. 'No,' she declared; 'I'm too old, it's too late, I'm too settled in my ways. Maybe I should n't even want it — it would be too hard work. Don't let's talk about it any more. It rather frightens me.'

She pushed my hand away, and got up, and started to go into the house for a soothing pan of potatoes to prepare for dinner. Her manner was that of one who definitely turns her back on an illusion. But she had not taken two steps before we were both arrested by an apparition in the gateway which caused my maidenly blood to run cold.

It was Joel Potter. He said not a word; and, for a minute, he did not move. He simply stood with a hand on either gate-post and looked at Deborah. I had never seen any one look like that. I wanted to hide, to run away; but I could not move a muscle, — and, anyway, he blocked the only exit. Moreover, my terrified remnants of wits told me that I had brought this situation on Deborah and that it behooved me to see her through.

But when I mustered courage to look at her, I caught my breath in the shock of the culminating surprise of this momentous day. She was the most triumphantly transfigured person I had ever seen. Poised for departure, she looked back at Joel; and at least ten years fled out of her face and from her slender figure. Her eyes were all gleam, her mouth was all a sweetly mocking curve, and her hand caressed the front door-knob in a maddening fashion.

Not that Joel needed to be maddened. I had always thought him a placid, self-contained person; now I saw that he was a kindled fire. He glared at Deborah, glared at her; and a copy of the *Sunset Magazine* stuck out of his coat-pocket.

I wondered if the electric silence was going to last forever.

'You're a pretty person!' he said finally, speaking so thickly that I should never have recognized his voice. 'Are n't you ashamed of yourself?'

The first part of his accusation was true. With her head held high and her cheeks aglow, Deborah certainly was, for perhaps the first time in her life, a pretty person. But his denouncing question flew wide of its mark. She was not in the least ashamed of herself.

'Who is he?' He entered the gate, and took a step nearer her. 'Tell me at once: who is this lover of yours?'

What could she say — poor Deborah? Not, 'Why, you, Joel!' So she said nothing at all.

'Deborah!'

His cry was so piercing, so eloquent of all sorts of things which I had no business to be overhearing, that, panic-stricken, I slipped out of my chair and dropped off the porch, and made for the now open gateway, my heart pounding in my ears. I never looked back once. I ran and ran and ran.

That is all that I know about the events of the morning. I got away just in time. But the results were known to the whole village in less than a month. Joel and Deborah were married in the little village church, and I was the only person they asked to stand up with them.

I suppose I shall never know at what conclusion the villagers arrived concerning the matter. Perhaps they never have arrived, but prefer to keep the particularly delectable subject open for perpetual discussion. It is a bad sign that, from the day of the announcement of Deborah's engagement, they have none of them made any further comments to me. But I try not to care. I have only to look at Deborah's happy face to go home and salute my pen with an awed respect. It's a dangerous business to write stories, but sometimes it is worth while.

TRANS-NATIONAL AMERICA

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

No reverberatory effect of the great war has caused American public opinion more solicitude than the failure of the 'melting-pot.' The discovery of diverse nationalistic feelings among our great alien population has come to most people as an intense shock. It has brought out the unpleasant inconsistencies of our traditional beliefs. We have had to watch hard-hearted old Brahmins virtuously indignant at the spectacle of the immigrant refusing to be melted, while they jeer at patriots like Mary Antin who write about 'our forefathers.' We have had to listen to publicists who express themselves as stunned by the evidence of vigorous nationalistic and cultural movements in this country among Germans, Scandinavians, Bohemians, and Poles, while in the same breath they insist that the alien shall be forcibly assimilated to that Anglo-Saxon tradition which they unquestioningly label 'American.'

As the unpleasant truth has come upon us that assimilation in this country was proceeding on lines very different from those we had marked out for it, we found ourselves inclined to blame those who were thwarting our prophecies. The truth became culpable. We blamed the war, we blamed the Germans. And then we discovered with a moral shock that these movements had been making great headway before the war even began. We found that the tendency, reprehensible and paradoxical as it might be, has been for the national clusters of immigrants, as they became more and more firmly estab-

lished and more and more prosperous, to cultivate more and more assiduously the literatures and cultural traditions of their homelands. Assimilation, in other words, instead of washing out the memories of Europe, made them more and more intensely real. Just as these clusters became more and more objectively American, did they become more and more German or Scandinavian or Bohemian or Polish.

To face the fact that our aliens are already strong enough to take a share in the direction of their own destiny, and that the strong cultural movements represented by the foreign press, schools, and colonies are a challenge to our facile attempts, is not, however, to admit the failure of Americanization. It is not to fear the failure of democracy. It is rather to urge us to an investigation of what Americanism may rightly mean. It is to ask ourselves whether our ideal has been broad or narrow — whether perhaps the time has not come to assert a higher ideal than the 'melting-pot.' Surely we cannot be certain of our spiritual democracy when, claiming to melt the nations within us to a comprehension of our free and democratic institutions, we fly into panic at the first sign of their own will and tendency. We act as if we wanted Americanization to take place only on our own terms, and not by the consent of the governed. All our elaborate machinery of settlement and school and union, of social and political naturalization, however, will move with friction just in so

far as it neglects to take into account this strong and virile insistence that America shall be what the immigrant will have a hand in making it, and not what a ruling class, descendant of those British stocks which were the first permanent immigrants, decide that America shall be made. This is the condition which confronts us, and which demands a clear and general readjustment of our attitude and our ideal.

I

Mary Antin is right when she looks upon our foreign-born as the people who missed the Mayflower and came over on the first boat they could find. But she forgets that when they did come it was not upon other Mayflowers, but upon a 'Maiblume,' a 'Fleur de Mai,' a 'Fior di Maggio,' a 'Maj-blomst.' These people were not mere arrivals from the same family, to be welcomed as understood and long-loved, but strangers to the neighborhood, with whom a long process of settling down had to take place. For they brought with them their national and racial characters, and each new national quota had to wear slowly away the contempt with which its mere alienness got itself greeted. Each had to make its way slowly from the lowest strata of unskilled labor up to a level where it satisfied the accredited norms of social success.

We are all foreign-born or the descendants of foreign-born, and if distinctions are to be made between us they should rightly be on some other ground than indigenoussness. The early colonists came over with motives no less colonial than the later. They did not come to be assimilated in an American melting-pot. They did not come to adopt the culture of the American Indian. They had not the smallest intention of 'giving themselves

without reservation' to the new country. They came to get freedom to live as they wanted to. They came to escape from the stifling air and chaos of the old world; they came to make their fortune in a new land. They invented no new social framework. Rather they brought over bodily the old ways to which they had been accustomed. Tightly concentrated on a hostile frontier, they were conservative beyond belief. Their pioneer daring was reserved for the objective conquest of material resources. In their folkways, in their social and political institutions, they were, like every colonial people, slavishly imitative of the mother-country. So that, in spite of the 'Revolution,' our whole legal and political system remained more English than the English, petrified and unchanging, while in England law developed to meet the needs of the changing times.

It is just this English-American conservatism that has been our chief obstacle to social advance. We have needed the new peoples — the order of the German and Scandinavian, the turbulence of the Slav and Hun — to save us from our own stagnation. I do not mean that the illiterate Slav is now the equal of the New Englander of pure descent. He is raw material to be educated, not into a New Englander, but into a socialized American along such lines as those thirty nationalities are being educated in the amazing schools of Gary. I do not believe that this process is to be one of decades of evolution. The spectacle of Japan's sudden jump from mediaevalism to post-modernism should have destroyed that superstition. We are not dealing with individuals who are to 'evolve.' We are dealing with their children, who, with that education we are about to have, will start level with all of us. Let us cease to think of ideals like democracy as magical qualities inherent in

certain peoples. Let us speak, not of inferior races, but of inferior civilizations. We are all to educate and to be educated. These peoples in America are in a common enterprise. It is not what we are now that concerns us, but what this plastic next generation may become in the light of a new cosmopolitan ideal.

We are not dealing with static factors, but with fluid and dynamic generations. To contrast the older and the newer immigrants and see the one class as democratically motivated by love of liberty, and the other by mere money-getting, is not to illuminate the future. To think of earlier nationalities as culturally assimilated to America, while we picture the later as a sodden and resistive mass, makes only for bitterness and misunderstanding. There may be a difference between these earlier and these later stocks, but it lies neither in motive for coming nor in strength of cultural allegiance to the homeland. The truth is that no more tenacious cultural allegiance to the mother country has been shown by any alien nation than by the ruling class of Anglo-Saxon descendants in these American States. English snoberies, English religion, English literary styles, English literary reverences and canons, English ethics, English superiorities, have been the cultural food that we have drunk in from our mothers' breasts. The distinctively American spirit — pioneer, as distinguished from the reminiscently English — that appears in Whitman and Emerson and James, has had to exist on sufferance alongside of this other cult, unconsciously belittled by our cultural makers of opinion. No country has perhaps had so great indigenous genius which had so little influence on the country's traditions and expressions. The unpopular and dreaded German-American of the pres-

ent day is a beginning amateur in comparison with those foolish Anglophiles of Boston and New York and Philadelphia whose reversion to cultural type sees uncritically in England's cause the cause of Civilization, and, under the guise of ethical independence of thought, carries along European traditions which are no more 'American' than the German categories themselves.

It speaks well for German-American innocence of heart or else for its lack of imagination that it has not turned the hyphen stigma into a 'Tu quoque!' If there were to be any hyphens scattered about, clearly they should be affixed to those English descendants who had had centuries of time to be made American where the German had had only half a century. Most significantly has the war brought out of them this alien virus, showing them still loving English things, owing allegiance to the English Kultur, moved by English shibboleths and prejudice. It is only because it has been the ruling class in this country that bestowed the epithets that we have not heard copiously and scornfully of 'hyphenated English-Americans.' But even our quarrels with England have had the bad temper, the extravagance, of family quarrels. The Englishman of to-day nags us and dislikes us in that personal, peculiarly intimate way in which he dislikes the Australian, or as we may dislike our younger brothers. He still thinks of us incorrigibly as 'colonials,' America — official, controlling, literary, political America — is still, as a writer recently expressed it, 'culturally speaking, a self-governing dominion of the British Empire.'

The non-English American can scarcely be blamed if he sometimes thinks of the Anglo-Saxon predominance in America as little more than a predominance of priority. The Anglo-

Saxon was merely the first immigrant, the first to found a colony. He has never really ceased to be the descendant of immigrants, nor has he ever succeeded in transforming that colony into a real nation, with a tenacious, richly woven fabric of native culture. Colonials from the other nations have come and settled down beside him. They found no definite native culture which should startle them out of their colonialism, and consequently they looked back to their mother-country, as the earlier Anglo-Saxon immigrant was looking back to his. What has been offered the newcomer has been the chance to learn English, to become a citizen, to salute the flag. And those elements of our ruling classes who are responsible for the public schools, the settlements, all the organizations for amelioration in the cities, have every reason to be proud of the care and labor which they have devoted to absorbing the immigrant. His opportunities the immigrant has taken to gladly, with almost a pathetic eagerness to make his way in the new land without friction or disturbance. The common language has made not only for the necessary communication, but for all the amenities of life.

If freedom means the right to do pretty much as one pleases, so long as one does not interfere with others, the immigrant has found freedom, and the ruling element has been singularly liberal in its treatment of the invading hordes. But if freedom means a democratic coöperation in determining the ideals and purposes and industrial and social institutions of a country, then the immigrant has not been free, and the Anglo-Saxon element is guilty of just what every dominant race is guilty of in every European country: the imposition of its own culture upon the minority peoples. The fact that this imposition has been so mild and, in-

deed, semi-conscious does not alter its quality. And the war has brought out just the degree to which that purpose of 'Americanizing,' that is, 'Anglo-Saxonizing,' the immigrant has failed.

For the Anglo-Saxon now in his bitterness to turn upon the other peoples, talk about their 'arrogance,' scold them for not being melted in a pot which never existed, is to betray the unconscious purpose which lay at the bottom of his heart. It betrays too the possession of a racial jealousy similar to that of which he is now accusing the so-called 'hyphenates.' Let the Anglo-Saxon be proud enough of the heroic toil and heroic sacrifices which moulded the nation. But let him ask himself, if he had had to depend on the English descendants, where he would have been living to-day. To those of us who see in the exploitation of unskilled labor the strident red *leit-motif* of our civilization, the settling of the country presents a great social drama as the waves of immigration broke over it.

Let the Anglo-Saxon ask himself where he would have been if these races had not come? Let those who feel the inferiority of the non-Anglo-Saxon immigrant contemplate that region of the States which has remained the most distinctively 'American,' the South. Let him ask himself whether he would really like to see the foreign hordes Americanized into such an Americanization. Let him ask himself how superior this native civilization is to the great 'alien' states of Wisconsin and Minnesota, where Scandinavians, Poles, and Germans have self-consciously labored to preserve their traditional culture, while being outwardly and satisfactorily American. Let him ask himself how much more wisdom, intelligence, industry and social leadership has come out of these alien states than out of all the truly American ones. The South, in fact,

while this vast Northern development has gone on, still remains an English colony, stagnant and complacent, having progressed culturally scarcely beyond the early Victorian era. It is culturally sterile because it has had no advantage of cross-fertilization like the Northern states. What has happened in states such as Wisconsin and Minnesota is that strong foreign cultures have struck root in a new and fertile soil. America has meant liberation, and German and Scandinavian political ideas and social energies have expanded to a new potency. The process has not been at all the fancied 'assimilation' of the Scandinavian or Teuton. Rather has it been a process of their assimilation of us — I speak as an Anglo-Saxon. The foreign cultures have not been melted down or run together, made into some homogeneous Americanism, but have remained distinct but coöperating to the greater glory and benefit, not only of themselves but of all the native 'Americanism' around them.

What we emphatically do not want is that these distinctive qualities should be washed out into a tasteless, colorless fluid of uniformity. Already we have far too much of this insipidity, — masses of people who are cultural half-breeds, neither assimilated Anglo-Saxons nor nationals of another culture. Each national colony in this country seems to retain in its foreign press, its vernacular literature, its schools, its intellectual and patriotic leaders, a central cultural nucleus. From this nucleus the colony extends out by imperceptible gradations to a fringe where national characteristics are all but lost. Our cities are filled with these half-breeds who retain their foreign names but have lost the foreign savor. This does not mean that they have actually been changed into New Englanders or Middle Westerners.

It does not mean that they have been really Americanized. It means that, letting slip from them whatever native culture they had, they have substituted for it only the most rudimentary American — the American culture of the cheap newspaper, the 'movies,' the popular song, the ubiquitous automobile. The unthinking who survey this class call them assimilated, Americanized. The great American public school has done its work. With these people our institutions are safe. We may thrill with dread at the aggressive hyphenate, but this tame flabbiness is accepted as Americanization. The same moulders of opinion whose ideal is to melt the different races into Anglo-Saxon gold hail this poor product as the satisfying result of their alchemy.

Yet a truer cultural sense would have told us that it is not the self-conscious cultural nuclei that sap at our American life, but these fringes. It is not the Jew who sticks proudly to the faith of his fathers and boasts of that venerable culture of his who is dangerous to America, but the Jew who has lost the Jewish fire and become a mere elementary, grasping animal. It is not the Bohemian who supports the Bohemian schools in Chicago whose influence is sinister, but the Bohemian who has made money and has got into ward politics. Just so surely as we tend to disintegrate these nuclei of nationalistic culture do we tend to create hordes of men and women without a spiritual country, cultural outlaws, without taste, without standards but those of the mob. We sentence them to live on the most rudimentary planes of American life. The influences at the centre of the nuclei are centripetal. They make for the intelligence and the social values which mean an enhancement of life. And just because the foreign-born retains this expressiveness is he likely to be a better citizen of the

American community. The influences at the fringe, however, are centrifugal, anarchical. They make for detached fragments of peoples. Those who came to find liberty achieve only license. They become the flotsam and jetsam of American life, the downward undertow of our civilization with its leering cheapness and falseness of taste and spiritual outlook, the absence of mind and sincere feeling which we see in our slovenly towns, our vapid moving pictures, our popular novels, and in the vacuous faces of the crowds on the city street. This is the cultural wreckage of our time, and it is from the fringes of the Anglo-Saxon as well as the other stocks that it falls. America has as yet no impelling integrating force. It makes too easily for this detritus of cultures. In our loose, free country, no constraining national purpose, no tenacious folk-tradition and folk-style hold the people to a line.

The war has shown us that not in any magical formula will this purpose be found. No intense nationalism of the European plan can be ours. But do we not begin to see a new and more adventurous ideal? Do we not see how the national colonies in America, deriving power from the deep cultural heart of Europe and yet living here in mutual toleration, freed from the age-long tangles of races, creeds, and dynasties, may work out a federated ideal? America is transplanted Europe, but a Europe that has not been disintegrated and scattered in the transplanting as in some Dispersion. Its colonies live here inextricably mingled, yet not homogeneous. They merge but they do not fuse.

America is a unique sociological fabric, and it bespeaks poverty of imagination not to be thrilled at the incalculable potentialities of so novel a union of men. To seek no other goal than the weary old nationalism, — bel-

ligerent, exclusive, inbreeding, the poison of which we are witnessing now in Europe, — is to make patriotism a hollow sham, and to declare that, in spite of our boastings, America must ever be a follower and not a leader of nations.

II

If we come to find this point of view plausible, we shall have to give up the search for our native 'American' culture. With the exception of the South and that New England which, like the Red Indian, seems to be passing into solemn oblivion, there is no distinctively American culture. It is apparently our lot rather to be a federation of cultures. This we have been for half a century, and the war has made it ever more evident that this is what we are destined to remain. This will not mean, however, that there are not expressions of indigenous genius that could not have sprung from any other soil. Music, poetry, philosophy, have been singularly fertile and new. Strangely enough, American genius has flared forth just in those directions which are least understood of the people. If the American note is bigness, action, the objective as contrasted with the reflective life, where is the epic expression of this spirit? Our drama and our fiction, the peculiar fields for the expression of action and objectivity, are somehow exactly the fields of the spirit which remain poor and mediocre. American materialism is in some way inhibited from getting into impressive artistic form its own energy with which it bursts. Nor is it any better in architecture, the least romantic and subjective of all the arts. We are inarticulate of the very values which we profess to idealize. But in the finer forms — music, verse, the essay, philosophy — the American genius puts forth work equal to any of

its contemporaries. Just in so far as our American genius has expressed the pioneer spirit, the adventurous, forward-looking drive of a colonial empire, is it representative of that whole America of the many races and peoples, and not of any partial or traditional enthusiasm. And only as that pioneer note is sounded can we really speak of the American culture. As long as we thought of Americanism in terms of the 'melting-pot,' our American cultural tradition lay in the past. It was something to which the new Americans were to be moulded. In the light of our changing ideal of Americanism, we must perpetrate the paradox that our American cultural tradition lies in the future. It will be what we all together make out of this incomparable opportunity of attacking the future with a new key.

Whatever American nationalism turns out to be, it is certain to become something utterly different from the nationalisms of twentieth-century Europe. This wave of reactionary enthusiasm to play the orthodox nationalistic game which is passing over the country is scarcely vital enough to last. We cannot swagger and thrill to the same national self-feeling. We must give new edges to our pride. We must be content to avoid the unnumbered woes that national patriotism has brought in Europe, and that fiercely heightened pride and self-consciousness. Alluring as this is, we must allow our imaginations to transcend this scarcely veiled belligerency. We can be serenely too proud to fight if our pride embraces the creative forces of civilization which armed contest nullifies. We can be too proud to fight if our code of honor transcends that of the schoolboy on the playground surrounded by his jeering mates. Our honor must be positive and creative, and not the mere jealous and negative protec-

tiveness against metaphysical violations of our technical rights. When the doctrine is put forth that in one American flows the mystic blood of all our country's sacred honor, freedom, and prosperity, so that an injury to him is to be the signal for turning our whole nation into that clan-feud of horror and reprisal which would be war, then we find ourselves back among the musty schoolmen of the Middle Ages, and not in any pragmatic and realistic America of the twentieth century.

We should hold our gaze to what America has done, not what medieval codes of dueling she has failed to observe. We have transplanted European modernity to our soil, without the spirit that inflames it and turns all its energy into mutual destruction. Out of these foreign peoples there has somehow been squeezed the poison. An America, 'hyphenated' to bitterness, is somehow non-explosive. For, even if we all hark back in sympathy to a European nation, even if the war has set every one vibrating to some emotional string twanged on the other side of the Atlantic, the effect has been one of almost dramatic harmlessness.

What we have really been witnessing, however unappreciatively, in this country has been a thrilling and bloodless battle of Kulturs. In that arena of friction which has been the most dramatic — between the hyphenated German-American and the hyphenated English-American — there have emerged rivalries of philosophies which show up deep traditional attitudes, points of view which accurately reflect the gigantic issues of the war. America has mirrored the spiritual issues. The vicarious struggle has been played out peacefully here in the mind. We have seen the stout resistiveness of the old moral interpretation of history on which Victorian England thrived and made itself great in its own es-

teem. The clean and immensely satisfying vision of the war as a contest between right and wrong; the enthusiastic support of the Allies as the incarnation of virtue-on-a-rampage; the fierce envisaging of their selfish national purposes as the ideals of justice, freedom and democracy—all this has been thrown with intensest force against the German realistic interpretations in terms of the struggle for power and the virility of the integrated State. America has been the intellectual battleground of the nations.

III

The failure of the melting-pot, far from closing the great American democratic experiment, means that it has only just begun. Whatever American nationalism turns out to be, we see already that it will have a color richer and more exciting than our ideal has hitherto encompassed. In a world which has dreamed of internationalism, we find that we have all unawares been building up the first international nation. The voices which have cried for a tight and jealous nationalism of the European pattern are failing. From that ideal, however valiantly and disinterestedly it has been set for us, time and tendency have moved us further and further away. What we have achieved has been rather a cosmopolitan federation of national colonies, of foreign cultures, from whom the sting of devastating competition has been removed. America is already the world-federation in miniature, the continent where for the first time in history has been achieved that miracle of hope, the peaceful living side by side, with character substantially preserved, of the most heterogeneous peoples under the sun. Nowhere else has such contiguity been anything but the breeder of misery. Here, notwithstanding our

tragic failures of adjustment, the outlines are already too clear not to give us a new vision and a new orientation of the American mind in the world.

It is for the American of the younger generation to accept this cosmopolitanism, and carry it along with self-conscious and fruitful purpose. In his colleges, he is already getting, with the study of modern history and politics, the modern literatures, economic geography, the privilege of a cosmopolitan outlook such as the people of no other nation of to-day in Europe can possibly secure. If he is still a colonial, he is no longer the colonial of one partial culture, but of many. He is a colonial of the world. Colonialism has grown into cosmopolitanism, and his motherland is no one nation, but all who have anything life-enhancing to offer to the spirit. That vague sympathy which the France of ten years ago was feeling for the world—a sympathy which was drowned in the terrible reality of war—may be the modern American's, and that in a positive and aggressive sense. If the American is parochial, it is in sheer wantonness or cowardice. His provincialism is the measure of his fear of bogies or the defect of his imagination.

Indeed, it is not uncommon for the eager Anglo-Saxon who goes to a vivid American university to-day to find his true friends not among his own race but among the acclimatized German or Austrian, the acclimatized Jew, the acclimatized Scandinavian or Italian. In them he finds the cosmopolitan note. In these youths, foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents, he is likely to find many of his old inbred morbid problems washed away. These friends are oblivious to the repressions of that tight little society in which he so provincially grew up. He has a pleasurable sense of liberation from the stale and familiar attitudes

of those whose ingrowing culture has scarcely created anything vital for his America of to-day. He breathes a larger air. In his new enthusiasms for continental literature, for unplumbed Russian depths, for French clarity of thought, for Teuton philosophies of power, he feels himself citizen of a larger world. He may be absurdly superficial, his outward-reaching wonder may ignore all the stiller and homelier virtues of his Anglo-Saxon home, but he has at least found the clue to that international mind which will be essential to all men and women of good-will if they are ever to save this Western world of ours from suicide. His new friends have gone through a similar evolution. America has burned most of the baser metal also from them. Meeting now with this common American background, all of them may yet retain that distinctiveness of their native cultures and their national spiritual slants. They are more valuable and interesting to each other for being different, yet that difference could not be creative were it not for this new cosmopolitan outlook which America has given them and which they all equally possess.

A college where such a spirit is possible even to the smallest degree, has within itself already the seeds of this international intellectual world of the future. It suggests that the contribution of America will be an intellectual internationalism which goes far beyond the mere exchange of scientific ideas and discoveries and the cold recording of facts. It will be an intellectual sympathy which is not satisfied until it has got at the heart of the different cultural expressions, and felt as they feel. It may have immense preferences, but it will make understanding and not indignation its end. Such a sympathy will unite and not divide.

Against the thinly disguised panic which calls itself 'patriotism' and the thinly disguised militarism which calls itself 'preparedness' the cosmopolitan ideal is set. This does not mean that those who hold it are for a policy of drift. They, too, long passionately for an integrated and disciplined America. But they do not want one which is integrated only for domestic economic exploitation of the workers or for predatory economic imperialism among the weaker peoples. They do not want one that is integrated by coercion or militarism, or for the truculent assertion of a mediæval code of honor and of doubtful rights. They believe that the most effective integration will be one which coördinates the diverse elements and turns them consciously toward working out together the place of America in the world-situation. They demand for integration a genuine integrity, a wholeness and soundness of enthusiasm and purpose which can only come when no national colony within our America feels that it is being discriminated against or that its cultural case is being prejudged. This strength of coöperation, this feeling that all who are here may have a hand in the destiny of America, will make for a finer spirit of integration than any narrow 'Americanism' or forced chauvinism.

In this effort we may have to accept some form of that dual citizenship which meets with so much articulate horror among us. Dual citizenship we may have to recognize as the rudimentary form of that international citizenship to which, if our words mean anything, we aspire. We have assumed unquestioningly that mere participation in the political life of the United States must cut the new citizen off from all sympathy with his old allegiance. Anything but a bodily transfer of devotion from one sovereignty to

another has been viewed as a sort of moral treason against the Republic. We have insisted that the immigrant whom we welcomed escaping from the very exclusive nationalism of his European home shall forthwith adopt a nationalism just as exclusive, just as narrow, and even less legitimate because it is founded on no warm traditions of his own. Yet a nation like France is said to permit a formal and legal dual citizenship even at the present time. Though a citizen of hers may pretend to cast off his allegiance in favor of some other sovereignty, he is still subject to her laws when he returns. Once a citizen, always a citizen, no matter how many new citizenships he may embrace. And such a dual citizenship seems to us sound and right. For it recognizes that, although the Frenchman may accept the formal institutional framework of his new country and indeed become intensely loyal to it, yet his Frenchness he will never lose. What makes up the fabric of his soul will always be of this Frenchness, so that unless he becomes utterly degenerate he will always to some degree dwell still in his native environment.

Indeed, does not the cultivated American who goes to Europe practice a dual citizenship, which, if not formal, is no less real? The American who lives abroad may be the least expatriate of men. If he falls in love with French ways and French thinking and French democracy and seeks to saturate himself with the new spirit, he is guilty of at least a dual spiritual citizenship. He may be still American, yet he feels himself through sympathy also a Frenchman. And he finds that this expansion involves no shameful conflict within him, no surrender of his native attitude. He has rather for the first time caught a glimpse of the cosmopolitan spirit. And after wandering about through many races and civiliza-

tions he may return to America to find them all here living vividly and crudely, seeking the same adjustment that he made. He sees the new peoples here with a new vision. They are no longer masses of aliens, waiting to be 'assimilated,' waiting to be melted down into the indistinguishable dough of Anglo-Saxonism. They are rather threads of living and potent cultures, blindly striving to weave themselves into a novel international nation, the first the world has seen. In an Austria-Hungary or a Prussia the stronger of these cultures would be moving almost instinctively to subjugate the weaker. But in America those wills-to-power are turned in a different direction into learning how to live together.

Along with dual citizenship we shall have to accept, I think, that free and mobile passage of the immigrant between America and his native land again which now arouses so much prejudice among us. We shall have to accept the immigrant's return for the same reason that we consider justified our own flitting about the earth. To stigmatize the alien who works in America for a few years and returns to his own land, only perhaps to seek American fortune again, is to think in narrow nationalistic terms. It is to ignore the cosmopolitan significance of this migration. It is to ignore the fact that the returning immigrant is often a missionary to an inferior civilization.

This migratory habit has been especially common with the unskilled laborers who have been pouring into the United States in the last dozen years from every country in southeastern Europe. Many of them return to spend their earnings in their own country or to serve their country in war. But they return with an entirely new critical outlook, and a sense of the superiority of American organization to the

primitive living around them. This continued passage to and fro has already raised the material standard of living in many regions of these backward countries. For these regions are thus endowed with exactly what they need, the capital for the exploitation of their natural resources, and the spirit of enterprise. America is thus educating these laggard peoples from the very bottom of society up, awaking vast masses to a new-born hope for the future. In the migratory Greek, therefore, we have not the parasitic alien, the doubtful American asset, but a symbol of that cosmopolitan interchange which is coming, in spite of all war and national exclusiveness.

Only America, by reason of the unique liberty of opportunity and traditional isolation for which she seems to stand, can lead in this cosmopolitan enterprise. Only the American — and in this category I include the migratory alien who has lived with us and caught the pioneer spirit and a sense of new social vistas — has the chance to become that citizen of the world. America is coming to be, not a nationality but a trans-nationality, a weaving back and forth, with the other lands, of many threads of all sizes and colors. Any movement which attempts to thwart this weaving, or to dye the fabric any one color, or disentangle the threads of the strands, is false to this cosmopolitan vision. I do not mean that we shall necessarily glut ourselves with the raw product of humanity. It would be folly to absorb the nations faster than we could weave them. We have no duty either to admit or reject. It is purely a question of expediency. What concerns us is the fact that the strands are here. We must have a policy and an ideal for an actual situation. Our question is, What shall we do with our America? How are we likely to get the more creative America — by confining

our imaginations to the ideal of the melting-pot, or broadening them to some such cosmopolitan conception as I have been vaguely sketching?

The war has shown America to be unable, though isolated geographically and politically from a European world-situation, to remain aloof and irresponsible. She is a wandering star in a sky dominated by two colossal constellations of states. Can she not work out some position of her own, some life of being in, yet not quite of, this seething and embroiled European world? This is her only hope and promise. A trans-nationality of all the nations, it is spiritually impossible for her to pass into the orbit of any one. It will be folly to hurry herself into a premature and sentimental nationalism, or to emulate Europe and play fast and loose with the forces that drag into war. No Americanization will fulfill this vision which does not recognize the uniqueness of this trans-nationalism of ours. The Anglo-Saxon attempt to fuse will only create enmity and distrust. The crusade against 'hyphenates' will only inflame the partial patriotism of trans-nationals, and cause them to assert their European traditions in strident and unwholesome ways. But the attempt to weave a wholly novel international nation out of our chaotic America will liberate and harmonize the creative power of all these peoples and give them the new spiritual citizenship, as so many individuals have already been given, of a world.

Is it a wild hope that the undertow of opposition to metaphysics in international relations, opposition to militarism, is less a cowardly provincialism than a groping for this higher cosmopolitan ideal? One can understand the irritated restlessness with which our proud pro-British colonists contemplate a heroic conflict across the seas in which they have no part. It

was inevitable that our necessary inaction should evolve in their minds into the bogey of national shame and dishonor. But let us be careful about accepting their sensitiveness as final arbiter. Let us look at our reluctance rather as the first crude beginnings of assertion on the part of certain strands in our nationality that they have a right to a voice in the construction of the American ideal. Let us face realistically the America we have around us. Let us work with the forces that are at work. Let us make something of this trans-national spirit instead of outlawing it. Already we are living this cosmopolitan America. What we need is everywhere a vivid consciousness of the new ideal. Deliberate headway must be made against the survivals of the melting-pot ideal for the promise of American life.

We cannot Americanize America worthily by sentimentalizing and moralizing history. When the best schools are expressly renouncing the questionable duty of teaching patriotism by means of history, it is not the time to force shibboleth upon the immigrant. This form of Americanization has been heard because it appealed to the vestiges of our old sentimentalized and moralized patriotism. This has so far held the field as the expression

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of the new American's new devotion. The inflections of other voices have been drowned. They must be heard. We must see if the lesson of the war has not been for hundreds of these later Americans a vivid realization of their trans-nationality, a new consciousness of what America meant to them as a citizenship in the world. It is the vague historic idealisms which have provided the fuel for the European flame. Our American ideal can make no progress until we do away with this romantic gilding of the past.

All our idealisms must be those of future social goals in which all can participate, the good life of personality lived in the environment of the Beloved Community. No mere doubtful triumphs of the past, which redound to the glory of only one of our trans-nationalities, can satisfy us. It must be a future America, on which all can unite, which pulls us irresistibly toward it, as we understand each other more warmly.

To make real this striving amid dangers and apathies is work for a younger *intelligentsia* of America. Here is an enterprise of integration into which we can all pour ourselves, of a spiritual welding which should make us, if the final menace ever came, not weaker, but infinitely strong.

'AE SPARK O' NATURE'S FIRE'

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I SHALL never forget the astonishment I felt when I first encountered a man who took poetry seriously. He was a Scotchman, burly, bluff, bewhiskered, straddling in his gait like a seaman, kicking out his toes and playing wide with his elbows, and speaking Scots burry as a thistle. He was not a sailor, although he drew his living from the sea. He sold fish. I saw him more than once plying his trade in Fulton Market in the midst of finny droves of cod, mackerel, and red snappers, but it was in his home that I discovered that his soul was not entirely piscatorial.

He passed our house every morning and evening for over twenty years, and the clump of his heels on the pavement had made 'Here comes Mr. Macgregor' a formula of the supper table. On Saturday evenings he always carried under his 'oxter' a flat package a foot long and half as wide; and then my father would say, with a laugh, 'There goes Macgregor with his finnan haddie.' Every Saturday for twenty years, I gathered from the family gossip, he had carried home his foot or so of Scotch smoked haddock for his Sunday breakfast; and my vagrom wits used to exercise themselves in calculating, as students of arithmetic will, how many miles of haddock he had consumed. The only glimmer of enthusiasm I had ever caught in him had to do with this victual, for he paused one summer twilight long enough to lean over the front fence and tell my father, who was pulling weeds, how to prepare finnan haddie according to the Scottish tradition.

Up to that time he had not discovered me, but one evening in June I chanced to be sitting on the steps with a book on my knees when he passed. It was a book of poetry; I have forgotten what — perhaps *The Ancient Mariner*. At any rate, he drew up at the gate and looked me over. Knowing him as a man whose soul was smoked and dry-salted and whose appearance was to the last degree pragmatic, I was ashamed to be caught reading anything so effeminate, and tried to hide the page. But his eyes were sharp. Without a word he took the book, glanced at it, and handed it back.

'And do you like the poetry, laddie?' said he.

'Yes, sir,' I returned, somewhat timidly.

'Ah, then you should read Bobbie Burns. He's the boy for the poetry. There's none like him.'

And so we fell to much talk. Before darkness had fallen he had invited me to call upon him next evening, and I had agreed.

The next evening found me at half-past seven seated in his long front parlor in one of the most uncomfortable chairs I have ever seen. At his suggestion I had stationed myself against the street wall between the two windows, while he stood at the other end of the room beside the square piano, on one corner of which, conveniently arranged, he had stacked a pile of books bristling with slips of paper to mark the places at which he purposed to read. His manner was serious, even solemn.

He carefully cleared this throat and

began to read 'The Mitherless Bairn' of William Thom, the Inverary weaver. It was the first time I had ever heard Scots read by a Scotchman, and, what with strange words, and familiar words strangely pronounced, I was much puzzled to catch the sentiment; but he was greatly affected and rolled out the concluding couplet, —

In the dar-r-k hour-r of anguish, the hear-r-tless
shall lear-r-n
That God deals the blow for the mither-r-less
bair-r-r-n, —

with a frowning significance that was very impressive. I summoned all my faculties, therefore, to bear upon the next poem, in mortal fear that he might ask me a question. I think, however, that he was as bashful as I. He made no comments whatever, but read two or three poems more, — some of Robert Tannahill's, 'Jessie the Flower of Dunblane' and 'The Midges Dance aboon the Burn,' I think; at least, they have had a familiar ring ever since.

I was still floundering, but he cared never at all. He was a Paisley man, and the old songs flooded his mind with recollections of all the 'West Kintra side' — the braes of Gleniffer, Cruickston Castle's lonely walls, Calder Glen, the bonnie wood of Craigielee; he had known the Barrs and Langs and Semples and the rest of those who had kept the town's literary traditions green; and, warmed thoroughly by his theme, he delivered a lecture full of anecdote, family histories, and local legend, with interpolated readings, almost as delightful to me as to him. I have forgotten it all, and he is dead, and my memory is only the echo of an echo.

A reference to the Burns Society of Paisley offered a natural transition to Burns himself. Like all Scotchmen, Mr. Macgregor could see no moral obliquity in his hero, yet felt called upon to defend him from charges which, Heaven knows, I had no intention of prefer-

ring. I gathered, also, that no mere English-speaking person could appreciate Burns, try as he might; even learning the dialect would not suffice; it was necessary to have taken it in, as it were, with one's mother's milk, to feel all its softness and tartness and rough tenderness and bagpipe music.

I noticed, however, that my congenital deficiency as a mere English-speaking person did not deter him from reading vast numbers of poems of which I understood but one word in three. That he was illogical was nothing to him. I had become only a pretext. To a lonely man, a cat, a dog, a chrisom child, is better than no audience at all.

It was nearing ten o'clock when an astonishing phenomenon became visible. We had been laughing together over his anecdotes of famous Scotchmen. There was, I remember, the one about Scott's whimsical maligning of his grandmother, — 'Aiblins me gran'-mither was an awfu' leear,' — and the one about Campbell's intoxicated guest falling downstairs and, to the irate poet's, 'Who the deevil's making yon fearful racket?' replying, 'It's I, sir, rolling rapidly.' There were many others, I do not know how many; these I remember. But suddenly he fell silent with an eye on the clock. 'It's time a' weans was in bed,' said he, 'but first I'll read you just one wee bit poem more.' And he began to recite in a loud voice, —

'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,'

drawing himself up to his full stature and glaring proudly down upon me as if I had been Bruce's whole army, terrible with tartan, plaid, and claymore.

'Wha will be a traitor knave?'

he inquired with unspeakable scorn, and, with swelling breast and flashing eye, —

'Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?'

And, while I felt obscurely that I was entirely neutral in the matter, I was thrilled by his ardor.

It was at the close of the fourth stanza that tears began to gather and fall, dropping from his eyes as if without his knowledge. A more astonishing sight than this was beyond my imagining. Here was a man who took poetry seriously, who loved it and grew excited over it, as another might over baseball or religion or dinner; a great big bearded man crying, actually crying, over a little song hardly thirty lines long. Evidently the verses had some meaning that I could not fathom, something that caused the working of his rough features with the tears on them and the flashing of his eyes and the suffusion of his forehead and cheeks, as he thundered, —

'Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!'

No other friend of mine ever recited poetry in that way, or, for that matter, ever recited poetry at all.

'Those lines aye make a fool of me,' said he simply. 'Now, run away home, laddie. It grows late.'

I had no words at my command but mumbled thanks for his hospitality. I did run away home, and I lay awake for an hour tingling with excitement. The next morning I began a search of the family library for the poems Mr. Macgregor had read, and found those which I have mentioned. But I never exchanged ten words with Macgregor again. He never repeated his invitation. When he spoke to me it was of generalities. He had opened his heart once, but thereafter I was to know only his outside, — 'as if a rose should shut and be a bud again,' and a very thorny bud at that.

The secret of the matter was that Mr. Macgregor thought that he had

been sentimental, and was ashamed. Children know well enough, and who should know better than I, that gruffness often hides a melting heart; yet he thought by a hard exterior to show me that his performance of the other evening had been only an aberration.

I think that I partly guessed his difficulty and sympathized with him. I had not thought him sentimental — he could never have held me spell-bound for three hours if I had; but boys are afraid of showing emotion themselves and are suspicious of it in others. It was all very well to shed tears over poems once, but it was impossible to picture a man of Mr. Macgregor's physiognomy and physique doing it often. Nothing could be more natural than that he should look askance at me as at one who had caught him in a moment of weakness. I took the separation very philosophically, and contented myself with nodding at him and keeping out of my face any reminder that we had once been intimate.

But I have often thought of the incident since and wondered whether he remembered it long. I have a fancy that it meant even more to him than to me, serving as a kind of catharsis to a full heart. Children are cruel through ignorance, and a better understanding of him might have taken me again and again to his parlor to be read to for our mutual good; yet it was my very youth and ignorance, I suppose, that made him first pitch upon me as an audience and that later made him forget the constraints of manhood.

I do not know that Mr. Macgregor had ever essayed the writing of verse himself, but it seems likely. I have just been looking over Burns's *Remarks on Scottish Song* and have made a list which would seem to indicate that, while no fish-merchant is enrolled in the archives of poetic fame, there is no reason why one should not be. There

are songs ascribed to Mr. Alexander Ross, schoolmaster at Lochlee; Mr. McVicar, purser of the Solebay, man-of-war; Richard Hewit, Dr. Blacklock's amanuensis; Dudgeon, a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire; David Maigh, keeper of the blood lough-hounds of the Laird of Riddel; Mr. Skirving, a very worthy farmer of East Garleton; Dr. Austin, a physician at Edinburgh; the Rev. John Skinner, a non-juror clergyman at Linshart; Jean Glover, a ranting thieving hussy who knew the inside of half the houses of correction in Scotland: all these, and poor drudging, tippling 'Balloon' Tytler, who compiled the larger part of the original *Encyclopædia Britannica*, not to mention those fine ladies of the old school, Grisel Baillie and Ann Lindsay — all these, remembered by a song or so; as if the entire population, from the 'Balloon' Tytlers to the Rev. John Skinners, from the Jean Glovers to the Ann Lindsays, had tried their hands at a stray ballad or two. It would not be a wild wager to stake a Scotch pound that Mr. Macgregor had, stored away in his solid old walnut desk, a sheaf of lyrics in which *town* rhymed with *aboon* and *eye* with *dree*; and Scotia or Caledonia was proudly invoked with all her glens and braes and banks and burns; and the memory of some Patty or Nannie or Mary or Jeanie received a modest celebration.

To the public outside of Scotland, Scotch lyrical poetry is simply the poetry of Burns — a view which Mr. Macgregor, with all his love of Burns, would have scouted indignantly; for he knew that every hamlet in Scotland, one might almost say every street in Edinburgh and Glasgow, has its poet. There are many reasons why this is so. The Scottish people are educated; they speak the tenderest of languages; they offer their poets a sympathetic audience; they know the mellowing influ-

ence of John Barleycorn, and are great in convivial gatherings; they are Celts and so are sentimental at heart. A lyric poet must be glad or sad with all his might — or bad or mad, for that matter — anything but lukewarm or phlegmatic; and the Celt, be he Welsh, Irish, or Scotch, however harsh his exterior, is fundamentally volcanic.

We need songs here in America, but our poets seem better able to write everything else. I have a friend who thinks that they are too refined or too good. 'How,' says he, 'can we expect our poets to be passionate if they have n't any passions? How can they sing love lyrics if they are too refined to admit that they have ever been in love? How can they lament with plausibility if they have never done anything to lament over? The Heines, the Villons, the Burns of the world have been great lovers and great sinners; it is they who can touch the popular heart.'

There seems to be some sense in his theory. The poets of the day impress me as little likely to 'touch the popular heart.' They seem to fall into two classes — those who are trying to be recondite and those who are trying to be 'virile.' The former would probably be shocked at the thought of appealing to the profane vulgar; yet, although it may be no derogation of a true poet to say that he does not catch the popular ear, it may be a very fine thing to be able to say that he does. The few may relish caviar, to use a metaphor in the vein of Mr. Macgregor, but there is still a place in the world for caller herring. The virile style, on the other hand, may be as much a confession of weakness as the delicacy against which it is a protest. There is a sentimentalism in avoiding sentimentalism. The virility of our poetry and fiction does not ring true, because there is something in it of the boy's trying to be manly by smoking and swearing. It is the fashion of

the day to dismiss prettiness and pathos and sentiment as Early Victorian, the intimation being that 'we have changed all that'—a perilous generalization. Some one has acutely observed that already Ibsen is beginning to impress us as romantic, and that fifty years hence Mr. Shaw may be accounted sentimental.

The truth is that we are all sentimental at heart, whatever our culture. Even though we appreciate Brahms, shall we not find some pleasure in the repertoire of the hand-organ, and though we admire Botticelli, shall we utterly condemn *Darby and Joan*? There are moods in which Jean Ingelow and Mrs. Hemans are not mawkish. The thousands still weep over the death of Little Nell, though the critics sneer.

The more I think about it, the less I am sure what is sentimental and what is not. I condemn *The May Queen* critically, yet find that many sensible people enjoy crying over it very much. Temperamentally I do not like to groan and weep over my reading; I am more likely to laugh over *The May Queen* than to cry; yet I find that there is hardly a pathetic poem that I admire that some critic or some friend does not consider soft. It is obvious that for some cold temperaments Lamb's essays may seem excessive. It is certainly true that for any of us a poem may seem sugary before breakfast that after dinner may seem only sweet.

The lymphatic critic might comment on the last observation, 'Then read only before breakfast'; but few of us would be content to have our emotional dissipation so curtailed. Mr. Macgregor could never have wept at nine o'clock in the morning in a class of twenty-five seniors still reminiscent of breakfast. His heightened pitch and color were things of the evening hours and the solitary place and the receptive—or at least quiescent—listener.

There and then he could expand, forget the exigencies of social decency. This expansion and his subsequent diffidence seem to me to epitomize the condition of mankind; we, too, like so much once in a while to expand, to flap our wings, to lyricize, and we are so much ashamed of ourselves afterwards.

'Back home' we used to gather around the piano of an evening, a God-fearing, respectable family, and hold orgies of sentimental melody, seeing Nellie home, and imploring the winds of heaven to bring back our Bonnie to us. To a chance dyspeptic sitting on the hydrant outside, it must have been sickening.

The people, in the innocence of their hearts, wallow in sentimentalism unabashed. They have always done so. There is not much to choose in this regard between *la comédie larmoyante* (which is now studied in post-graduate courses) and the moving-picture of today. Probably the topical songs of the present are not more painful to us than were the ditties of a hundred years ago to people of refinement; the difference being that the latter, having about them the aroma of age, strike us now as quaint. This is a part of the alchemy of time,—that the affectations and sentimentalities of a bygone age become charming,—and points to the truth that what is and what is not sentimental is somewhat a matter of relativity.

The point of these reflections is that it is not less emotion that we want, but a finer expression. The old idea that sentimentality differs from sentiment in degree, in excess, seems to me only half true. Emotion or passion differs from sentiment in degree, but sentimentality differs also in its objects and in its expression. Humanitarians might impress us as sentimental over an earthworm or a fish, because the object is unworthy; Dickens impresses us as

sentimental over Paul Dombey because his expression is cheap. Our popular songs are sentimental because, while they are sincere enough, they are unbridled, crude, inartistic in form and diction. One of our sorest needs in America is songs that are passionate and direct and simple and sincere, and that express universal emotions in terms that are national and native.

Meanwhile, having no local songs, we fall back upon those of Scotland and of our own South, and for the sake of the sentiment are willing to sing of Kentucky homes and Suwanee Rivers

and lands of cotton, all of which must remain to most of us Yarrows unvisited. Unable, if called upon, to define the burns and braes of which we sing, and exceedingly hazy as to the geography of sweet Afton and bonny Doon, we still apostrophize and lament them with surprising conviction. The sentiment is all; yet it is a pity that it cannot have a local habitation. 'Alas for us, our songs are cold!' It is here that Mr. Macgregor had the better of us, as have all the Germans who sing the songs of Heine and all the Frenchmen who sing the songs of Béranger.

PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT

BY FLOYD KEELER

If it were not for the fact that this statement is so often made in a defensive way by the opponents of prohibition it would scarcely seem as if any one could have controverted it. Of course, prohibition (in its usual sense of the forbidding of the liquor traffic) does not prohibit, any more than prohibition of anything else does. A very slight acquaintance with laws and their results will show the truth of this. Since the very earliest times there have been prohibitions based upon some external sanction, a command of God, an axiom of experience, a demand of the ruler or state, or a tribal custom. Of the Ten Commandments only two are positive injunctions — the others are all prohibitions. They came to the Hebrews with the highest possible sanction; they have received every possible form of ecclesiastical approbation ever

since; and yet, judged from the standpoint of the accomplishment of their prohibitory purpose, they are utter failures. On the supposition that because prohibition does not prohibit it is of no use, what a fine case could be made against them on the ground of the continued idolatry, blasphemy, murder, adultery, and covetousness which still exist! In addition to the prohibition from the religious side, all but the first and the last of these sins are offenses punishable by civil law as well, yet they do not cease. These laws have been in existence a good while, too; still, they have not prohibited the things against which they were formulated. Is it reasonable, therefore, to say that the Commandments and the parts of the criminal code based on them shall be repealed, awaiting that far-off, happy day when education will have done

away with the necessity for them? In these cases can we agree with the brewers' statement that 'prohibition applied from without is a farce?'

Another aspect of the case is the stress laid by the liquor advocates upon the distinction between prohibition and temperance. They tell us that prohibition is not temperance, but a form of extremeness which is in reality 'intemperance,' and that *they* are the real advocates of temperance because they are the ones who are trying to prove that a man can drink a moderate amount of liquor and be none the worse for it. Here we should note that there is a division in their ranks, for the brewers and the distillers disagree radically as to what promotes temperance. The former are as much opposed to distilled liquors as are the prohibitionists, urging as substitutes ale, beer, cider, and light wines; while the latter insist that moderation in all things — etymological temperance as it were — is the true solution and that one need not under those circumstances abjure the use of whiskey and brandy, only being careful not to run to excess in their use. Their slogan is the old saying, 'It is not the use but the abuse which is harmful.'

The public has recently been treated to expert articles written by men who make claim to be scientific and careful investigators, and who publish an array of statistics to prove that the per-capita consumption of intoxicants increases proportionally with the adoption of prohibition; and not being in a position to verify or disprove their figures, I am constrained to allow their statements to stand. Perhaps they are all true, but if they are, why should the liquor interests be fighting prohibition? Should they not welcome it as an effective ally, rather than regard it as an enemy? Or are they philanthropically standing for civil liberties and man's inalienable rights? Perhaps! But what-

ever their motive and their methods, they monotonously reiterate the statement that prohibition does not prohibit. This seems to be the one thing on which they can rely, and so they use it constantly. Its truth has already been admitted, and no one tries, so far as I am aware, to confute it. What, then, is the case for prohibition? If it does not prohibit, what does it do? and why do any of us think it worth while?

The State of Kansas probably furnishes the best example of what prohibition does, because of nearly thirty years' continuous experience with it and because of the well-nigh unanimous sentiment of the population in favor of it. I select the effects of prohibition in Kansas because I live there and see them every day. The first thing that strikes one in crossing the line into Kansas is the absence of the licensed or open saloon. A trip on a street car from Kansas City, Missouri, to Kansas City, Kansas, will readily illustrate this; and as he goes from town to town within the state, the visitor notes the absence of corners bearing great brass signs advertising beer or whiskey, and the gayly lighted and gilded rooms beneath, where men are occupied in seeing how great a quantity of liquor they can hold and still keep on the move. If his nose is sensitive he will notice the absence of the smell which always pervades such places and is noticeable even on approaching them — that smell which is sickening and disgusting to those who do not care for liquor and yet is such a fertile source of temptation to those who have the craving. Even if the absence of the saloon does not reduce the consumption of liquor (though I doubt it), it assuredly does reduce the number of men and boys who are drawn into the drink-habit, by removing the invitation; and if it did no more than that prohibition would be worth while.

It does, however, much more. It certainly reduces the amount of public drunkenness. In more than four years in Kansas, traveling extensively over the state, I have seen only three men under the influence of liquor in public places. One of them was in a town then notorious for its persistent violation of the law; the others were transients in a railroad division town where naturally the floating population made its 'change of cars,' and therefore were probably not residents of Kansas at all. My experience in other states leads me to feel that this scarcity of drunken men is due to prohibition and nothing else. Again, it is a fact that in prohibition territory generally the people have more actual cash to spend, and are able to buy more of the comforts of life and have larger bank accounts than where the open saloon flourishes. In one of the southwestern counties of Kansas it is said that every second family owns an automobile. I do not believe that any 'wet' county in the country can make an equal showing.

The experiences of other parts of the world in regard to the moderate use of liquors are not at all pertinent to the question as it affects our own country; for it has been shown that in licensed territory there is no such thing, generally speaking, as moderate drinking; and even if it might exist in some cases, it is generally true that there is no mean between prohibition and drunkenness; for the average American who patronizes the open saloon drinks at least enough to be a detriment to him. The average American does not really desire to drink to excess, and the majority of them will not if ever-ready opportunity presented by the open saloon be removed. I have had men in Kansas tell me frankly that they do not dare even to go to Kansas City, Missouri, on business for fear of falling into temptation, but that they never touch a drop while

in Kansas itself. Our opponents will jeer at their weakness, perhaps, and they know they are weak; but society is beginning to realize that the protection of the weak is one of its duties.

Prohibition is no longer an open question in Kansas. All our most prominent and influential citizens indorse it heartily. A few years ago a candidate for governor whose platform was the resubmission of the prohibition amendment received a very small vote, and a large proportion of the vote he did receive came from persons who believed that 'resubmission' would be a good thing for prohibition, on the ground that, if resubmitted, the amendment would receive such an overwhelming indorsement that no one would thereafter dare to bring the matter forward.

Liquor is sold in Kansas, but it is a crime to sell it, and 'bootleggers' furnish not a few occupants of our jails and penitentiaries. Druggists in many instances do not even keep it on hand, and physicians seldom prescribe it, feeling that it is not valuable as a medicine. A generation which has never seen a legalized saloon has grown to manhood, and it is a generation which cannot understand how there could be any question as to the wisdom of prohibition. We do not claim that prohibition absolutely prohibits, but it has made disreputable and outlawed a traffic which has never yet proved itself beneficial, and from which great evils are known to emanate. The saloon has yet to prove its usefulness, the opponents of prohibition have yet to show us a better method of curbing the curse of drunkenness with its attendant vices; and until they can bring forth such proof and show us such method, we in Kansas, at any rate, will rest content with what we firmly believe is the best and what we have already tried and proved. We wonder that the whole country cannot see it.

RED CROSS AND R.A.M.C.

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

I

No small part of the cruel anxiety felt by the people at home for their friends and relatives at the front has been caused by the many ignorant and unfounded criticisms of a noble branch of the Army Service which is prevented by professional etiquette from speaking in its own defense. Since returning from a winter spent working in France at a large base hospital intrusted by the Royal Army Medical Corps to the Harvard Surgical Unit, I have been asked seriously and repeatedly why the government leaves the care of the wounded soldiers to a voluntary society called the 'Red Cross.' I have found, indeed, that the public knows as little about the way the wounded are dealt with as we ourselves knew when we first landed in France. The confusion has been augmented by people forgetting that the red Geneva Cross, with its white background, used by the medical corps of all nations as their emblem, is identical in appearance with the badge of the Red Cross Society; and, in many minds, it has come to be considered as the exclusive property, the distinguishing mark, of the great voluntary organization. The fact is that those who wear the badge on the field of battle are practically *never* employees of the Red Cross Society, but are members of the regular army.

This popular ignorance, if not exactly pardonable, is easily explained. A search carried even into the British Museum has revealed the fact that as

yet no history has been written of a service which it is supremely important that the public should appreciate and trust. It has seemed somehow in keeping with the spirit and calling of the fighting man that he should be careless of the fate that awaits him if he is wounded, and that he should despise such mean things as sanitary precautions. That is why literature preserves no account of how the armed Crusaders cared for their stricken comrades. Possibly they were justified in comparing unfavorably the 'leech' and his pillboxes with the bearer of more ostensibly destructive weapons; at any rate, in civil life the social recognition accorded to the versatile 'barber-surgeon' was never perilously exaggerated. It has always seemed strange, however, that the duty of the State to care for the bodily welfare of its protectors should have been taken so lightly, until the time of the 'Lady with the Lamp'; and that even then the burden should fall on a voluntary society. However romantic amateur 'flying ambulances' may be, they are necessarily inefficient; and however unselfish and courageous ladies may be, the fact that even at the beginning of this war they were permitted to rush about here and there, picking up stray wounded, is as serious a comment on the public interest in making proper preparation for army medical service as was the Kaiser's estimate of the small army we originally sent to fight him.

Very reluctantly, indeed, has the re-

cognition of equal rank been bestowed on the fighters of germs and of Germans, though so many of the former have died at their posts, like the brave men they are. Numbers of them have given their lives, in China or in Serbia, in the endeavor to save tens of thousands of their fellows from the ravages of typhus and plague. The valor and glory of such sacrifices never seem to stir the popular imagination like that of the hero who, to save the lives of his friends, flung himself on a bomb which he had himself inadvertently dropped. The appreciation of proper perspective is an acquired art.

Now, the immense moral value of recognizing success is unquestioned. Even the sacrifices at Verdun would be justified to Germany if they secured for her the stimulus of a great victory. By the same token, the scant praise and liberal criticism which have been accorded to the Royal Army Medical Corps spell a real loss to the nation. The successes of these men, won in the face of stupendous difficulties, already form a romance of which England has as much right to be proud as she has of the achievements of her splendid fighting men on sea and on land.

The first necessity of an army is unquestionably munitions; the second, equally unquestionably, is food; medical care comes a close third. In the first of these we can at least feel that we are doing as well as any other unprepared nation. As for the second, Tommy Atkins, from the Somme to the Yser, will admit that the Army Service Corps has simply done marvels. And as regards the third, I say, in the face of all the grumblers, that any Englishman who has seen the R.A.M.C. at work and is not filled with pride in his countrymen, can surely have no soul.

It is scarcely out of place to say here that those elements in the make-up of a man which are least visible and tangi-

ble, but which alone account for the noblest, the most that is worth while in him, are to-day being more considered as worthy of serious provision. It is really being acknowledged, at last, that high souls, and not alcohol-dulled sensibilities, are factors of highest importance in making the best fighters. In this connection, the unpretentious services rendered by the Y.M.C.A. huts are admittedly more real influences for victory than the fighting man was once willing to admit; and the attitude of the R.A.M.C. toward intoxicants is of the greatest importance. A large obituary notice of the 'Rum Ration,' with a heavy black edging, hangs prominently in the General Headquarters Office.

II

The question, What provision is made for the average wounded Tommy before he reaches England? is so frequently asked these days that a brief sketch of the various progressions of the medical service may be considered timely.

First of all, the Army itself provides, from the R.A.M.C., a doctor for each battalion, who always remains with the regiment. The men know him by sight, and know where to find him. He has three orderlies of his own, a Maltese cart for supplies, and four stretcher-bearers to each company — twenty-four in all. These men have received special training in the work of stretcher-bearing and the giving of first aid; in other respects they are ordinary soldiers, and do not wear the Red Cross. If fighting is very heavy and these men are killed, — as very often happens, — the medical officer may ask his battalion commander for additional assistance. At a pinch, the field-ambulance men (of whom more will be said later) will help to carry the wounded along

the trenches. These men also supply the line with sterilized water, look after the latrines, and wheel round the medical supplies.

A few yards behind the line the medical officer has one or more heavily protected dugouts, called regimental dépôts. To these the wounded walk or are carried, and receive first aid. An extra doctor, or even two, from the R.A.M.C. field ambulance help here in 'unhealthy' times. Roads do not lead to every part of a line; often they could not be used if they did. To be near is not always to be accessible; so, farther back from the trenches, in as safe a spot as can be found where it is possible to carry a man by hand or on wheeled stretchers, the 'advanced dressing station' of the R.A.M.C. is placed. This is probably in a cottage, or barn, or in another, and larger, protected dugout. This dressing station must be at a road-head if possible, so that the motor ambulances may come and carry away the wounded who have been collected there from two or three dépôts. On account of the firing, these ambulances may not be able to come in till dark.

In spite of all precautions, the shadow of danger hovers dark over the men who work in these stations. In the midst of a heap of bricks and rubbish, in a ruined village of France, some blue crystals of copper sulphate one day attracted my attention. I wondered how they had come there. 'Oh, that's all that is left of a dressing station,' came the reply. 'A "coal-box"¹ went square into it; but the wounded were in the dugout behind it, and were not touched.'

It is hard going for the motor ambulances over the shell-torn roads; but squads of Tommies are eternally repairing and filling up holes. The

wagons have good springs, and are as merciful as anything could be. In places where the motors cannot go, horse-drawn ambulances assist.

The next stop is the field ambulance, which collects the wounded from three or four dressing stations. It usually has room for about one hundred and fifty patients at a time. It must be ready to move at once if the line moves, and yet be able to keep patients for two or three days if necessary. It provides for operations on men wounded in the abdomen, or chest, for in these cases every moment gained is priceless. If possible, it is located beyond reach of the enemy's guns. Each bed is, in reality, a stretcher, raised on rough wooden legs, so that it can be quickly carried off, patient and all, if need arises. Each field ambulance has ten medical officers and two hundred and thirty or two hundred and forty men for stretcher-bearing and for tent work. Its motor ambulances leave for the dressing stations about sunset; to avoid accidents, as far as possible their work must be done at night. The doctors go right on the field with the stretcher-bearers, and many have been killed at this work. They must stumble along in the dark—not even wearing the Red Cross badge, because the white on it serves as a mark for the enemy's snipers. Three of these doctors are civil surgeons, specially brought out for their known skill and experience. Yet no man in the R.A.M.C., of whatever eminence, receives more than the regimental pay of his rank, however much he loses by accepting the commission.

Of course, all the desirable conditions can seldom prevail. More than once, these field ambulances have shared the fate of the advanced dressing stations; they have been shelled, and lost men thereby. More than one brave man has had to operate hour

¹ Soldier's slang for a shell of large calibre.—
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after hour in these unfavorable situations, at the peril of his life, just as the shells may also destroy the roads, upset the ambulance cars, and kill the stretcher-bearers. Yet one field ambulance at least has saved many lives by being a 'special abdominal hospital.' One poor fellow was operated on an hour after being wounded, and was saved as a result. The roof was one day knocked off by a shell, but no one was hurt, and the 'special hospital' only moved a few hundred yards to one side, nearer a friendly mound. It is all in the day's work.

That is the spirit in which my friend Colonel — accepted his vicissitudes. Earlier in the war he had made his field ambulance in a church, where he had three hundred wounded. The Germans overran the place before he could move the poor fellows. He chose to stay by his wounded. From the enemy he could get neither food nor dressings; indeed, he was forced to help them, while foraging as best he could for his own men, between times. One morning the Germans raised hurried barricades across the streets. An excited battery, drawn up in the road, began firing, and was shortly answered by another from a distance. Then a French battery suddenly came into sight on the sky-line. The Germans hastily packed up and disappeared, but not before they had rushed to the church, seized on any wounded who were able to stand or hobble, and carried them off. The colonel, rushing out to welcome the incoming French, found himself brought up short at the point of several bayonets. He had been mistaken for a disguised German. But when once he was recognized, the hearty Frenchmen overwhelmed him with more kisses on both cheeks than fall to the lot of the average British officer.

From the field ambulance, the stream flows on to the next stage in the

long journey — the hospital at the nearest rail-head, called a Casualty Clearing Station. Now that the roads are better, traveling is safer, and shells seldom reach so far back. In France, where firm trust in the line prevails, there has been a wonderful development of these stations. A large proportion of their two hundred beds are real hospital beds. The presence of nurses and sisters adds a psychic and spiritual factor of untold value to the man on the road to recovery. Patients likely to get well in a fortnight need go no farther than these stations. Every ingenuity has been exercised to adapt the school, brewery, or whatever the buildings occupied, to the purposes of preventing wastage, and at the same time so thoroughly renewing 'Tommy' that he may soon be back in the fighting line again. Some casualty clearing stations have become really marvelous hives of work. Out of the eight officers at each station, four are probably civil surgeons with varied, special lines of work; while the eighty-five men allotted include carpenters, tinsmiths, washmen, store clerks, dispensers, armorers, wardmen, and that useful variety of man called 'batman.' This place is really like a large sieve. Cases that will need long treatment, and, in rush times, less serious cases, are placed on hospital trains, each with three medical officers and two nurses, or on large canal barges if the jolting of the train is liable to hurt such injuries as bad fractures — five hundred men in a train, or thirty on a barge. A motor convoy, with a doctor in charge, always does the transference work.

Some casualty clearing stations are almost entirely rest-camps, sending the less serious cases back in a week or two, but with everything renewed, washed, repaired, and ready for the line. Splendid new surgical methods have been devised, and fractures can now be set

here so that frequently they will need no rearrangement at the base hospital. Many operations entailing the removal of larger and more obvious foreign bodies can be performed; much other major surgery is also accomplished. Hundreds of our soldiers are now healed at these developed casualty clearing stations, and are saved the time and expense involved in sending them to the base.

And now, the serious cases, arrived at one of the bases, which are purposefully multiplied so that the stream can never be entirely blocked by any accident, are carried in motor ambulances (in France now the property of the Red Cross Society) to the stationary general, or special, hospitals provided. In these are found every comfort and convenience of the most modern hospital. To-day over fifty thousand beds are ready if required. These hospitals at first had to be installed in hired hotels, or in canvas marquees; but gradually they are being transferred to veritable cities of asbestos, iron, or wooden huts, on the beautiful French seacoast. There are infectious hospitals, special fracture hospitals, hospitals for slight dressings, massage, and finishing-up purposes, fine convalescent camps, and, beyond all this, provisions for games, for recreation at night, and for religious exercises.

Those men who cannot return to the line are periodically shipped to England on fine hospital steamers, still in charge of doctors and nurses, and go to hospitals in England if necessary. That only one hospital ship has been torpedoed, or mined, in this 'everyday' service is a marvelous testimony to the efficiency of the naval guard. In order that empty beds may always be ready 'across the water,' and no wounded men be left untended, there must always be some units more or less idle to meet the varying requirements of this

unprecedented war. One man blames Lemnos and Malta for having too many doctors while another blames Mesopotamia for having too few. In France at least, where the main part of our armies is located, the balance has been most wonderfully preserved.

The good men of the R.A.M.C. see the magnitude and difficulty of the problems, and if they feel they 'might do more elsewhere,' instead of squealing they find temporarily other outlets for their energies — and these are endless. The fact that a small percentage in every profession is faulty is only a confession that this is a human world. The one great comfort which the public can take to heart is that the heads of the service are not the inflexible, conservative officials, who care only for old methods, and conventions, and statistics — as critics both in and out of Parliament might lead us to infer. In France, where I saw the work of the R.A.M.C. from the base to the trenches, the one great, impressive feature was the flexibility displayed, and that willingness to receive suggestions which alone can lead to perfection. Such suggestions are tested thoroughly, and the old methods discarded if found wanting.

III

A fine detective service is always a comfort to peace-abiding people, because it suggests efficiency. A better knowledge of the R.A.M.C. in France reveals it as a thoroughly up-to-date secret service. Each division of sixty thousand men has a chief executive officer, called the A.D.M.S., — assistant director of medical services, — as has each base, and also each advanced base. These report to their army head offices, over which presides a D.M.S., — director of medical services, — and these again to the surgeon-general at General Headquarters, 'somewhere in

France.' The town where he works is not named. Even if one finds the town, only the elect know where the G.H.Q. is; and only those who gain admittance to it would credit the truly marvelous system which enables it to keep in touch with every last medical officer, with every individual patient, and, of course, with the War Office in England.

Endless graphic charts in bright colors are kept, illustrating every valuable line of knowledge connected with the administration of the forces. During our visit a discussion on the value of helmets arose. Instantly a chart was produced showing at a glance every head wound for every day since the office started work, and the proportion of head wounds to those of any other part of the body. Thus, for one month, let us suppose that the total wounds were three thousand two hundred. Seven hundred and sixteen were of the head. Of these four hundred were slight, two hundred severe. The majority were on the side and back of the head, as against the crown, and were in the order of shrapnel, bullet, shell. The leg injuries came next — four hundred and twenty; the chest, two hundred; and the abdomen, one hundred. By comparing the months, and taking into consideration the movements of the line, invaluable suggestions had been made.

Again, the discussion turned to the losses from typhoid fever. Charts were instantly produced, showing that in the Boer War the wastage from typhoid was one hundred men out of every thousand; in Dongola, seventy; in the Nile expedition, eighty-five; in China, twenty; in Mashonaland, sixty; in France to-day, one; and even with the addition of doubtful cases and para-typhoids, it is only three and eight tenths. If one case of typhoid is diagnosed in the whole British Expeditionary Force, from Switzerland to the sea,

it is known by telegraph the same night at G.H.Q., and next morning the cause of its origin must be hunted for by the medical officer nearest the case. Yet in the trenches west of Ypres our Allies had 6000 cases of typhoid when we took them over. Typhoid was endemic in all the villages, and 26,000 Belgians had to be persuaded to be vaccinated.

The 'trench-feet' chart was the next one produced. It showed a tracing somewhat like that of the fever of acute pneumonia, — large numbers at first, and then a rapid return to next to none, — a fall like the subsidence of the fever crisis. Once and again occurred a little rise, a small relapse, but each one was accounted for. The week before, we had seen a batch of Highlanders straight out of the trenches, with disabled feet, sitting and lying around a large dressing station. The chart instantly revealed, not only the fact, but the cause: continuous fighting, wet, snow-flooded trenches, no time to change socks for two days, and so no reprimand for the medical officers in charge. 'Trench feet' have almost become a misdemeanor, so successful are the precautions for preventing the trouble.

To us, the most interesting chart of all was that showing the total sick and wounded for every day of the war. The lines of rise and fall looked much like relapsing fever, and with the brief appended comments, it gave one a history of the fighting. This big red rise meant Loos, and that one Festubert; this one meant the Battle of Ypres, that one the advance of Hooge. The level blue line denoted fine weather in Flanders and less sickness. The strange thing seemed that sickness showed always nearly twice as much wastage as wounds (except in cases of big attacks) in spite of all the advances of hygiene. We also noticed that, when fighting

was most severe, sickness grew less. 'No time to take notice of it' was the explanation.

The public must realize that examinations for physical fitness to enter the army are fallible and are often hurried. A certain economic loss is entailed by drilling and sending out men who have later to be sent home as useless. Seeing that old men give false ages to get passed through, and that young men are no more veracious; that appearances are deceptive; that past illnesses may be denied, and many disabilities and hereditary taints concealed temporarily, this wastage will always occur. But where it occurs is accurately known; it is brought home as soon as possible to the responsible examiner, and, if his mistakes are serious, he soon finds himself weeded out, like other 'undesirables.'

The consideration of just one apparently simple problem — the personal cleanliness of the armies — is worth a moment's attention. It is unnecessary to say that it is a matter of supreme importance. The very first step had to be to take over the whole sanitary arrangements of every village and town anywhere near the fighting lines, the water-supply, sewerage, and drainage: an Augean task for the modern Hercules! But it has been accomplished, as the splendid health statistics of the enormous semi-stationary armies that flooded into these villages demonstrate. Ambulatory chemical laboratories repeatedly test the source of every water-supply; not a pump or tap but has a certificate of some kind attached to it. Ambulatory pathological laboratories everywhere pry into the secrets of 'bug diseases.' Breweries and factories are commandeered and converted into public baths. Two thousand Tommies a day are washed in one of these, in batches of one hundred and fifty — at times to the music of 'Jack Johnsons'

dropping into the water-supply. 'Tin sheds' have been erected for 'itch' treatment — a skin disease that has laid up as many as four thousand men at a time. No happier men exist in France anywhere than these victims just freed from their tortures. The jolly naked crowds of splendidly developed fellows, singing and shouting in the great baths within hearing of the thunder of the guns, make the murder of war seem plain devilish.

The plagues of vermin are an additional horror. A shirt preserved in a glass at — Baths is said to have come there unattended. So while Tommy is tubbing, his clothes are superheated and hot-ironed; clean underclothing is provided, and he goes out a self-respecting being again.

Meanwhile, in improvised laundries, truly built of 'consecrated' iron, one sees through Newfoundland fogs of steam heroic squadrons of women attacking what appear, in that flat country, to be mountains of the dirty clothes of armies. They also work to the accompaniment of shrapnel and shell. Never were there truer 'companions of the Bath' than these women.

Sewage and garbage are dealt with by clever economic incinerators built of old tins and clay, in which the fires burn as eternal as in the Valley of Hinnom.

In these and a thousand other ways, the R.A.M.C. is holding down water-borne diseases, preventing tropical sicknesses, avoiding dietetic troubles, and nipping 'filth' diseases in the bud, until the total sick ratio per thousand for the army in the field is a little more than one half that of ordinary civil life. The scrupulous worship of Hygeia is more dramatic in its results than even the cult of Æsculapius.

In a well-known magazine, a British officer a short while ago wrote, 'For every Englishman killed in the war,

two will be created.' Every oarsman knows that a crew is more likely to win, the less dead weight it has to carry; and although this war has killed off a large number of our physically best men, it has as certainly made many new ones, both body and soul, out of those who were anæmic, neurotic, bottle-shouldered, flat-chested, with cramped lungs, embarrassed hearts, liable to every malady that came along — turning these by the magic of the open-air life and the sanitary care of the R.A.M.C. into veritable tan-faced giants. Hundreds have had handicapping physical deformities operated on and cured; thousands have had infected, rheumatism-causing teeth and throats cleaned up and repaired by the R.A.M.C. — men who never would have had treatment in peace times. Thousands have learned to appreciate simple and more natural living; tens of thousands are interested as they never were in the things that make for true manhood. At length the man of arms has accepted the man of science as a real factor in fighting; has given to him the same rank and insignia and the chance to share the same honors. The world has realized that his claim to recognition depends not merely on successful operations on the wounded, and that even the battle with dirt and drains is an honorable calling.

It is often said now that if the government service was what it ought to be there would be no need for a Red Cross Society at all; and its very existence does at first seem a stricture on the R.A.M.C. The world at last has agreed that the soldier wounded has as much right to be cared for by government as the soldier unwounded — not merely because that is good economy but because it is inherently right. There are always, however, many things needful, which, in England, we prefer to leave to voluntary work,

and we hate naturally every form of conscription. The Red Cross is essential when sudden strains arise, as at the beginning of this war, or in suddenly developed new fields, as in Serbia, when we or our Allies have still no adequate government organization to meet the needs of the moment. The Red Cross is an invaluable outlet for these services of love that honor a nation, and a blessing of untold value to those who find in it the peculiar opportunity they want for exercising their capacities for unselfishness. To the worried doctor it brings help immediately, when organization on more rigid rules spells delay. To the wounded soldier it spells luxuries which no public service yet considers that it is justified in charging to the taxpayer.

On the other hand, like every other presentation of the ideal of the great Master, its ideal is to work for its own elimination. One service under one control is the ideal; voluntary hospitals dotted here and there are far from desirable, however useful they may be temporarily. It is the duty and privilege of government — I say this advisedly — to provide all that is needed for the heroic men who give their lives for their country. That there should be inadequate medical provisions, something lacking because of a shortage of voluntary funds, is almost worse than the failure to insist on universal service when the fate of the nation is hanging in the balance. The system cannot afford to risk being haphazard; the R.A.M.C. must be every bit as scientific as the fighting branch of the service. This it can be only under one government control; and division simply means overlapping and waste. It is the one great fault of the present-day service of man's higher self — the division that seeks to bolster particular methods, and thus befog or lose sight of the main issue.

We forget that the human body is the most wonderful material machine between earth and heaven. The fact of death still forces us to admit that the knowledge of how to keep it in perfect running order still lies within a sealed book, which prayers, no less than pills and potions, have failed completely to open. The diverse schools of medicine, the various arts of healing, the large fortunes of the venders of patent medicines, the patronage accorded to the shrines that work miracles, show that even in the more stable times of peace the public is inclined to question the value of the discoveries of science.

The R.A.M.C. has demonstrated to the most skeptical by its sanitation results, as well as by its vaccines and sera,

and at a time when the long casualty lists come in and our loved ones are in danger, the rationality of experimental research. The confidence inspired in man's capacity to adapt himself to a hard environment is fostering the spirit of Empire among men whom circumstance and vocation had hitherto tied to the office or the counter. No chronicle as yet records the deeds of the R.A.M.C., its splendid devotion, its scientific triumphs, its unselfish economies. It never blows its own trumpet. Truly 'it seeketh not its own.' Only generations to come will fully appreciate the nation's debt to that noble body, which for the first time in history has really begun to come to its own — in this, the greatest war of all times.

VERDUN

BY HENRY SHEAHAN

THE Verdun I saw in April, 1913, was an out-of-the-way provincial city of little importance outside of its situation as the nucleus of a great fortress. There were two cities, — an old one, *la ville des évêques*, on a kind of acropolis rising from the left bank of the Meuse, and a newer one built on the meadows of the river. Round the acropolis Vauban had built a citadel whose steep, green-black walls struck root in the mean streets and narrow lanes on the slopes. Sunless by-ways, ill paved and sour with the odor of surface drainage, led to it. Always picturesque, the old town now and then took on a real beauty. There were fine, shield-bear-

ing doorways of the Renaissance to be seen, Gothic windows in greasy walls, and here and there at a street corner a huddle of half-timbered houses in a high contrast of invading sunlight and retreating shade. From the cathedral parapet, there was a view of the distant forts, and a horizontal sweep of the unharvested, buff-brown moorlands.

'Un peu morte,' say the French who knew Verdun before the war. The new town was without distinction. It was out of date. It had none of the glories that the province copies from Paris, no boulevards, no *grandes artères*. Such life as there was, was military. Rue Mazel was bright with the gold braid

and scarlet of the *fournisseurs militaires*, and in the late afternoon *chic* young officers enlivened the provincial dinginess with a brave show of handsome uniforms. All day long squads of soldiers went flick! flack! up and down the street. Bugle-calls sounded piercingly from the citadel. The soldiery submerged the civil population.

With no industries of any importance, and becoming less and less of an economic centre as the depopulation of the Woevre continued, Verdun lived for its garrison. A fortress since Roman days, the city could not escape its historic destiny. Remembering the citadel, the buttressed cathedral, the soldiery, and the military tradition, the visitor felt himself to be in a soldier's country strong with the memory of many wars.

During the winter great activity in the German trenches near Verdun had led the French to expect an attack, but it was not till the end of January that aeroplane reconnoitring made certain the imminence of an offensive. As a first step in countering it, the French authorities prepared in the villages surrounding Bar-le-Duc a number of dépôts for troops, army supplies, and ammunition. Of this organization, Bar-le-Duc was the key. The preparations for the counter-attack were there centralized. Day after day convoys of motor lorries carrying troops ground into town and disappeared to the eastward, big mortars mounted on trucks came rattling over the pavements to go no one knew where, and khaki-clad troops, 'troupes d'attaque,' tanned *Marocains* and chunky, bull-necked Zouaves, crossed the bridge over the Ornain and marched away. At the turn in the road a new transparency had been erected, with VERDUN printed on it in huge letters. Now and then a soldier, catching sight of it, would nudge his comrade.

On the eighteenth we were told to be in readiness to go at any minute, and permissions to leave the barrack yard were recalled.

The attack began with an air raid on Bar-le-Duc. I was working on my engine in the sun-lit barrack yard when I heard a muffled *Pom!* somewhere to the right. Two French drivers who were putting a tire on their car jumped up with a 'Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?' We stood together looking round. Beyond a wall on the other side of the river great volumes of brownish smoke were rolling up, and high in the air, brown and silvery, like great locusts, were two German 'planes.

'Nom d'un chien, il y'en a plusieurs,' said one of the Frenchmen, pointing out four, five, seven, nine 'planes. One seemed to hang immobile over the barrack yard. I fancy we all had visions of what would happen if a bomb hit the nearby gasoline reserve. Men ran across the yard to the shelter of the dormitories; some, caught as we were in the open, preferred to take a chance on dropping flat under a car. A whistling scream, a kind of shrill increasing shriek, sounded in the air and ended in a crash. Smoke rolled up heavily in another direction. Another whistle, another crash, another and another and another. The last building struck shot up great tongues of flame. 'C'est la gare,' said somebody. Across the yard a comrade's arm beckoned me, 'Come on, we've got to help put out the fires!'

The streets were quite deserted; horses and wagons abandoned to their fate were, however, quietly holding their places. Faces, emotionally divided between fear and strong interest, peered at us as we ran by, disappearing at the first whistle of a bomb, for all the world like hermit-crabs into their shells. A whistle sent us both scurrying into a passageway; the shell fell with a wicked hiss, and, scattering the

paving stones to the four winds, blew a shallow crater in the roadway. A big cart horse, hit in the neck and forelegs by fragments of the shell, screamed hideously. Right at the bridge, the sentry, an old territorial, was watching the whole scene from his flimsy box with every appearance of unconcern.

Not the station itself, but a kind of baggage-shed was on fire. A hose fed by an old-fashioned seesaw pump was being played on the flames. Officials of the railroad company ran to and fro shouting unintelligible orders. For five minutes more the German 'planes hovered overhead, then slowly melted away into the sky to the southeast. The raid had lasted, I imagine, just about twenty minutes.

That night, fearing another raid, all lights were extinguished in the town and at the barracks. Before rolling up in my blankets, I went out into the yard to get a few breaths of fresh air. Through the night air, rising and falling with the wind, I heard in one of the random silences of the night a low, distant drumming of artillery.

The next day, at noon, we were ordered to go to M—, and at twelve-fifteen we were in convoy formation in the road by the barrack walls. The great *route nationale* from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun runs through a rolling, buff-brown moorland, poor in villages and arid and desolate in aspect. Now it sinks through moorland valleys, now it cuts bowl-shaped depressions in which the spring rains have bred green quagmires, and now, rising, leaps the crest of a hill commanding a landscape of ocean-like immensity.

Gray segments of the road disappear ahead behind fuzzy monticules; a cloud of wood-smoke hangs low over some invisible village in a fold of the moor, and patches of woodland lie like mantles on the barren slopes. Great swathes of barbed wire, a quarter of a mile in

width, advancing and retreating, rising and falling with the geographical nature of the defensive position, disappear on both sides to the horizon. And so thick is this wire spread, that after a certain distance the eye fails to distinguish the individual threads and sees only rows of stout black posts filled with a steely, purple mist.

We went through several villages, being greeted in every one with the inevitable error, 'Anglais!' We dodged interminable motor-convoys carrying troops, the *poilus* sitting unconcernedly along the benches at the side, their rifles tight between their knees. At midnight we arrived at B—, four miles and a half west of Verdun. The night was clear and bitter cold; the ice-blue winter stars were westering. Refugees tramped past in the darkness. By the sputtering light of a match, I saw a woman go by with a cat in a canary cage; the animal moved uneasily, its eyes shone with fear. A middle-aged soldier went by accompanying an old woman and a young girl. Many pushed baby carriages ahead of them full of knickknacks and packages.

The crossroad where the ambulances turned off was a maze of beams of light from the autos. There was shouting of orders which nobody could carry out. Wounded, able to walk, passed through the beams of the lamps, the red of their blood-stains, detached against the white of the bandages, presenting the sharpest of contrasts in the silvery glare. At the station, men who had died in the ambulances were dumped hurriedly in a plot of grass by the side of the roadway and covered with a blanket. Never was there seen such a bedlam! But on the main road the great convoys moved smoothly on as if held together by an invisible chain. A smouldering in the sky told of fires in Verdun. Another comrade and I were sent to get some wounded in the town.

From a high hill between B—— and Verdun I got my first good look at the bombardment. From the edge of earth and sky, far across the moorlands, ray after ray of violet-white fire made a swift stab at the stars. Mingled with the rays, now seen here, now there, the reddish-violet semi-circle of the great mortars flared for the briefest instant above the horizon. From the direction of this inferno came a loud roaring, a rumbling and roaring, increasing in volume — the sound of a great river tossing huge rocks through subterranean abysses. Every little while a great shell, falling in the city, would blow a great hole of white in the night, and so thundering was the crash of arrival that we almost expected to see the city sink into the earth.

Terrible in the desolation of the night, on fire, haunted by spectres of wounded men who crept along the narrow lanes by the city walls, Verdun was once more undergoing the destinies of war. The shells were falling along rue Mazel and on the citadel. A group of old houses by the Meuse had burnt to rafters of flickering flame, and as I passed them, one collapsed into the flooded river in a cloud of hissing steam.

In order to escape shells, the wounded were taking the obscure by-ways of the town. Our wounded had started to walk to the ambulance station with the others, but, being weak and exhausted, had collapsed on the way. They were waiting for us at a little house just beyond the walls. Said one to the other, 'As-tu vu Maurice?' and the other answered without any emotion, 'Il est mort.'

The twenty-fourth was the most dreadful day. The wind and snow swept the heights of the desolate moor, seriously interfering with the running of the automobiles. Here and there, on a slope, a lorry was stuck in the slush,

though the soldier passengers were out of it and doing their best to push it along. The cannonade was still so intense that, in intervals between the heavier snow-flurries, I could see the stabs of fire in the brownish sky. Wrapped in sheepskins and muffled to the ears in knitted scarves that might have come from New England, the territorials who had charge of the road were filling the ruts with crushed rock. Exhaustion had begun to tell on the horses; many lay dead and snowy in the frozen fields. A detachment of khaki-clad, red-fezzed colonial troops passed by, bent to the storm. The news was of the most depressing sort. The wounded could give you only the story of their part of the line, and you heard over and over again, 'Nous avons reculé.' A detachment of cavalry was at hand; their casques and dark blue mantles gave them a crusading air. And through the increasing cold and darkness of late afternoon, troops, cannons, horsemen, and motor-trucks vanished toward the edge of the moor where flashed with increasing brilliance the rays of the artillery.

The driving snow half blinded me. I fell into conversation with a wounded soldier who sat beside me — a chunky black *poilu* wounded in the arm. He wanted to know what I did *en civil*. 'I am a pastry-cook,' said he. 'Oh, the good old days! I do the cooking and my wife keeps the shop. When this damned war is over, come and have a cake with me.'

I saw some German prisoners for the first time at T——, below Verdun. They had been marched down from the firing-line. Young men in the twenties for the most part, they seemed even more war-worn than the French. The hideous, helot-like uniform of the German private hung loosely on their shoulders, and the color of their skin was unhealthy and greenish. They were far

from appearing starved; I noticed two or three who looked particularly sound and hearty. Nevertheless, they were by no means as sound-looking as the ruddier French.

The *poilus* crowded round to see them, staring into their faces without the least malevolence. At last — at last — *voilà enfin des Boches!* A little to the side stood a strange pair, two big men wearing an odd kind of grayish protector and apron over their bodies. Against a nearby wall stood a kind of flattish tank to which a long metallic hose was attached. The French soldiers eyed them with contempt and disgust. I caught the words, 'Flame-throwers!'

The Verdun I saw on March 24, 1916, after a month of explosive shells and incendiary bombs, was almost half in ruin. Almost every house was bitten and pock-marked with fragments of shell. A large number, disemboweled

by projectiles, had fallen into the street. Incendiary shells had done the greatest damage, burning great ugly areas in the close-packed streets.

Opening on rue Mazel, by some miracle untouched, was the gay shop window of a military tailor, and in the window stood a mannikin dressed as a lieutenant. With hand raised to salute, of irreproachable *tenue*, the dummy surveyed the scene of desolation with inane eyes. Shells have scarred the steep walls of the citadel, and dug great craters in the enclosure at the summit. Many times in a day shells start new fires, which a brigade of territorials and police officers put out if they can. The smoke of the artillery hangs low on the buff-brown moor. There are German assaults at Malancourt and toward the Hauts de Meuse. But the great attack is over. Both sides know it. Verdun is beyond all question out of danger.

SWITZERLAND'S PART

BY MARIE-MARGUÉRITE FRÉCHETTE

I

SWITZERLAND, that little country entirely surrounded by war, is playing a very noble and unselfish part in the world's tragedy. When war broke out the Swiss people accepted without a murmur the sacrifice that the mobilization of their army involved, and have, in spite of their heavy financial burdens, sought to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate victims of the war in all the belligerent countries.

August 1 is the national holiday in Switzerland. It is fêted with enthusiasm by all classes. From every accessible mountain peak at dusk rises a beacon fire to show that all goes well. But on August 1, 1914, there were few beacon fires, and no merrymaking, for the day before, in each town and village, a man with a drum had called the people together, and had read the notice of the mobilization of most of the army for the following Monday. The farmers were in the midst of their harvesting

and the *vignerons* were jealously tending their vines in prospect of a good yield of fruit. In ordinary times this work would have been put aside for the festivities, which usually begin with games, target-shooting, and tests of strength, and end with dances at the cafés. But this year, with the men and horses going, there was little enough time for all the necessary work, so the fields were peopled from dawn to dusk; children and old people raked up the hay which strong young women and men cut with the heavy Swiss scythes. And to every Alpine pasture was sent some one not fit for military service, to replace the cowherds, who, upon these heights, care for the combined herds of the villagers.

The grave question whether Switzerland would share the fate of Luxembourg and Belgium engrossed every mind. The frontiers must be guarded; so there was no lamenting heard when the men left. In the country the women went back to their double burdens; in the towns many shops were closed, and as quickly as possible most of the thousands of foreigners left for their respective countries.

Those who stayed on had occasion to benefit by the kindness of the Swiss hotel-keepers. Many were entertained for weeks without paying a cent of board, and some were even supplied with pocket-money until funds could arrive from their homes. The financial loss to these same hotel-keepers has been enormous, for they, and much of Swiss commerce, depend almost exclusively upon the tourists, who, since the beginning of hostilities, have naturally been almost non-existent.

At that very moment, when, by reason of the mobilization, the State was compelled to make a large and unusual outlay, the receipts of its railroads dropped to almost nothing; so the people have not only given their personal

services, but have very heavy additional taxes to pay as well. It might have seemed natural that, under conditions imposed upon them by a war in no way sympathetic to them, the Swiss should have contented themselves with doing this, their full duty. But so far from this being the case, collections were made on all sides in favor of the victims of the war, and well-organized benevolent works sprang into existence.

Hundreds of homeless Belgians were received and distributed about the country, none except the ill going into institutions, but all being sent into Swiss homes — a child, or an old couple, or a whole family, according to the request of the householder. And there were offers of homes for a thousand more children than came. As a precautionary measure against epidemics, these refugees, on their arrival at Geneva or Lausanne, were detained for twenty-four hours before being sent to their destinations. During this time they were given new clothes and a bath, and were examined by a doctor; and a complete record, with all particulars as to health, place of origin, and so on, was made for each individual. Through this record many families have been reunited.

Something of the same kind is now being done for the Serbs, and a large contingent of Serbian orphans is expected. These children will be taken into homes where they will be treated as members of the family, and will be brought up with ideals of democracy as understood by the Swiss.

Much financial aid has also been sent to the Polish, Lithuanian, and Armenian sufferers, it being the only kind possible under the circumstances.

Soon after the war began, appeals came from France and Serbia for medical aid in their hospitals. One of the greatest Swiss surgeons went to Besançon, where he worked with several of his

assistants and a staff of Swiss nurses until his University duties recalled him to Lausanne. Other Swiss surgeons and nurses went to different hospitals in France; and five young surgeons (one of whom had already been decorated for his services during the Balkan War) left for Serbia, where, after valiant work, three fell victims to typhus, from which only one recovered. Other eminent surgeons gave their services for a time to Austria and Germany.

II

Though in its relief work, as in every other official attitude, Switzerland is entirely neutral, its geographical position makes it natural that the bulk of its work should have to do with the victims of the western theatre of war; and it is particularly with this part that I shall deal.

Early in 1915, at the instance of the Swiss government, France and Germany agreed to an exchange, through the medium of the Swiss Red Cross, of those prisoners of war too badly wounded for future military service. At intervals ever since, Swiss Red Cross hospital trains have simultaneously left Constance and Lyons, loaded with the wounded. The trains are arranged with tiers of stretchers on either side of the cars, and on the stretchers the invalids make the journey with a minimum of fatigue. Swiss doctors and nurses superintend the loading and unloading, and accompany the trains.

In this way thousands of the most severely wounded, or incurably sick, soldier prisoners have been able to regain their homes, or to be cared for in hospitals in their own countries. The governments of both France and Germany have shown themselves most grateful, and it was in recognition of this humane work that the French government presented to Switzerland

a military aeroplane which had been obliged to alight on Swiss territory.

If thousands of French and German wounded have been exchanged by the Swiss, the interned civilians who have been repatriated may be counted by tens of thousands. Most of these were Belgians and French of the invaded regions, directed into France after having been interned for long or short periods in Germany. As the majority of these unfortunates had been taken from their homes at a moment's notice, their sufferings had been great.

With those going into Germany, this was not often the case, for they were for the most part the wives and families of Austrians and Germans who had been living in France before the war, and from the outbreak of hostilities had known that they must leave. At the Swiss frontier (at Schaffhausen, if coming from Germany, and at Geneva, if coming from France) all were welcomed, fed, given a bath and an entire change of clothing if in need, and allowed to rest before being sent on in special trains.

This service of exchange of wounded and civilians is in charge of the Swiss Red Cross and the Territorial Service of the Army. The State, which owns the railroads, bears the expense of transportation, and individuals give the food and clothing. At all stations along their route, these trains, whether they pass by day or during the night, are met by large crowds who show their sympathy by bringing gifts of dainties and little comforts to the poor people who for so long have had nothing but the barest necessities of life. That this is appreciated is shown by the cheers of 'Vive la Suisse!'—sincere but quavering—that go up from the sick and aged, the women and children who pack the cars, and by the touching and grateful letters received by the committees after the travelers reach their destinations.

Often from the crowds on the station platforms are heard anxious inquiries addressed to the travelers as to whether any of them come from such and such a place, and whether they can give news of the whereabouts or fate of this family or that; and, surprisingly, some one is often found who does know the locality, and tells mournfully that the house of the family in question has been sacked and burned, and that the people sought for are also among those interned. Then the inquirer waits feverishly until the date when he finds upon the list of those passing through the name for which he is searching; and the meeting takes place.

In addition to providing the trains mentioned above, the Swiss government sends post-free packages of all sorts, letters, and money orders, addressed to prisoners. The magnitude of this enterprise will be better understood if I describe the War Prisoners' post-office in Berne, in which mail-matter coming from foreign countries, to or from prisoners, is handled.

The office is in a great hall, one end of which is reserved for letters and money orders, while in the remainder stand great heaps of bags filled with packages waiting to be taken to the trains, and other mountains of parcels being sorted into bags by soldier employees. Two soldiers are constantly occupied in rewrapping and tying parcels which have come undone, while ten others are kept busy transporting the mail-bags to and from the station. The packages handled in this office are all rather small, under one kilogramme ($2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds) in weight, and most go to Germany. Many of those I saw rewrapped contained a loaf of bread, or some other kind of food. Often the addresses are very difficult for the authorities to decipher, as the foreign names of prisoners' camps, written by hands evidently unaccustomed to that kind of work,

are strangely altered. The care given to correcting the addresses on packages, as well as on letters, was most noticeable, and every employee seemed eager to do everything possible to make their arrival prompt and certain.

The letters and money orders are all handled by regular post-office employees, and they involve much more than the usual amount of work, for, as the superintendent told me, the department wants to hasten the arrival of this mail at its destination. To this end, bundles of prisoners' letters and cards coming from Germany, marked simply *France*, are sorted for the different towns at Berne, instead of being forwarded to await their turn for sorting in the overworked, under-manned French frontier post-office. With this precaution taken, the mail is usually received about a fortnight after being sent.

The letters are often open and contain little gifts made by the prisoners. I was shown a really beautiful little seal ring of silver, the monogram being inlaid with copper, with the name of the maker engraved on the inside. The workmanship was exquisite, and one realized how precious the gift would be to the person for whom it was destined.

The money orders, too, involve much extra work, for the space reserved for 'remarks' is often filled by a closely written little letter — I saw one beginning 'Caro Figlio.' As financial relations are entirely broken off between the belligerent nations, Switzerland cannot forward the orders received, as in time of peace, but must make out a new *Swiss* order, instead of the original one. The country sending the money pays it to Switzerland, and Switzerland in turn pays the country in which the prisoner is held. Not only are these money orders rewritten, but the letters upon them are copied faithfully, so

that, though in a strange hand-writing, the recipient gets the greetings with his money. Orders for about twenty thousand francs are received daily from France, and for about half that amount from Germany. During the month of December, 1915, over four hundred thousand francs were transmitted from Austria-Hungary to prisoners in Russia.

My attention was called to a bundle of letters just arrived from France, in which envelope after envelope, in the same handwriting, was addressed to the chaplain of each camp of prisoners and lazaret in Germany. The Superintendent told me that these were probably inquiries sent by the family of a soldier reported 'missing.'

In the Christmas mails there were many little Christmas trees with their pathetic home-made ornaments and 'goodies,' sent to German prisoners in France, and, going in both directions, thousands of photographs of prisoners. It was noticeable in the poses of these photographs that the hands were held in full view — proof positive for their families that the prisoners had not lost them. A group of six Parisians had hit upon the idea of being photographed under a shower-bath. What better way could there be of showing that their wounds were healed and that they were in physically good condition?

Of the picture post-cards decorated by the prisoners themselves, there were many of real artistic value — a curious psychological detail being that, where figures did not form the subject in either original or printed cards, the French prisoners usually chose flowers, while the Germans chose landscapes, preferably winter landscapes. The spirit shown in both photographs and cards was good, for, thanks to the facility in communicating with their families and to the substantial help from the 'Prisoners' Aid' societies, life in the prison-camps is far more endurable than it was.

Though the bulk of prisoners' mail passing through Berne goes from France to Germany, and *vice versa*, Switzerland also sends letters, money orders and small packages to Bulgaria, Turkey, Japan; to Great Britain and Italy, with their colonies, and to those of France. Letters and money orders are sent to Montenegro; and money orders between Austria-Hungary and Russia. Between France and Germany, as well as from Switzerland itself to either of these countries, packages up to 5 kilogrammes, addressed to prisoners, are also sent post-free.

III

A few statistics may be interesting: 7,782,680 letters and cards, and 636,839 small packages passed through the War Prisoners' post-office in Berne in December, 1915. Large packages (up to 5 kilogrammes) for prisoners, handled by the Swiss post-offices in the same month, numbered 2,427,376. Packages of bread sent from various towns in Switzerland from the beginning of the war up to the end of 1915, amounted to 751,404, aggregating 1,428,267 kilogrammes. The large consignments of bread sent by the English, French, Russian and other committees of the 'Prisoners' Aid' go in carloads by express service, also at the expense of the State, and do not pass through the post-office.

There are two hundred and fifty post-office employees working exclusively for the War Prisoners' post-offices, and, in 1915, these offices cost the Administration four hundred and twenty-three thousand francs. The amount which the mail-matter handled would have brought in revenue to the country had it been stamped in the usual way, would, for the year 1915, have reached over nine million francs. Of this sum, seven million francs would

have come from the consignments going to and from French civil and military prisoners in Germany.

Soldiers doing service on the front in Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, and Italy have free postal privileges when writing to members of their families who reside in Switzerland, and Swiss soldiers doing service have reciprocal privileges when writing to members of their families residing in Austria-Hungary, France, and Germany.

One cannot leave the subject of correspondence between the victims of the war without speaking of the several admirable organizations in Switzerland which have as their object the facilitating of communication between members of families separated. Certain of these committees occupy themselves exclusively in locating civilians who have disappeared and in forwarding letters to them, while others may also be consulted as to the whereabouts of missing soldiers.

Surely one of the most useful of the numerous benevolent organizations is the *Cœuvre Universitaire Suisse*, which helps those students who, living in Switzerland and cut off from receiving money from their homes, find themselves in a critical position; or those who, as prisoners of war, are faced with months of enforced idleness, and have no means of continuing the studies which the mobilization interrupted. The Swiss universities have a very large percentage of foreign students, especially Russian and Polish, and from the Balkan States. In Lausanne, to cite the town where, I believe, the *Cœuvre Universitaire* began, University students who are without resources may draw from the University a small monthly allowance—very small, of course, but enough for them to keep body and soul together; and every effort is made to help them in other ways.

The universities in German Switzerland—Basel, Berne, and Freiburg—look after the intellectual welfare of the students in prison camps in France; while the Universities of Geneva, Lausanne, and Neuchâtel make themselves responsible for French-speaking students in German camps. The University of Zürich has one camp of Germans in France, and two camps in Germany which contain French and Russian students.

To these are sent textbooks, and, in as large a measure as possible, laboratory materials. Classes in the camps are organized, and lectures by specialists, who are themselves prisoners, are given. Students in the Swiss universities send *résumés* of lectures and work done, while copies of technical and scientific periodicals containing no political articles, as well as University publications, keep the prisoner in touch with the intellectual movement.

Early in 1916, after many months of *pourparlers* between the governments of France and Germany, has finally arrived the first contingent of invalid prisoners who are to be interned in Swiss health resorts until the end of the war. They are divided according to nationality, the French going to French Switzerland, and the Germans to various portions of German Switzerland. They will live in hotels and sanitariums, under guard of Swiss troops, and their *régime* will be that of invalids in the Swiss army. The cost of guarding them, and their keep—six francs per day for officers, and four francs for privates—will be borne by their own governments.

A large number of the invalids already arrived are suffering from tuberculosis, but have not reached the incurable stage. They are sent to mountain resorts like Arosa, Davos, Leysin, and Montana, where the doctors are specialists and there is a maximum of

sunshine. The decision as to what prisoners are to benefit by this hospitality is made by Swiss doctors who visit the prison camps in France and Germany, and choose those invalids whom they think most in need of the care and treatment. It is to be hoped that nothing will prevent this plan from being carried out on a very large scale, for the many sick people who, in normal times, have come to Switzerland with the various maladies to which the flesh is heir can testify to the wonderful cures that take place in its mountain resorts and spas. And even for those who will not be cured, what a blessed change from a concentration camp, no matter how well organized and managed, will be provided by this marvelous air and scenery, and the knowledge that in this friendly country their families are free to join them if needed!

And there are others for whom the Swiss have been solicitous. In helping their suffering neighbors they have not forgotten their own people, who, owing to the mobilization of the breadwinner, also risk becoming war-victims. To the wife and each child of the man doing military service the State pays an allowance, and, when necessary, supplements this with additional financial aid. In the canton of Zürich alone such aid reached a total, from the beginning of the war to the end of 1915, of over three million francs.

For the soldiers themselves, the 'Maison du Soldat' is proving a boon. This name is given to the chalets built

by private subscription (one has been given by Americans living in Switzerland), in which the men find free reading and writing material, and can buy non-alcoholic drinks at cost. As the necessary funds are raised, a chalet is built and opened in each locality where troops are concentrated. Another comfort for them is the laundry in almost every town, where the soldiers' clothes are washed and mended by women who would otherwise be unemployed.

It must not be supposed that the money raised for these many benevolent enterprises in Switzerland comes only from the purses of the well-to-do, for a notable feature in the lists of contributions is that many factory and shop employees pay a percentage of their wages 'during a month,' or, 'for the duration of the war'; and this generosity, which means real sacrifice, is very general. Recently, after a lecture given in aid of the blind French wounded, an old laborer came to the speaker with his offering of a five-franc piece, representing most of his day's wage. The lecturer, realizing this, protested that it was too much for him to give, but was answered with characteristic independence: 'Is that any of your business? I've my sight, and I want to send this to those who've lost theirs.'

So it will be seen that the Swiss fulfill in their charities their ideal of democracy, which is second only to their patriotism, and which grants to each and all the right to share burdens as well as benefits.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE WAR

BY A. C. BENSON

WHEN the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* first asked me to try to put into words an impression of what the war had meant to one in such a position as my own, a mere teacher and writer, who, for thirty years of a busy professional life, had been immersed in work the very basis of which was peace, I felt a great reluctance to attempt anything of the kind. In the first place, an elderly non-combatant who cannot, it would seem, contribute anything whatever to the active furtherance of military designs appears to be the one person upon whom silence is naturally imposed; and in the second place, the whole catastrophe is so immense and bewildering, so dim and confused in its origin and so uncertain in its outcome, that to speak about it at all in definite terms seemed almost absurd, as though an ant in an ant-hill were to give its impressions of an earthquake.

But on thinking about it, I began to feel that one can certainly effect nothing by silence, and still less by refusing to attempt to see so great an affair clearly and steadily. To emerge from so immense an experience in a mood of dumb bewilderment, only hoping that time and life will enable one to forget, is a fruitless and childish frame of mind. So I will try to set down as clearly as possible a few prevailing thoughts; because the one thing to be avoided, if possible, is to come back to life simply stunned and battered, the worse for the war in every respect. The only hopeful thing is to emerge with a resolution to see where the old conceptions of peace

were wrong, where and how they broke down on so colossal a scale, and how we can reconstruct if possible a new fabric of life with fewer opportunities for human turbulence and jealousy, and whatever else is behind war, to break out into so fierce a conflagration.

I suppose that before the war began I was in the frame of mind of many peaceful and busy people, believing that a European crisis would somehow be avoided; that if Germany had a taste for shaking a mailed fist and talking about shining armor, and indulging in a romantic sort of self-glorification, she would in the last resort turn out to be civilized and reasonable and even sensible. There were many people, no doubt, who knew better, and saw how deep the poison lay. I do not doubt that now; but it was difficult for any one who knew to express all this without appearing provocative and suspicious; and then too came in that extraordinary British power of minding our own business, and of viewing other nations with a good-humored tolerance. Certainly, in the circles in which I lived there was very little suspicion expressed of the designs of Germany, and no desire to interfere with them except by steady commercial competition. The idea seems so deeply rooted in the German mind that all England was perfidiously absorbed in the aim of stepping in to crush Germany, if an opportunity offered, that I suppose it is impossible to convince the German people of the real guilelessness of the English public, and indeed

of the almost total lack of interest in what Germany was doing or thinking. Strange as it may seem, I believe that the knowledge of Germany and her aims had steadily declined in the last thirty years in England. When I became a schoolmaster in 1885, there was a strong movement to make German a serious subject of study, and I spent a summer holiday in that year in Germany to pick up an acquaintance with the language. But the subject was slowly shouldered out of the curriculum, and I think it is true to say that educationally the study of German in England had been declining for some years, while among intellectual minds, the German influence had lost force and respect; the reason, I honestly believe, being that the Germans have been sacrificing intellect to what they call patriotism, and tingeing all their studies with an emotional self-worship.

Then with an awful suddenness the deluge burst upon us. And speaking quite honestly, the first months of the war were a nightmare which I do not willingly recall. My chief occupation at the beginning of the war was seeing the University and the College where my work lay melt away at the call to service; and much of my time was spent in trying to help our men to obtain the military work they wanted. As far as my own occupations went, it was like presiding at my own funeral. Writing and teaching disappeared. Cambridge became a hospital base, and was filled with troops; and for a long time my own College became the headquarters of a divisional staff, and our Hall table a military mess—a refreshing and interesting experience.

But of course anxieties multiplied fast. Scores of friends and old pupils went off to military depots and passed on to the front. Correspondence increased; and although direct war-work was not in my power, every institution

with which I was connected was confronted with the task of keeping afloat under the pressure of financial and technical difficulties; so that business, instead of decreasing, tended to ramify; and in the midst of this came a private sorrow, and much additional work resulting from it.

But the war itself! The devastation of Belgium was an accomplished fact, the fortresses meant to stem the tide for months fell in a few days, the onrush into France followed, and then as unaccountably was checked and held. Very slowly the affair resolved itself into an awful monotony of sparse combat, with every tradition and principle of warfare reversed, while at the same time it became clear how firm was Britain's grasp upon the sea, after all. The submarine menace lost its grip, the Zeppelin scare revealed itself as a piece of elaborate and futile brutality. The whole rush and turmoil of war seemed to curdle and settle down into a stern and simple strain of endurance and grim hopefulness.

Meanwhile the nation fell gradually into line; without wishing to impugn the motives of the critics who made it their business to find fault, acrimoniously and bitterly, with every department of state organization, a looker-on may frankly say that it is almost impossible to conceive how entirely some of our leading newspapers have misrepresented the mood of the nation. The nation has been singularly placid, diligent, patient, and public-spirited. It has responded cheerfully and as a matter of course to every call for men, money, and work. Every honest claim has been liberally financed, workers have flocked into every enterprise; and it is lawful to feel a deep pride in the fact that a huge national army containing all the best and freshest stock of the nation has been raised, trained, and equipped out of nothing but a vast re-

serve of healthy and sensible energy. I do not believe that such an army has ever been created in so short a time in the history of the world.

The papers have contrived to give an impression of fuss, selfish inactivity, and fear — the three elements which have been simply conspicuous by their absence throughout. My associates through the war have been mainly dons and soldiers, but I have not come across a trace of either pacifism or militarism. One would suppose that there was a large and influential group of men so besotted by the idea of peace that they wished to bring the war to an end at any cost. There is no such thing. There are a few faddists who have never had a hearing; while as to militarism, I have lived in a town crammed with billeted troops, whose one desire seemed to be as little in evidence as possible, and to prove themselves the kindest and the most easily pleased of visitors; while in traveling about the country as I have had to do, the popularity of the soldiers whom one sees everywhere arises from the fact that they have claimed no privileges which are not shared by the humblest traveler. Only one who has lived and moved about in England during the war can realize how little the militarism of the country has interfered with the civic life and organization.

Again, some of our papers have seemed to consider that panic is the only proof of seriousness. As a matter of fact, the absence of brooding and despondent anxiety has been a very remarkable thing. Men and women have proved their seriousness best by treating their own private fears and anxieties as part of the normal price they were prepared to pay for the task in which they were engaged. In Germany the loud proclamation of an ideal seems to be accepted as the only proof of deep convictions. I do not think that in England the national seriousness has

taken the shape of defining a positive ideal. Great Britain has no more conscious desire to make herself felt, or to stamp a type of honor and duty on the world, than before. What she desires is a sort of independence, the power to live a tolerant and reasonable life without subscribing too definitely to an ethical theory. The desire to conquer Germany is not accompanied by any missionary wish to improve Germany; it is rather the intense longing to be rid of a bullying and tyrannical neighbor, whose aggressive theories imperil the British conception of liberty — liberty of action, opinion, and conduct.

I do not think that Englishmen mind honest competitors or even avowed rivals. What really revolts them is the idea that another nation's self-satisfaction should take the form of imposing an ideal on the world. The Englishman does not believe in shaping or moulding an ideal. He is inclined to trust his instincts; he loves order, and he accepts the duty of work. But he does not like taking the Ark into battle; he does not believe in trying to invest with sacred associations what seem to him matters of common sense. I do not feel that the attempts to call the war a sacred war have really met with much favor in England. That savors of unreality. It seems to us merely disgusting and hateful that another nation should believe in aggression; and the sooner such nonsense is put an end to, the better. In this the Englishman is a realist and not a romanticist. Many a young officer who has gone cheerfully and good-humoredly into training and to the front, as a matter of course, and never dreamed of doing otherwise, has said to me, 'I want to see this through, and it is n't bad fun; but of course I shall be glad to get back to my work.' There is no touch of either cynicism or indifference in this; it means simply that a young Englishman trusts his

instinct, and dislikes making out an emotional case for himself.

I have seen something, at close quarters, of the sorrow of the war; and here too I have admired to the very bottom of my heart the simplicity of it. It has never taken the form of self-pity, of pathos, or of repining. There has been no glorification of self-sacrifice. It has simply appeared in the light of a heavy stroke to be endured. I hear critics say that we lack discipline, that we are individualists, that we have no national solidarity. Here again I believe that our solidarity is instinctive rather than rhetorical. But I do not know what the word discipline means, if it does not mean the spontaneous and immediate sinking of the sense of personal loss in the larger sense of national concern. If people do not indulge their grief, it is because a perfectly natural kind of temperateness steps in, which says that, whatever happens, this is a thing to be felt and not paraded. The intense mistrust of anything theatrical or even dimly dramatic intervenes. The Englishman with a loss to bear is simply grateful to anyone who will not remind him of it. He wants to resume his place in the ranks as though all were well with him. It is not stolidity, as I can abundantly testify. It may be called a convention, but it is a convention based upon a wholesome vitality and a belief in life as a process rather than in life as a show.

It is difficult to say in what way the war has really affected the thought of the country. I am inclined to believe that the deepest and most passionate craving of all human beings is the desire to be interested. The desire for pleasure is not so strong as the desire for excitement — that is to say for a quickened and fuller sense of life. People are happier in so far as they can believe in the significance and importance of what they are doing; the dreariness

of all drudgery lies in the fact that it is uninteresting; and thus I believe that in spite of the sorrows, anxieties, fears, and losses of the war there has been a vast increase in the kind of happiness that does not represent itself as happiness so much as lend zest and enjoyment to action. Thousands of men and women who have hitherto tried to fill their lives with imaginary activities have found their way to real activities. Even the planning necessary to effect economies in ways of living has brought with it a sense of pleasure in contrivance.

I do not think that the war has had a depressing or dreary effect at all, apart from personal anxieties for the safety of individuals. Heavy and grievous as the casualties have been, the percentage as compared to the population is small. Indeed the war has not developed new qualities so much as afforded an outlet for qualities which are characteristic of the nation — sturdiness, hopefulness, self-confidence, cheerfulness. The young men whom I have known, who have flocked to the colors, have done so primarily out of adventurousness and then out of *camaraderie*. There has been little solemnity about it; they have not seemed to me to follow the call out of a reasoned self-sacrifice, but out of a spontaneous impulse to bear a hand in an obvious need. I have not come across much weighing of motives. It has been rather the wish to have a part in a big affair; and the cases which I have come across of a man being rejected on medical grounds have been of the nature of a frank personal disappointment.

I am inclined to believe, too, that the organizing of athletics which has been going on for the last thirty or forty years in the public schools has had something to do with the matter. I confess that I was inclined to believe that athletic organization had

gone too far, and had produced a conventional belief in the importance of games; but I now see that it has had a much deeper and more instinctive effect in producing a feeling of coöperation, and a tradition of united effort which has gone much deeper than one had imagined. The unanimous response of the public-school element in England has proved that a force has been somehow generated of which we hardly guessed the strength. It has not presented itself in the light of a duty so much as in the light of an irresistible prepossession. The nature of this impulse, so widespread and so spontaneous, has lent I think a certain unreality to the religious appeals that have characterized the war. I do not believe that what may technically be called religious motives have entered into the matter. The outbreak of the war produced a certain number of religious utterances devoted to reconciling the need to fight with the principles of Christianity. But the instinct to fight was so natural and spontaneous that those obeying it had no scruples to overcome nor any doubt of the righteousness of the adventure.

I do not myself doubt that one aim of Christianity was to substitute a conception of human brotherhood which was intended to supersede national brotherhood. I do not think that the attempt to consecrate and Christianize the employment of force is likely to be fruitful, and I cannot help feeling that the outbreak of war has proved that Europe is still living more on chivalrous and knightly ideals of virtue than on Christian ideals. I do not mean that Christian ideals may not ultimately prevail, but it is idle not to recognize the fact that they have not so far prevailed. Religious teachers have certainly thrown their weight into the chivalrous scale and frankly accepted it. Bishops have gone so far as to say that they will not ordain candidates to

the ministry unless they have offered themselves for war service and been definitely rejected; and I have not come across a single case of a man who has been deterred by religious scruples from serving in some capacity.

It will be deeply interesting to see what effect the war will have on the current conceptions of Christianity. No religious teachers that I know of, except a section of Quakers, have lifted their voice to protest against the derision and abuse which has been the fate of the peace-makers who have preached the policy of stopping the war at any cost. Even those who have felt most sensitively the horror of the carnage, have not regarded it as a thing to be seriously attempted, to discuss any terms of peace. I myself feel so clear on the point that the only hope of civilization lies in the crushing root and branch of the aggressive ideals of Germany, that I am forced to consider whether I am entitled to claim to call myself a Christian honestly and sincerely. If non-resistance is a Christian principle, then I certainly am not a Christian. Whether it is possible to eliminate or to explain away the element of condemnation of the use of force in any form which stares one in the face in Christian teaching, I do not know; but I feel that this war has put Christian principles to the severest test ever applied to them. Whether it will produce a great awakening of Christian forces is hard to say; but I expect that thoughtful people will be forced to ask themselves whether a society that bases its life so largely on the accumulation of wealth can continue to believe that it is in any real sense Christianized.

Deeper even than this is the possible effect of the war upon the whole Theistic theory. The belief in the fatherly guidance and providence of God and in his education of the moral sense of humanity must be deeply shaken by

a catastrophe which has set the most intelligent and civilized nations to kill off their best stock, to waste their accumulated wealth, to devastate each other's territory, to wreck each other's shrines, and to do all this with an intense conviction of its rightness and its nobility, instead of attempting to fight the common human foes of disease, of tainted heredity, of poverty, of brutality. It is impossible for the sane and candid man to look upon the war as a divinely appointed educative experiment. The only possible interpretation of it is that it is a vast outbreak of evil forces, which have nothing in common with the forces of light, and are, indeed, in deadly opposition to all that makes for the happiness of mankind. The possibility of considering such a deluge of evil as the outcome of the power of humanity to choose what is detestable inside the Divine purpose of order, welfare, peace, is frankly inconceivable. There must be evidence to all thoughtful men of the hideous actuality of evil, though it may end by showing the force and vitality of good. If it is a shadow cast by the light, it must be the shadow of powers which are incontestably and dreadfully there. It cannot be a mere perversion of good, when the right to aggression is romantically, emotionally, and passionately claimed by the millions of a nation conspicuous for devotion and laboriousness.

Is it possible sincerely to attribute, as in the old Collect, the putting into our minds of good desires to God, and to beseech Him to bring them to good effect? The simultaneous outbreak in the minds of millions of civilized people of a desire to crush by frank violence all ideals but their own and to set their heel on a prostrate continent—where does that originate? If the Power that guides the destinies of men does permit two such mutually destructive theories of morality to arise on so

gigantic a scale in the minds of great nations, what becomes of our religion? It would seem that religion must be prepared either to take a wider sweep and admit a new philosophy, or else retire into the background as a self-created paradise for idealists who can overlook the real elements of human nature.

The question before us is whether religion is to be a sentiment, or whether it will attempt an altogether wider task, and face, instead of evading, the problem of moral evil. It may be, I think, that the war may evoke a vast spiritual force, of a kind undreamed-of hitherto. The highest hope that I have for the outcome of the war, is that it will immensely enlarge our spiritual horizon, and raise it from the temperamental, almost artistic, region in which it is apt to linger, into its true place as a law of life which is as stubbornly there for all as the laws of intellect or health. At present religion has codified preferences; what one desires is to see it ascertain scientifically what the laws of psychology really are; for that they exist inflexibly I have no manner of doubt.

Civilization in the material sense will, I have no doubt, take care of itself, nor do I think that the social institutions of Europe will be seriously affected. But may we not hope that the wisest will set themselves to consider what are the causes and laws which affect this contagious fury which has drawn every nation of Europe, contrary to all their most obvious interests, into the maelstrom, with professed reluctance, yet with a deep suspicion of each other's designs and purposes? The fault must eventually lie with the only nation that has frankly preached the direct merit and nobility of war, while she brewed the cup as a medicine for ailing nations; yet by the tragic irony of destiny she is being forced to drink to the dregs, so great is her own heartsickness, the potion so insolently proffered.

REFUGEE

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

BY WARRINGTON DAWSON

THE fast train was more than two hours late when it reached Rouen. Those waiting for it formed rather a civilian crowd. An English major and several convalescent French soldiers were conspicuous. So was a Frenchman more difficult to explain, clad half in uniform. He was quite young, but the two short gold stripes proclaiming him a second lieutenant glittered on his cap of the new gray model; the rest of his 'uniform' consisted of puttees and a mackintosh, although the weather was fine. His face, pale and wasted, had an almost furtive expression about its sunken eyes. Unencumbered by luggage, he jumped into the first available compartment as the train stopped, and, taking out some cigarettes, asked two ladies if he might smoke.

'Have one? They're Dutch,' he said to a man in the corner next to him.

The man looked suspicious, and exchanged glances with his vis-à-vis: both were middle-aged, and of the very middle class.

'So you went to Holland to get these?' asked the man, still eyeing the young officer and not accepting the cigarette.

'Yes; just got back. Taken prisoner and escaped, and was a fugitive for months. Passed through Holland to England. Reached France last night. Thought I should find my wife in Rouen, but it seems she's in Calais.'

The middle-aged man had mean-

while decided he could afford to smoke in such company, and took one of the cigarettes; so did his vis-à-vis. The young officer went on:—

'I'm in any clothes I could get. Managed to secure a cap with the right sort of stripes on it, and some puttees, and then this to hide the rest.' He opened the mackintosh, and displayed a civilian coat and shirt. 'Anything rather than be without a uniform. Don't want to be mistaken for some sort of an *embusqué* brother, you understand. Rather be thought a spy! That happened to me in Holland. But I've got a passport now — a Belgian passport.'

He took it out, unfolded it, read it to himself, and put it back in his pocket-book.

By this time his manner, even more than his words, had won the sympathy and confidence of those seated near him. There were the two men already mentioned; a little lady who had taken out her knitting and murmured occasional encouragement; and myself. We all listened attentively. Another lady in the far corner, and a tall gentleman evidently her husband — both were in stiff, intense mourning — showed hearty disapproval of the entire performance. From time to time their eyes sought a dust-worn placard overhead: 'Beware—Be Silent—The Ears of the Enemy are Listening.'

'You say you escaped from the Germans?' the little lady prompted.

'Jumped from the train,' the second lieutenant continued. 'I'd been put with other prisoners in a cattle-car. The officer in charge had the doors closed, of course. But as soon as he'd left us, the soldiers on guard began to drink. You rarely find a German soldier without his beer, but you never find him without his schnapps. So they took to drinking schnapps. It was very hot, and the heat and the schnapps together were soon too much for them. They opened the door of our car just a little, to get air to breathe. All this happened at the end of last summer.

'When I saw that door open, just a little, I knew I might get my chance. They were Landwehr soldiers, and not a bad sort, apart from their drunkenness. Not at all like the non-commissioned officer in charge, who was a brute. The first thing he did with me when I was made prisoner was to kick me. Our captain was taken by a German major who kicked him so very brutally that he was badly injured. If you know what a Prussian officer's boot is like, you'll understand. They ought to be put in museums as curiosities, those boots — tiny pointed things!

'I watched for my opportunity when the soldiers were very drunk and not noticing me. The train was going at about eighteen or twenty miles an hour. Of course I could n't see where we were or what obstacles lay before me. I just jumped for the door and leaped out, on the chance of landing somewhere and not being killed. As it happened, I only hurt my knee. Scrambling to my feet, I limped off, to get as far as possible from the railway. When I dared stop, I got my bearings, and started westward.'

'By the stars?' murmured the little knitter, romantically.

'No, by my compass. I'd hidden it in my puttees, and it escaped them when they searched me. They took every-

thing else away, except my money — and oh, yes: they left me my razor. I always wondered why they left that razor. Perhaps as an officer —'

'Or in the hope you would get desperate and cut your throat,' I suggested.

'Perhaps. I don't know. Anyway, they left me my razor and my money — one thousand francs. When I started from home, I was preparing to take a hundred francs with me. My wife begged me to take a thousand in case anything happened. I said it would only be lost on the battlefield or in prison, and she must keep as much as possible for herself; one hundred francs was all I could possibly need, and it would be absurd to risk losing more. But you know how women are when they get an idea into their heads; and what's more, they're generally right, in the end. Just to pacify her, I took the thousand francs. Well, if it had n't been for that money, I should n't be here now. Do you know how much I have left? Just over one hundred. Nearly nine hundred gone in the course of my wanderings!'

'Which started westward, I believe you said,' I prompted.

'Yes. I thought our troops might have driven the enemy back so I might reach them, somehow. You see, it was during an attack that I got cut off with one or two other officers and quite a few men.'

'They did n't maltreat you seriously?' I asked.

'Only kicked me to make me good. I was still sore from that when I tumbled out of the train, and then I hurt my knee rather badly. I felt as if I did n't want to go far. Yet I had to go on: and I did n't dare ask my way, as you can imagine. First thing I did, when daylight came, was to get civilian clothes. Some good people I met would have given them to me, but I insisted on paying five francs. More to buy silence than anything else.

'Dressed like a peasant, so as to avoid attention if seen, I used to hide during the day and start walking westward when night came. To eat, I depended mainly on what I could find in the fields. Afraid to go about buying food, you see. It's hard to say, now, how many miles I covered; often I looped back, sometimes on purpose because I scented danger ahead; but then again I would go astray by mistake. Much of the time I was n't sure whether I was in France or in Belgium. When I had to talk, I did n't ask questions, and I put on an accent, saying I was a Belgian unfit for the army because of my heart. Looking for a job, I said. The story went all right with the people I spoke to, though they probably knew better, every one of them. Still, I might have met a traitor or a German at any time.'

'Did you actually see our trenches from the German side?' asked the little knitter.

'Luckily not. My knee got worse and worse, but my general bruises improved as days went by, and then I recovered something of my senses. Even supposing I could capture three or four lines of German trenches from behind, which was n't really likely, you know, I would have stood a poor chance, marching full into the face of our own trenches, rigged out as I was. That game was no good, so I made up my mind to steer northeast and get out by way of Holland, if I took a year to do it.

'On the whole, I managed fairly well. Beet-root, turnips, carrots, anything that grew was good enough for my appetite. Beet-root was the best — that served as dessert. Occasionally I went hungry, but that did n't matter much. The awful thing was when I had to go thirsty. Beet-root saved me several times from thirst as well as from starvation. I soon grew to look on beet-root as the European bread-and-water

tree. The worst came when I got near old battlefields. All ravaged, you know, only grass or weeds. Once in a while I might dig up an untouched tin of preserved stuff belonging to a soldier who'd died near that spot. Not nice to think of; but I do the thinking now.

'Then, I was hungry. And of course I would be reduced to buying food, at times. Once I bought a sausage; I was carrying it in a bag a peasant had given me, when I came to a deserted house guarded by a lonely little dog. The thinnest thing I ever saw. He must have been for days and days without food. You ought to have seen him eat that sausage! Does me good to remember it. He wanted to follow me, afterwards, and I thought he and I would make a good pair, both homeless and half-starved. So we traveled on together. In a village some kind-looking people asked me to give him to them. He wanted to stay with me, and I'd grown attached to him; but I knew he ought to take a home while he could get it. So I went on alone.'

'You must have wandered very far and very long!' sighed the little lady. The clicking of her needles had never ceased.

'With an injured knee, too, and rheumatism settling in the joint,' he said. 'If I did n't dare buy food, you can imagine I did n't dare get medical help! Sleeping out in the open when winter comes, without even a blanket or a sleeping-sack, is n't particularly good for the constitution.'

'What were you afraid of?' I asked. 'There must be some Belgians left in Belgium — and the Germans can't be everywhere at once.'

'If they were anywhere near, I was in danger of being denounced as a soldier; and the natives might have taken me for a spy. When I could n't help showing myself, I spent whatever money was necessary for hushing people.

Once, in a village where there were German soldiers, a peasant came up to me. He said, "Toi, soldat." I denied it. He said again, "You're a soldier," — still in his dialect. He was rough, and poor-looking; two starving children with him. I decided I must bribe, and bribe high. But money was going fast at this game. I hesitated an instant, calculating what was the utmost I dared give for my life this time. All of a sudden he drew a five-franc piece from his pocket and tried to give it to me. "You're a soldier!" he said. "You don't trust me! I'll help you!" He spoke in funny, broken French: "Toi, soldat! Toi, pas de confiance en moi! Moi t'aider!" I told him to keep the money for his children; that was n't what I needed. My life depended on avoiding attention, so if he really wanted to help me, please go away.

The officer lighted another cigarette, again passing round the package; this time, he included me. After smoking in silence for some moments, he rested his eyes deliberately on each of us. It was a short, sliding glance which always ended far to one side or on the floor.

'You notice? — Funny! I can't look a single one of you in the eye,' he said. 'Must seem compromising — shady character, and all that. A habit I got into. I knew the only way to avoid attention was by never looking at anybody. But I had to know what was going on about me, and hear what people said. So I practiced never looking straight at anything, and seeing a little out of the corner of my eyes; and when I was compelled to look straight, I'd glide my eyes away as quick as I could. Took a lot of practice before it came naturally. Now, I find it hard to look straight — my eyes slip away of themselves!'

'Incidentally, they must have seen a great deal, all the same.'

'Yes. But remember I had to avoid places where much was occurring. Went to Brussels, though; my knee had to be seen to, I could n't walk any more, and that seemed the safest town because the biggest. Besides, at Brussels there's a hospital run by French civilians. The surgeon who examined me had been my regimental doctor for three years in France! He exclaimed, "Surely —"

'I whispered, "Yes, but don't give me away!"'

He stopped.

'And then?' I questioned.

'Then I got better, and took to the road once more. By that time I'd covered quite a lot of country and got a pretty good idea of the way things were.' He searched in his pocket and produced a note-book. 'I wish I could have taken notes. All this I made up from memory, in Holland. I had destroyed all my own papers, of course, because they would have identified me if the Germans had caught me.'

'Did you witness any atrocities?' asked the little knitter in an awed tone.

Somehow, atrocities always seem to fascinate little knitters.

'I have a good deal of evidence here; they have been exaggerated by reports, you know. But they were real. My regimental doctor, whom I found again at the hospital, as I have told you, had dealt with one horrible case — a baby nine months old, with both hands cut off at the wrist and both feet at the ankle. The mother asked the doctor if it would n't be better to chloroform it before it grew old enough to know.'

There was a silence. He broke it himself: —

'Those were n't the things I wanted to learn. I'm a soldier, and I was after military things. I got an idea of the difficulties we shall have in following the Germans on their retreat through Belgium, but I know we can do it.'

Their forts, their trenches, their defenses and general preparations are wonderful. They are going to blow up the principal towns before evacuating them. In Brussels, the City Hall and the Cathedral and all the other famous monuments have been mined, with the single exception of the King's palace, because that is used by the Red Cross. This I know for myself. I did n't get to Antwerp, but I understand they have done the same there.'

He turned the pages of his note-book, while the train rolled on. No one spoke. Presently he began again:—

'I was taken for a spy — but luckily I was safe, then. I managed to slip across the frontier to Holland, and turned up at a Belgian consulate to ask for a passport. I did n't have a single paper to identify me. But my trouble did n't come there.

'The consul said, "What's your nationality?" I answered, "French." He said, "Where do you want to go?" I answered, "England." He said, "What do you want to do there?" "Work," I said. Then he asked me, answering the question for himself, "Not to be a soldier? No!" That was his formula.

'Several young Belgians came in who had crossed the frontier together, although it's harder and harder to do. They all wanted to go to England to "work," and of each one he asked, answering himself, "Not to be a soldier? No!" Being the consul of an allied power, he could give me a passport as a Frenchman; and so he did, though it's a Belgian passport. That being done without difficulty, I started off feeling as if I was almost home again.

'But the British consul at Rotterdam was n't so easy. Asked me a lot of questions, trying to trip me up. Wanted to know if I spoke German — and I do, six words! He finally told me I might leave, but not that day — the

next. If he had had me arrested that night, I should n't have been a bit surprised, for he evidently thought me a spy. But I suppose he could n't have taken me up in a neutral country, and he had a better scheme. I left next day, quite happy, and found myself the object of particular and not flattering attentions at Folkestone. My description, with a statement of my case, had been sent on in advance!

'But you got through all right?' I questioned.

'Rather! Or I should n't be here,' he said simply.

By a happy inspiration, the little knitter asked what I had been about to ask. It came more gracefully from her.

'How did you get across the frontier to Holland? You forgot to tell us.'

'No. I did n't forget.' He paused and reflected while putting his note-book in his pocket. 'But that's one of the things I can't talk about much. Should n't like to get any of my Belgian friends into trouble, you understand.'

'Oh! So they managed it for you?'

'It began with the father of the starving children. He followed me without my knowing it, and crept up that night as I lay under a bush. I'm not ashamed to say I was frightened when he touched me. Thought myself caught, you know. And it seemed hard, after so many months and efforts! I would n't have minded being killed in battle, or when jumping from the train, or else being caught and shot within a few weeks. Or at all events I did n't mind the idea of it. But to be bagged as I slept under a bush, after months and months of tramping and dodging and starving and succeeding at least from one day to the next — I hated the idea of dying then! But he whispered, "Soldat — moi ami!"

'I recognized his voice and his idiom. He went on to tell me that he would

help me to hide for some days and would get in touch with his circle of friends. After I'd been in his cellar for some days, he told me all was ready, and lent me his own passport to go as far as the next town. Meant death for him as well as myself if I'd been caught. I hid again, with the help of new friends, in this town, and went on once more with another borrowed passport. This continued until I reached the proper point near the frontier. It seemed to be a whole system, very perfect, working without a flaw.'

'But I thought the frontier was bristling with sentinels and was a maze of wires,' I ventured.

'Both terms are mild, considering. But if you've practiced skulking in fields and under hedges for a good many months, you may creep very close to a sentinel, and can lie like dead for quite a few hours—knowing you will be dead sure enough if you're seen. As for their wires and electricity and the rest, rubber gloves sometimes help. It's just possible, too, that special points of the frontier must be chosen, because of the nature of their soil. But that's a problem I shall let you work out for yourself.'

The train halted abruptly. A guard passed by the windows, ordering all passengers to alight. The sedate and reserved lady and gentleman seized upon their bags and escaped, as if fearing to be compromised. The little lady and I got out with the officer. Our other fellow travelers had already left us, at some station.

The passengers, after hesitating in confusion for some minutes, were now streaming out along the road that lay beside the tracks.

'Why have they stopped us? What are they going to do to us?' the little lady inquired nervously. She kept close to the officer.

'Only a collision ahead. Another

train has been made up just beyond.'

'How do you know?' I asked.

'Because I've learned to see without looking and hear without listening.'

We walked on together for a fair part of a mile. It appeared a collision had blocked one track, and a crane brought to clear the way had been dropped across the other track. The train in waiting already contained the passengers from two other trains. Our officer helped the little lady and several others to get into a compartment before getting in himself; I followed. That we were crowded, none could deny; but nobody complained save an old gentleman in an overcoat, a muffler, a sweater, and wristlets. He was also provided with a foot-warmer, a paper-backed novel, and a paper-cutter. He kept darting furious glances from his corner and grumbled intermittently for hours about people who forced themselves into other people's compartments.

Conversation was impossible in such an atmosphere. The little lady knitted with her elbows in the stomachs of two neighbors; the officer gazed through the window at the French landscape, and seemed completely happy; while I, squeezed into a sort of concave space where the arm of a seat had been folded up to accommodate me, tried to think and could not.

We reached Paris. The little lady shook hands with the officer, soulfully wishing him much more fighting and endless good fortune.

'May I walk a little way with you?' I asked him. 'I have been much interested in all you had to say.'

He laughed.

'Why, I have merely talked about anything that passed through my mind! After so many months of either silence or discretion, you can't imagine what it means to be able to turn one's tongue loose among one's own people. Even

in England I had to be rather careful, you know; could n't make friends very well, because my papers were n't exactly conventional, and I did n't know a soul in the whole country who could identify me. And then my note-book might have looked queer, among strangers.'

'I have been wondering if you would let me see it.' And I gave him my card by way of recommendation.

'Oh, impossible!' he said, taking the card but not looking at it. 'These notes are for my government. And I am afraid I must be hurrying, if I want to make the Calais train to-night to rejoin

my wife. I must report at the Ministry first, you see.'

'In that case I shan't detain you, Monsieur ——'

As I mentioned his name, he stopped short.

'How do you know my name?' he demanded, and for the first time glanced at my card.

'Because,' I answered, 'war correspondents, like refugee soldiers, sometimes learn to see without looking and hear without listening; and I fancy that we don't unfold, like you, our passports in a crowded train when we wish to travel *incognito*.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON THE APPARENT GULLIBILITY OF THE INTELLECTUAL CLASS

PERHAPS I may claim to be a member of the intellectual class, as I am a college professor of the old-fashioned sort — old-fashioned, that is, in having received a liberal education; but I do not wear a gray beard and gold spectacles, nor have I any reason to suppose that I look unworldly and meek. Yesterday I was led to wonder how I do look, through the friendly treatment I received when I went to buy a pair of shoes.

'A straight last,' I said.

'Yes,' said the salesman, 'that is the only shape for a trim narrow foot like yours.'

Now my foot has always been recognized as having certain solid and substantial qualities, but trimness and narrowness are not among them; hence I lifted my eyebrows. Yet why should

I dispute the opinion of an expert? So I let it pass. The first pair of shoes that were brought to me pinched rather alarmingly.

'Is this the size I have been wearing?' I inquired.

'Not exactly the same,' said the salesman. 'Those are B's and these are A's. But if you should ask my opinion I would say that A is your width.'

'I have no theoretical prejudices on the subject,' said I. 'But it does not feel like my width.'

'In fact, you know,' said he, 'these shoes are only one sixteenth of an inch narrower than what you have been wearing.'

'But this is not a matter of relativity,' said I (whereat he seemed pained); 'it is one of absolute comfort or discomfort.'

'Of course you must remember,' said he, 'that this vici leather stretches

very quickly. By to-morrow these shoes will be all right.'

It hurt me to be insistent, but the shoes hurt me still more, so I requested him to take them off. He brought a second pair. When I had occupied these, there was considerable room which I might have offered for rent.

'These are B's?' I asked.

'Well, no,' said the salesman. 'I seem to be just out of B's in this style; but as I looked at your foot in that pair of A's, I thought it was really a C that you wanted.'

'But when you look at it now,' said I, 'do you think it ought to be left to move about at large, as it were, so unrestrictedly?'

'Well,' said he, 'your foot needs to settle down into the shoe a little more, but it will do that soon enough. And it's quite worth while to be comfortable — at least that is what I always say.'

He implied that this was a high disinterested doctrine of his, to which less thoughtful spirits always came around in time.

I shall now leave the shoe-shop and its salesman, because it is a matter of no moment whether I took the C pair or not, and my real subject is not my shoes but my inner self. The point is that I left the shop with a painful sense of having been weighed in the balance and found wanting in common intelligence. For to what person of ordinary intelligence could the arguments of the salesman conceivably be addressed?

Salesmen often give me this chastening experience. There was the one who called last Saturday, for example, with goods to be made up into suits. They were his last remaining samples, and were to be sacrificed only because he had lost his family on the Lusitania, and was hurrying back to England. He spoke with much solemnity, and there was a distinct implication that unless I was wholly destitute of the quality of

mercy I would not hesitate to give my trifling aid toward the return of the bereaved man to his home. If only he had not emphasized so strongly the fact that the price he now set on the suitings was below their value in the wholesale market, and had not, in consequence, set me to wondering why he did not dispose of them by means less circuitous than seeking me out in my study, so far from the marts of trade, I should have felt that here was one of those calls which no man, however little he might need a new suit or be able to pay for having one made up, could bring himself to deny. As it was, however, my pity for the bereaved agent turned to the self-pity which I have already described, and I could have wept that he thought I was one to believe his story.

But it is not the approaches of salesmen that chiefly interest me, nor should I be led to consider them of themselves, for after all it is possible that their opinion of me is no different from that on which they act with all other kinds of men. In other words, perhaps they are not aiming at the gullibility of my particular class, but have simply failed to distinguish between the intelligent and the unintelligent. Unfortunately for this conjecture, I find that I meet with similar treatment from members of my own group, and from others who make a specialty of dealing with it. Sometimes, I must add, even from my own colleagues. For it was only the other day that my neighbor Professor Sprouts came to me and said, 'You know you agreed to join our new Club for the Discussion of all Public Woes. The first meeting is to be held next month, and we have decided that in order to give it a really good send-off we want you to read the paper. There's everything in beginning right, you know.'

Shall I deny that this brought a certain warmth to my bosom, as Sprouts intended it should? Yet this was in

spite of the absolute certainty that Sprouts would prefer almost any other man in the faculty for any purpose which he had deeply at heart, and of the further fact that I know definitely of three colleagues, and conjecturally of two more, who were asked to read the paper for the Public Woes Club before any one turned to me.

The mail brings similar experiences. Indeed, they are becoming so numerous that I seem to discern signs of a general movement toward the forming of societies which may be said to represent a kind of higher salesmanship. Last year I was invited to become an honorary member of an organization formed to support the researches of a distinguished man of science. No obligations of any kind; no dues; only the support of my name was desired. It is doubtless a very rare and violet-like type of man who will turn down any good cause which has use for his name. Nor did I; but I protest I knew that something more would presently be revealed. It was: the man of science had written his memoirs and expounded his views, in many sumptuous volumes, and honorary members could purchase these, by special favor, at an extraordinary reduction.

The National Exploration Society sought me out, a few months later, stating that they had the honor to inform me that I had been nominated as — not a member (perish the thought that one of my position should stoop to such a pass), but a Fellow, and they trusted there was no doubt that I would accept this opportunity to aid in furthering our knowledge of distant lands. A Fellow has the privilege of paying \$200 as a single fee, or \$10 annually if he expects to live very long. I had barely recovered from the realization that I had attracted the attention of the scientific world, when I was communicated with on the part of

the National Sociological League, with the request that I serve on their Advisory Council. 'We appreciate the fact that you are doubtless too busy to do more than assist in directing the general policy of the organization,' wrote the secretary. And who would not cheerfully pay the annual dues (mentioned casually in the last line of his letter) in order to assist in directing a number of eminent citizens who crave merely the crumbs of one's counsel?

Let no one suppose that I have exhausted the list of my honors. I am known to the National Council of Public Health, to the League for the Increase of the Army and Navy (or Decrease, I am not sure which, — perhaps both), to the Federation of Christian Citizens; I have been chosen to an Institute whose exalted name I blush to mention here, but membership in which entitles me to wear a silk button, white on a purple ground. And all this in spite of the fact that I am a professor of mathematics, and have never written or uttered a public word on the subject of natural science, or geographic exploration, or sociology, or public health, or the army and navy. There is only one day in the year — indeed only in alternate years — when I regret that two considerations, pecuniary exiguity and a slight but troublesome sense of humor, have kept me from accepting all these honors. That is the day on which comes the biennial request to revise my biography for 'Who's What,' and when, therefore, I must take account of stock with respect to my value to the human race. It would then be comforting to write down, in addition to the simple annals of my academic life, the titles of my two or three books, and the items 'Member of the American Mathematical Society,' 'Democrat,' and 'Congregationalist,' a pageant like this: Fellow of the Exploration Society, Advisor of the

Sociological League, Sustaining Member of the National Council of Public Health, Honorary Member of the Army and Navy League, Associate Member of the Federation of Christian Citizens, Member of the Institute of Blank and Blank. The town paper would reproduce all these, perhaps not during my lifetime, but possibly at the time of my retirement on a Carnegie pension, and certainly when announcing my death.

But the sad fact that underlies these experiences, the heart of my theme, must not be forgotten. It is that I *see through* all these things, and the promoters thereof apparently think that I do not. Is it not time, I sometimes query, that the intellectual class should protect its reputation by disavowing its gullibility? I did not say to my friend in the shoe-shop, 'Pardon me, but would it not be worth your while to lie as if addressing a person of intelligence?' Perhaps I ought to have done so. I did not reply to Professor Sprouts, 'Yes, I will read the paper, but please understand that I know your alleged reason for asking me is tommyrot.' I have a polite form-letter to use when honored by various national organizations, in which I say, 'The pressure upon my time and interests is such that I have resolved to confine myself to strictly professional engagements.' Would it not be in the interests of morality and self-respect to say instead, 'Your favor of the 10th instant appears to have been intended for some one who would really suppose you meant what you said in professing that he is one whom the country delighteth to honor. But I am no Malvolio; a poor professor of mathematics, but not to be writ down an ass. I remain, my dear sir, your obedient servant'?

Advice concerning this question of conduct would be received with due appreciation.

WHITE LEGHORNS

THE last faint rumble of the retreating wagon fell upon the ear as something significant and epochal. Fifty miles to westward passed the nearest railroad line; fifty miles to eastward the next nearest. Northward and southward the distance was so great as to be non-negotiable. On every hand, high, dry, and untamed, stretched the Central Oregon plateau. Richly timbered mountains and deep river-clefts made occasional dots and lines upon its vastness.

At the Pilgrim's back and on her right rose picturesque buttes; before her and to her left, smooth slopes of wash land, thickly grown with gray-green sagebrush and dotted with junipers, stretched to the Crooked River valley beyond which rose a mountain range. No human habitation was in sight. Overhead the dense foliage of a symmetrical juniper tree preserved a fresh coolness of shade from the brooding heat of the June day.

Under the Pilgrim's hand, a shaggy brown dog, absolutely relaxed, rested from the weary exertions of his long journey. Behind her, her trunk stood on end, and against it leaned a tent rolled and strapped. She had just opened a series of three splint baskets fastened on a rod, and now, on every hand, leaping, flying, running, springing into the air to clap ecstatic wings, chirping a babel of wild delight, ninety balls of straw-colored down — potential White Leghorn fowls, just four days out of incubator, celebrated their freedom.

Six weeks ago, the Pilgrim had stood in the Grand Central station, New York City, buying her ticket for Portland. Now she was at home. One hundred and sixty acres lying about her were already entered in her name on Uncle Sam's records. Tent and trunk

and downy flock were house and barns and blooded stock in embryo. 'Chickens and wheat' she had decided when she staked the claim. Hence the now liberated occupants of the three splint baskets. Let the Pilgrim tell the story of the Leghorn flock.

If you have tenderly conducted an incubator throughout the normal three weeks of operation you feel much of a mother's proprietorship in the emerging brood. Your normal temperature rises, and persists for the time being at one hundred and three degrees. Your testing incubator hand becomes as sensitive as the thermometer. If you lack the desirable basement for your machine, you become keenly aware of all weather changes, but regard them as significant only as they may run the temperature up or down in that dark and dreamy chamber crowded with nascent existences. Daily you turn the white eggs with tender anticipation. You are reduced to despair when you break one and a little live embryo flounders helplessly in the released albumen.

You will never forget that night of the cold snap, when you woke from prolonged slumber and, anxiously seeking the incubator, found the mercury low in the nineties and steadily sinking. You put on all steam, but still it fell. You frantically built a fire and introduced pans of hot water above and below the eggs. The quicksilver was now out of sight. (It is characteristic of an incubator thermometer to continue indefinitely in the direction in which it has got a start.) After ages of waiting, it appeared again. Very slowly and lingeringly it slid upward and, some time in the next forenoon, stood once more at 103. You cherished small hope, and your sky was darkened.

Next came that sudden heat wave. You had ventured on an excursion several miles from home. Returned, you flew to the incubator; you annihilated

the brightly burning flame; you stared stupidly at the thermometer. It did n't seem to register at all. Slowly you realized that the mercury was now out of sight — no telling how far — *above* 110. You were vanquished then? Down and out? Still, you took out the tray of eggs and set it upon cool, wet towels. You laid cool, wet towels upon the eggs. Inwardly sobbing, you awaited the pleasure of Mercury, wishing that the whimsical onlooker would depart and allow you to bawl!

Still you pursued your hopeless round, on the bare chance that, even after the chill and the cremation, some sparks of life might survive.

Two days before the classic three weeks was accomplished, you were fulfilling your daily duty to the machine, when you were arrested by a faint but vigorous hail. Bird, mouse, or cricket? You stayed your hand in wonder. Then, from directly beneath that hand, it came again — a chirp, this time piercing and insistent! An egg was pipped! The next morning, a limp and draggled pioneer had successfully arrived and lay weak and panting on the warm eggs. The whole chamber was alive with peeps and tappings. To your resuscitated hopes, every egg was cracked. By night, the machine resembled nothing but a corn-popper at its crisis. Brisk snappings, momentary evolutions, and first shrill cries of protest against the hardships of existence continued into the small hours. You oscillated feverishly between your couch and this cradle of a feathered brood.

On the final morning — the sun well up and chill departed — you tremblingly approached the machine with carefully lined and padded basket. Stooping to turn the little buttons that hold the door, you became aware of three brand-new personalities, attired in softest cream-colored down, standing observantly together at the tiny

round window in the door, and regarding you sagely with the brightest of black eyes.

Within, was a seething multitude, soft as thistledown, beautiful as flowers. You still trembled as you lifted to their new nest the spry and dry and fit, counting them meanwhile. A tardy minority must remain in the incubator for a little further maturing and polishing off. By night you had them all out — a three-fourths hatch — a contented, whispering, cuddling, exquisite possession. This your chilled and roasted brood, your forlorn hope!

Such a brood as this I liberated four days later under the juniper tree in Central Oregon.

And how grew they? At the age of two days the sprouting of the feathered wing is an accomplished fact, and, at two weeks, it has become a pearly shield covering the entire side — lustrous as a shell, exquisite in tint and curve. Elsewhere, the straw-colored down persists, only gradually yielding to the coming plumage, till, at six weeks, the little head alone has the creamy hue, and, at two months, I have a flock of snow-white doves, — for the Leghorn is, in fact, more bird than fowl, — this early and excessive development of wing indicating special powers of aviation. Like the subject of the old hymn, the Leghorn 'would rather fly than go.' Watch a flock of Leghorn hens take an eight-foot fence at standing flight, or sail over a good portion of a block to reach a desired feeding-ground.

In considering the beauty of the little wings, one recalls that the progenitors of these chicks inhabited a land of Art, called Italy, and one wonders if, for certain cherubic appendages, Michael and Raphael and the rest may not have impressed a little flock of feathered models to serve at the point where the human infant lacked a limb.

It is this light, and fitting, and bird-like quality that is, to me, one of the chief attractions of my flock, though I realize that to the fleshly eye, that sees a chicken always in the shadow of the dinner-pot, or, in its extreme youth, regards it as 'a little fry,' there are serious disqualifications. In fact, one would not keep a Leghorn for a market fowl, although, at six or eight months, given a contented and well-fed youth, the result is a very delicate and sufficiently plump little body.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE

IN Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson's new book of essays, entitled 'Escape,' there are a few pages, frankly personal, which pleasantly reveal his own methods of dealing with aspirants for literary honors. It appears that it is his kindly habit never to turn the cold shoulder even upon a total stranger, but to read and give a critical opinion when some beginner's manuscript is forwarded to him for approval or the reverse, no matter what its length. He states that there are several such manuscripts awaiting his judgment upon the table at the moment of writing. All the world will remember how Doctor Holmes, in one of his essays, once dealt with the very reprehensible practice, which seems to be common to most beginners in Europe and America, of submitting to a successful author the immature work of an untried one. Why does the novice, the world over, persist in doing this, instead of sending his work to the only proper person: namely, the editor or publisher, whose duty it is to look over such things with a professional eye? Heaven knows! It is probably through some mistaken idea that a written opinion of the man known to have succeeded will later count a great deal with the professional reader, when it comes to his knowledge.

Yet nothing can be more ill-judged, for the p. r., in nine cases out of ten, will cast aside the so-called 'criticism' with a glance of contempt, or even of pity, and settle himself down to decide the vital question for himself.

Perhaps, however, it may be simply for his own encouragement that the beginner places the busy, trained writer in his unpleasant position; for, of course, he expects that the enforced answer will be, in the main, favorable. In either case, the motive is purely selfish, most inconsiderate, and should be promptly discouraged. No manuscripts should be permitted to accumulate on the writing-table, but the door should be closed against them, one and all; any other course is unfair, not only to the busy man himself, but to all his fellows, who are sure to be subjected, sooner or later, to a similar annoyance, if he good-naturedly gives in.

Not so long ago — just before the war — I received a letter from a near relative in Paris, inviting me to read and report upon a MS. novel by an old friend who had passed a few days with me at a house-party in America years before. If I approved of the work, I was to hand it to my publishers for acceptance — and in reliance upon my good-nature, the MS. had already been mailed to my address. By the next post came a letter to the same effect from the author, hoping I would forgive the intrusion. The way of escape was therefore made doubly hard, but I did not hesitate. To each correspondent I made the same reply, which was the simple truth: that I was at the moment extremely busy, far too busy, to read the work as proposed; furthermore, that an opinion from me would be worth little if anything; but that I would hand the MS. over to my publisher at once, and beg him to report professionally upon its value.

In due course, toward the end of my

working day, I paid the charges, which were not inconsiderable (nothing having been settled in advance), upon a wooden box about the size and shape of a child's coffin. Opening this with some difficulty, for it was made very secure, and moreover lined with tin, I extracted the precious document, which was several hundred pages long. I held strictly to my text and did not undertake to read one line of it, but with a not unnatural curiosity, I looked at the title-page and read its name — the name of the heroine. Where had I heard that name before? I could not remember, but was dimly, nay, strangely conscious that I had done so. I dismissed the idle fancy, however, and took the book to my publisher myself, explaining all the circumstances, begging him to read and pronounce judgment, reporting directly to its author. This he pledged himself to do, so that I was able to dismiss the unwelcome subject from my mind.

It is almost unnecessary to state that I never heard again from either of my foreign correspondents. But now for the postscript, which, like most postscripts, contains the gist of the whole matter. Months afterward, when my relative's life had resumed its wonted course, I recalled the incident, and inquired the fate of the work that had passed unreviewed through my hands. It appeared that the author had been much disappointed by my failure to read it. But had the publisher kept his word and reported on it, I asked? Oh, yes, he rejected it, *for the same reasons for which it had been returned twenty years earlier*. A meteor-flash illumined my brain, like a spot-light in a theatre. I knew now why the name of that book was thrice familiar to me. In my country-house acquaintance of those early years, the author had handed the manuscript to me, requesting an opinion, and I had given it, before it went to the

publisher, sent, unknown to me, by the writer. The publisher's name, as unimportant, had been completely forgotten. At that time, I was the author of one small book! It did not matter: I had succeeded! At that time, too, I was flattered by the request, and as kind-hearted as Mr. Benson. All way of escape was therefore closed against me.

The moral of this 'ower true tale' is obvious. I cannot hope that any amateur, however, will take it to heart. Amateurs are not made so. But should this page ever fall under Mr. Benson's accomplished eye, he may weigh the point, and, in justice to others, be a little less lenient to the young writer who imposes upon him.

REFUGE FOR MEDIOCRITY

'DROP a penny here for the artist,' a small placard begged. Being modest, the request was drawing dimes and nickels in generous quantities from the sobered passers-by who watched the man in the torn coat-sleeves. He was working away briskly at Lincoln's nose when the ferry-boat landed me near the crowd. It was the last of his sculpture in the sand — an exhibit that began at the river's edge and stretched up to the levee. There was a baby's face, with an immense wailing mouth, which he had labeled 'For Newlyweds.' Next to it was a small boy fishing in a little pool that floated a lily-pad with a tiny frog on it. The boy's discarded stockings were tucked into his sand shoes — shoes with tiny sand buttons. Next to the urchin, the man had laid down a young mother and child on the shore, their garments long graceful waves of sand.

The artist's tools were two long gray wooden knives with which he flattened and creased the sand, cut the caverns, and patted the smooth surfaces. Sand and water and wooden knives were all

he needed. The river brought him the first two, the knives came out of his coat-pocket. The sky was his skylight; he had north light a-plenty and east, west, and south light to boot. A silent crowd shut him in from the street and river traffic.

The man worked silently, and no one talked to him as they rattled their nickels on the oilcloth spread to receive art's reward. Some one near me — a woman — wondered why he did not get 'real work with a grave-stone company.' Bah! It is better to build in sand if you merely have that modicum of talent which knows how near it lies to mediocrity! The kindly water makes the work merely a memory, and so transitory a thing can never awaken horror, even in the informed. Think of the range of river, lake, and ocean shore that stretches about the globe awaiting such adorning; the millions of children waiting to be struck dumb by a single flashing glimpse of creation, bare-faced, inutile! Skies are waiting, and kind waters sweep the sand to the artist's feet. One might get the sign in Chinese or French or Syrian and know the rivers of the world, walking alone and revered for the moment of wonder in your finger-tips to arrest all humanity.

Peach-blossom marble, enduring granite? Make my tomb-stone by the shore, a rhythm of clothly sand upon my outstretched effigy, and when the friendly rain comes, the sand will run back again to the level of the shore. Let my mourners go, not to my Yale-locked vault, but to the river-side where the man in the torn coat-sleeves can heap my image high, patting it into temporary semblance. He may lay at my feet a wreath of sand and a rope and anchor, and make a lithe little dog of sand to hold the rope between his teeth, and be a marvel to the little boys and girls who count his toes.

